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1958

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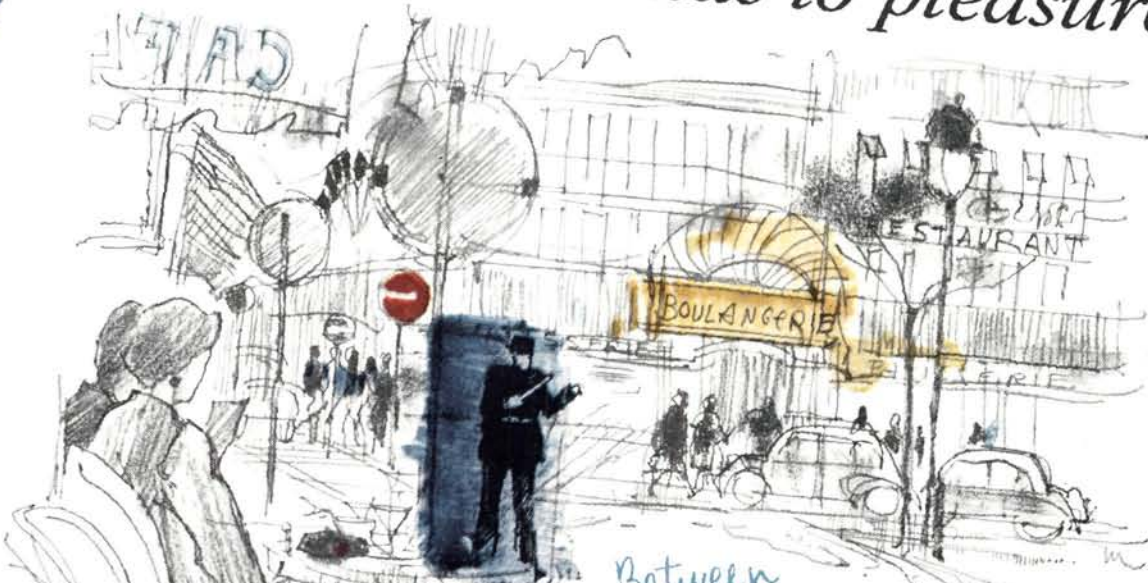
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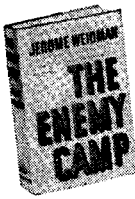
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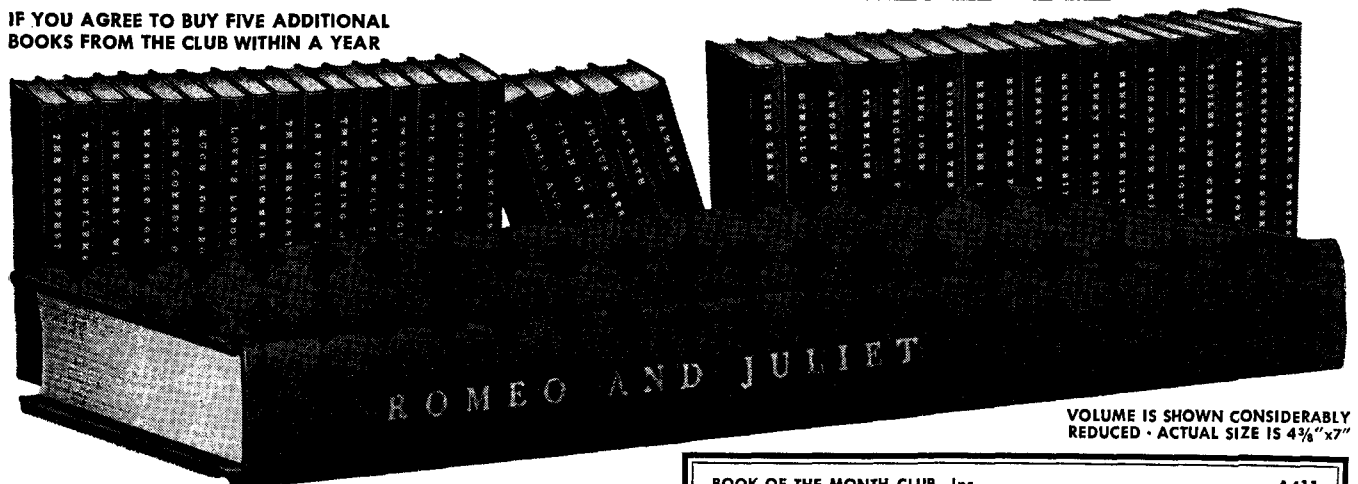
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WASHINGTON

WHEN the United States Supreme Court in 1954 called for public school integration "with all deliberate speed," the nine justices knew that many years would have to pass before their unanimous decision would be honored throughout the South and the border states as the law of the land. They expected, however, that progress toward that goal would be continuous, beginning in the border states and in the areas of the Old South where the Negro proportion of the population is relatively small and where the white majority could be expected to accept integration without necessarily agreeing with it.

The subsequent years of battle over the issue proved this thesis correct in the border states. Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Oklahoma, all have moved forward in line with the court's rulings on schools and on other matters related to integration. And there have been nibblings at the edge of the problem, in part, even in the Old South and in Arkansas before Governor Faubus defied the court and the federal government.

The Arkansas case, coupled with Senator Byrd's edict of "massive resistance" in Virginia, served to remind many of us of the complex nature of the federal-state relationship. However supreme as the law of the land is the mandate of the nation's highest court, the states through their governors, especially when backed by their legislatures, retain a meaningful measure of power even in this day of centralized authority.

But the maneuverings as schools opened—or were shut—this fall brought to public notice another fact of American government: the supremacy of the state over all the local subdivisions of government within its boundaries: city, county, and school boards. Further integration in Texas

schools, for example, has been blocked by a new state law requiring approval by public referendum of any local acceptance of integration.

The pressure for local option

In Virginia the closing of public schools by the governor has produced a new issue: continued public school education with some integration or no public education at all.

If one looks at a map of the South divided into counties (or school districts, which generally follow county lines) it is apparent that the problem of integration, in local terms, varies greatly. In the case of Virginia, for example, there is a tier of counties between the Blue Ridge and the West Virginia-Kentucky border in almost all of which Negroes make up less than 10 per cent of the population, in some cases only one or 2 per cent.

To the east of the Blue Ridge is an adjoining tier of counties in which the Negroes number from 11 to 30 per cent, and to the east of that section is the Virginia portion of the black belt, which curves far south into Georgia and Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, where the Negroes constitute a third and in many counties a majority of the school population.

Warren and Arlington counties in Virginia are in the less-than-10 per cent group while Norfolk and Charlottesville are in the 11 to 30 per cent category. These are the counties with school boards under federal court order to accept Negro pupils in hitherto all-white schools, and in each of these counties there are many whites who clearly prefer to accept some integration rather than to close down the schools. But Governor Almond, in following the Byrd edict of massive resistance, had been following the lead of the whites in the black belt.

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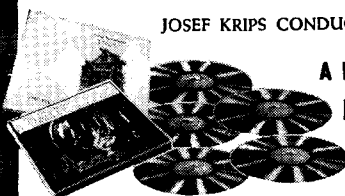
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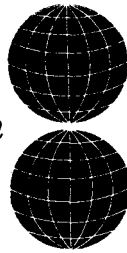


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Report on Washington



What has begun to happen is exactly what it appears the Supreme Court hoped would happen: local pressures in areas where the problem is less critical because of small Negro populations are trying to obtain the right to exercise local option. In Charlottesville, for example, a group of parents created a committee for public education to keep the schools open.

Almond versus Byrd

Governor Almond, while as much a personal believer in segregation as Senator Byrd, has not been immune to this new pressure for local option. In fact, as the state's attorney general prior to his election as governor, Almond and the present attorney general, then a state senator, were among the framers and supporters of what was known as the Gray Plan. In essence, that was a plan for local option which the Byrd machine supported at the time, and it won a big majority vote at a state-wide referendum. But it was junked as Byrd's attitude hardened into a determination that the state should not permit any county or school board to make its own decisions if faced by court orders to integrate.

After the Supreme Court this year unanimously called for continued integration in Little Rock, Almond took an extraordinary step. By agreement he had his attorney general file a suit in the state supreme court to test the constitutionality of the school-closing law which he had just invoked to close the Warren County high school. The case also will test the state law which cuts off state funds to desegregated schools.

There is good reason to believe that Almond's strategy is this: he privately accepts as inevitable a gradual movement toward integration, notwithstanding Byrd, whom he hopes to succeed in the U.S. Senate. He deplores having to close the schools as required by state law jammed through in response to Byrd's edict. He knows that the two laws he has now questioned in the state courts would be challenged in the federal courts by the NAACP and probably would be found unconstitutional in due course.

But Governor Almond knows that the politically powerful hard core of segregationists in Virginia's black belt does not respect the Supreme Court, to

put it mildly. Hence, Almond reasons, if the state's own highest court declares the school-closing and fund cutoff laws unconstitutional in view of public school provisions in Virginia's own constitution, the extremists will have to accept some measure of local option.

Almond is not, of course, saying anything like this publicly. But he knows that if the state court knocks out these two key parts of the state's massive resistance package the other parts become meaningless, and he will have publicly demonstrated that he has done everything in his power to continue state-wide segregation by all legal means. For Almond is not a Faubus, and Virginia, whatever else one may say about the Old Dominion and the Byrd machine, is temperamentally opposed to violence of the Little Rock kind.

If Virginia's massive resistance is broken in favor of local option, it certainly would sustain and encourage the degree of local option now being exercised in North Carolina. It would offer a way out for harassed school boards in other states as they inevitably face the dilemma of obeying state closing laws or federal court action.

Economic aid in the Middle East

In the Middle East, the Arab-sponsored plan for the United Nations to mitigate the struggle between Nasser and his foes in Lebanon and Jordan gave the United States a breathing spell and a new opportunity. The opportunity lies in the economic field, where the critical issue is whether the United States will follow through on the exceptionally well-stated and well-received economic proposals put forward at the United Nations by President Eisenhower.

Fundamentally, as one of Dulles' closest friends has put it, the secretary's greatest mistake in the Middle East has been to reject the idea that Arab nationalism has meaning per se, apart from the successful efforts of the Kremlin to use it against the West. This attitude has been behind the whole series of American policy mistakes: the acceptance of Iraq into a Baghdad Pact; the withdrawal of our offer of aid in building the Aswan Dam, which led Nasser to nationalize the Suez Canal; financial and other restrictions forced on Egypt by Washington.

Now it is evident that Nasser is top dog in the Middle East. His influence is spreading across North Africa and south into black Africa. The United States has a choice: try to live with Nasser and Nasserism or try to build up opposition to him in the new Iraqi regime, in the Sudan, in Tunisia and Morocco. The latter effort, many Middle East students are convinced, would be doomed to failure. Trying to come to terms with Nasser,



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Report on Washington



however, is risky. It would further enhance his power and further diminish Western power where it does remain in the area.

An Arab development fund

But there is one hopeful possibility, if the United States will seize it. That is to push, not too openly but through the United Nations, the World Bank, and the Arab League's revitalized Development Bank, for an Arab economic development program on so large a scale that it could turn Nasser's energies from a negative policy of opposition to the constructive one of doing something for his poverty-stricken masses. The key is oil and oil revenues. Nasser already has begun to blackmail, to put it bluntly, the Arab leaders in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and Iraq, who receive huge revenues. The evidence, in fact, is that Nasser is now likely to pause in his political efforts to concentrate on economic measures, for he knows that he must get his hands on oil revenues if his dream of Pan-Arabism is to succeed.

The West can encourage Nasser's oil-rich Arab friends to put money into an Arab development scheme, or it can buck this trend and risk nationalization of the oil companies. A number of American officials as well as some of the key American oil industry executives are alive to this problem and quite willing to see revenue diverted to Arab development. So far, however, Dulles' inclination is to wait and see what the Arabs themselves do.

The most critical point is Kuwait, the tiny Persian Gulf sheikdom whose Sheik is under British protection. This year the Sheik is estimated as likely to receive some \$375 million in revenue for his 50 per cent cut of the profits, and the trend is upward. By 1966, some oil experts estimate, the Sheik will be receiving something like \$750 million a year. So far he has been dividing his income one third for his own use, one third for schools, public works, and other public projects in his sheikdom, and one third for investment, chiefly in British

treasury bonds. Those investments are reputed to be the largest single source of new sterling capital for the United Kingdom.

It would be simple for the Sheik to buy Arab development bonds with at least part of his investment money, and this is what Nasser has been negotiating with the Sheik of Kuwait, according to reports reaching Washington. The impact on Britain is not easy to estimate, but Washington officials consider that it would be preferable to finance the Arab scheme this way, with the United States helping the British directly if necessary. It also is argued that Britain would get a lot of export business from the Arab development agency, which would go far to make up the loss of the Sheik's investments.

Saudi Arabia and Iraq need their revenues for public works at home but can spare a percentage for general Arab development. And the American and British oil firms, according to industry sources, are prepared to match the oil-rich government contributions to the Arab Bank. This would be a form of insurance for the continuation of their concessions, and it would help to maintain the vital supply of Middle East oil for Western Europe without recourse to dollar oil from the Western Hemisphere.

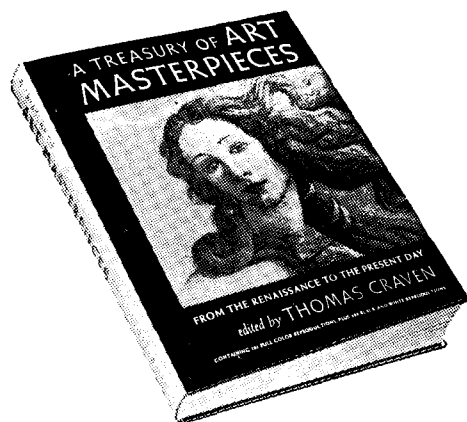
Mood of the Capital

Louis H. Bean, the election forecaster who won fame by predicting a Truman victory in 1948, estimates that the 8.2 per cent drop this year in the Maine GOP congressional vote will produce something close to sixty new Democratic congressmen in November.

The real question, as Washington sees it on the eve of the election, is not whether the Democrats will win both Houses of Congress but whether they will win so heavily as to upset the North-South, liberal-conservative balance within the party in Congress. A sweep would give the Northern and Western liberal wing clear control within the Democratic Party, which would enable it to challenge the conservative Southern Democratic-Republican coalition. Strong liberal control of Congress would encourage nomination of a liberal for President with the heavy risk of a North-South party split.



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The Atlantic Report MALAYA



THE record of the Federation of Malaya in its first year as an independent, self-governing kingdom within the British Commonwealth is one of the happier examples of the friendly and mutually beneficial relations that can accompany the transfer of sovereignty to a colonial people at the right time and in the right way.

On independence eve in bedecked Kuala Lumpur, gloomy colonial critics predicted that Malaya's orderliness and efficiency would rub off under the new regime as quickly as the storms from across the Straits of Malacca washed the new paint from the Capital's government buildings. Today the same critics commend the British Colonial Office for its wisdom and foresight in acceding to nationalist demands for independence.

This is not to suggest that Malaya needed only the removal of the dead hand of colonialism to prosper; prosperity proved elusive as world prices for Malaya's raw materials tumbled. But independence undoubtedly helped to strengthen the somewhat tenuous racial links that the quest for freedom had first fashioned: it rallied popular feeling against the Malayan Communist Party's armed guerrillas, who had sought a mass base for their insurrection by promising to "liberate" Malaya from the imperialists.

At the southeastern tip of the Asian continent, Malaya stretches for four hundred miles from the border of Thailand to within sight of the islands of the Indonesian archipelago. About the size of New York state, it is largely a land of trackless forest into which man has scarcely penetrated. A hundred feet above the ground the trees make a solid evergreen roof, from which curtains of hanging vines and creepers join with the undergrowth to form a dense and, in some places, virtually impenetrable jungle.

Scattered along the mountain backbone of the peninsula are a hundred thousand primitive aborigines, whose hunting weapon is the blowpipe and its poison-tipped dart. There are isolated gangs of Communist guerrillas and a handful of lonely jungle forts manned by police detachments.

Only in a long strip along the west coast, around the river mouths, and in a small stretch of territory in the northeast has man conquered the jungle. His handiwork shows in the tin dredges that gash and stain the landscape a dirty yellow and in the rubber plantations which occupy nearly three quarters of the cleared and cultivated areas.

In the days when automobiles contained a substantial proportion of tin and ran exclusively on tires of natural rubber, Malaya used to regard itself as a dependency of Detroit. Today, when tin's association is with cans rather than with automobiles, and synthetics are a formidable challenge to natural rubber, Detroit and Malaya are not so close; yet Malaya, first in world tin production and second in rubber, still contributes some 14 per cent of the sterling area's total dollar earnings, and Britain's \$2 billion holdings there represent its largest single foreign investment.

A plural society

Of the total population of approximately six and a half million, the indigenous Malays, liberally supplemented with their Indonesian kinsmen, are the biggest group. Other races combined, notably the nearly two and a half million Chinese and the seven hundred thousand Indians and Pakistanis, just outnumber the Malays, who under the British protectorate enjoyed special rights and privileges which have been perpetuated, in part, in the new Constitution. Its plural society is one of Malaya's strengths and perhaps its greatest weakness. It played an essential part in the development of the tin and rubber industries, yet it still has elements of dangerous racial trouble.

The European community in Malaya is small. British civil servants totaled only 1579 in 1957, and there were fewer than nine thousand others under the general classification of "Europeans" on the plantations, in the mines, or in banking, insurance, shipping, and other commercial enterprises. Though the climate is monotonous rather than unpleasantly hot, few Britishers ever thought of settling permanently. Attracted by quick profits and high salaries, they came for a few years and went home early with comfortable pensions.



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of the new Constitution, and the Chinese and Indians became reconciled to the fact that for a considerable time the Malays would enjoy a position of political superiority.

Until toward the end of the British era, the races fitted into their own occupational categories and social circles, with the British running the principal estates and mines and providing the critical machinery for the federal administration, which, after 1947, embraced both the federated and unfederated states, Johore, and the settlements of Penang and Malacca (Singapore became a separate crown colony). The Chinese made either money through their business interests or trouble through the Communists; the Malays provided the rank and file of the civil service, the police, and the army; the Indians supplied the bulk of the labor force of half a million engaged on the rubber estates.

United for independence

Different cultures, religions, and languages kept the races apart. The traveler making his way through Malaya often has the confused impression that he is not in one but in several Asian countries.

Only the common quest for independence brought the races together. Three communal organizations, the United Malay National Organization, the Malayan Chinese Association, and the Malayan Indian Congress, joined forces in the Alliance to win fifty-one out of fifty-two seats in the national elections in 1955. On the strength of that success, the Alliance persuaded Whitehall that the time had come for Malaya to run its own affairs.

With independence, many observers predicted that the Alliance, under communal pressures, would break up. And inevitably there were increasing strains within both the partnership and the individual organizations. Personalities became the principal problem; individuals, nursing either ambitions or personal grievances, tended to become dissatisfied. These strains and stresses did not seriously threaten the Alliance, however. Tolerance and good sense overcame most racial prejudices, as the Malay leaders, in the interest of unity, accepted unpalatable aspects

Among the rank and file of the communities there were also some signs of resentment and potential friction. With more and more Chinese and Indians becoming citizens, for instance, there was a tendency among some Malay villagers to respond to extremist Islamic views expressed by political organizations such as the Party Negara, which, under the leadership of Sir Onn bin Ja'afar, an early leader in the independence movement, believes in Malaya for the Malays.

Most of the communal steam worked up by such practices has escaped through the Alliance's safety valves, however, and there are many encouraging signs that the three communities, while maintaining their individuality, have begun to work together as Malaysians. Great responsibility falls on the leaders of the United Malay National Organization. It got nearly 80 per cent of the votes and has the dominating voice in the legislative council and in the cabinet, where Prime Minister Rahman is assisted by five Malays, three Chinese, and one Indian.

Until much larger numbers of Chinese and Indians have qualified for citizenship, the Malay rural areas will determine the outcome of any national election, and it is here that any sign of Malay disapproval of UMNO's Chinese and Indian partners is likely to be expressed, by a vote for one of the communal parties outside the Alliance. So far, there is no indication that any opposition party has made serious progress.

The Communist opposition

Both in membership and inspiration the Communist forces have always been predominantly Chinese; of the nearly ten thousand guerrillas killed, captured, or surrendered since the revolt began in 1948, fewer than a thousand were Malays or Indians. In a very real sense, therefore, the Malayan Communist Party opposes the Malayan Chinese Association.

Given the fine balance of population that exists in Malaya, the "Emergency," as the Communist revolt is

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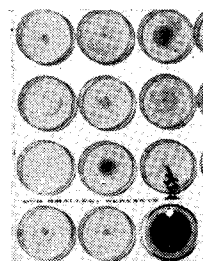


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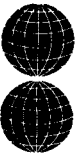


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Hong Kong, a British possession adjacent to Communist China, in 1947 had a population of 1,800,000. Today the flood of refugees from Red China has increased the population to approximately 4,000,000. The Hong Kong Government is doing a noble work in

trying to assist these freedom-loving newcomers but the task is gigantic. Children like Liang Mei can be "adopted" and admitted to the nine CCF Homes in Hong Kong, which include Children's Garden, the largest cottage-plan Home in the Far East. The cost is the same in Hong Kong as in all the countries listed—\$10 a month.

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habitually referred to, has some unhappy side effects; in addition to the burden it imposes on the not very substantial financial resources of the country (military operations this year cost the government about \$50 million) it is in itself a continuing source of racial irritation. The Malays blame the Chinese for the bloodshed, inconvenience, and cost of the Emergency and fear that one day a substantial section of the Chinese will turn to the Communists for armed support.

When Malaya, with a good deal of grace and a quite exceptional show of gratitude, shed its colonial ties, Tengku Abdul Rahman swore that he would end the Emergency by August 31, 1958, the anniversary of independence. As most Malaysians realized, it was more a call to action than a pledge, and as such it has been highly successful. An amnesty has induced more than five hundred guerrillas, including a number of second-echelon leaders, to surrender. More than half of the country has been declared "white," or free of Communist insurgents, and the areas still seriously affected are confined to southern Johore and northern Perak, where Chin Peng, the Communist leader, uses the border of inadequately policed southern Thailand as a sanctuary.

It may take years to eliminate the hard core of about eleven hundred guerrillas remaining in the jungle. But the principal Communist threat today lies elsewhere, for the Malayan Communists have many guises. As troops batter their way through the jungle to attack the guerrilla, the infiltrator goes quickly about the business in the towns. The Communists' armed groups, at their peak in 1951, had a total of about eight thousand in the field, while their civil support group, or *min yuen*, was believed to number at least a hundred thousand. Hence the problem of stamping out the party is immense.

It is further complicated by Communist China's increasing respectability, by the entry of Peiping into

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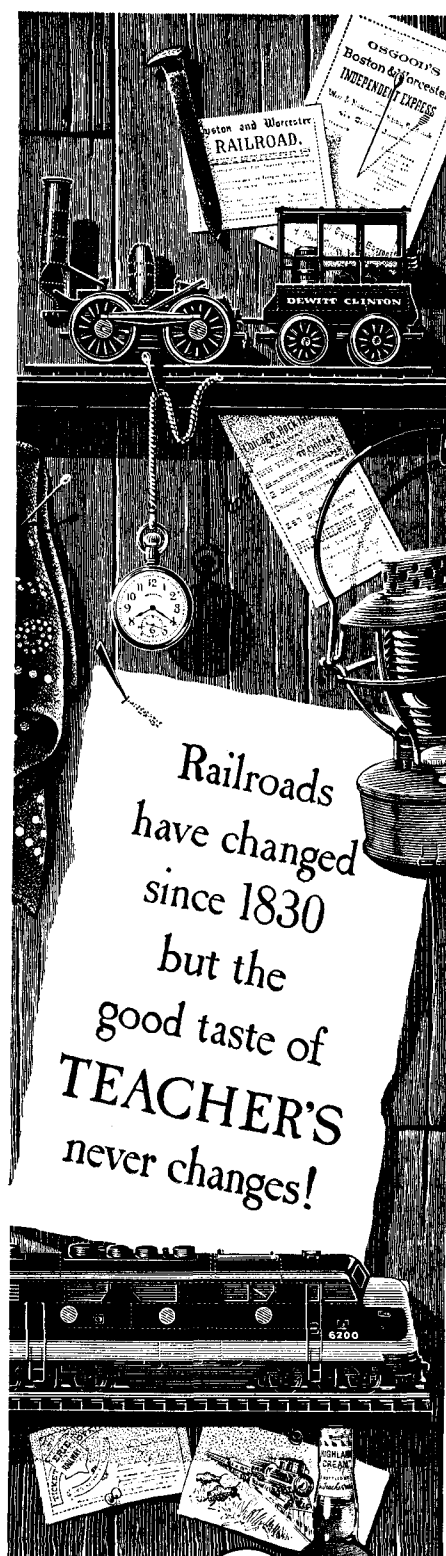
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Report on Malaya



the rubber market as a serious and valued buyer, and by the insistence of the Chinese that their culture should be preserved in their schools, which, together with trade unions and legal political parties, have been named by the Communists as targets for infiltration and subversion.

The dangers are readily apparent to Rahman, who realizes the urgent need to keep the Chinese on his side. He is tireless in talking moderation and tolerance to the Malays. Three times at the UMNO general assembly this year he beat down resolutions designed to reduce Chinese representation on the Alliance National Council, where the Malays and Chinese now each have sixteen representatives and the Indians six.

Incentives for investors

With Malaya's economy resting precariously on rubber and tin, the first year of independence was not easy. A drop of one cent in the price of rubber cost the country \$15 million in revenue: 40 per cent of the tin mines were idle and ten thousand miners out of work, a situation the Russians aggravated by dumping an estimated 17,000 tons of tin on the world market.

An appreciation of the need to diversify the economy and to lessen its reliance on tin and rubber prompted the Alliance to declare a tax holiday, under which local and foreign pioneer industries will have complete relief from income tax for two to five years. Though the Left Wing parties tend to equate nationalism with nationalization, the Alliance has been at pains to assure foreign businessmen that they can remit profits and capital from any investments they make in Malaya.

A five-year plan for economic development has been hit by the budget deficit, which is estimated to total about \$50 million; but this merely spurred the government into greater efforts to encourage foreign capital and to obtain credits overseas. These efforts have been successful: there is an assurance of \$10 million from the

American Development Loan Fund to build a new, and badly needed, port at Klang on the west coast; World Bank loans are also confidently expected for the development of new wharves and the construction of a hydroelectric plant in the highlands.

Hand in hand with the economic struggle is the effort to maintain administrative efficiency as skilled and trained British expatriate officials are replaced by less experienced, and usually less skilled, Malaysians. Nearly 40 per cent of all expatriate officials have already left the country, and almost all the rest will have retired on handsome severance allowances and pensions by 1962.

Though the remaining expatriates are already deploring the decline in the efficiency of government, their protestations are generally regarded with some caution. That is not to suggest their departure is not being felt. The state governments have been most seriously affected, since they are losing their best Malayan officers to the center to replace the expatriates. The loss is also being felt in technical departments, such as the veterinary services, the public works department, the treasury and, most seriously of all, in the political branch of the police, which is primarily concerned with Communist subversion.

Of all newly independent countries in southeast Asia, however, none fared so well in its first year as Malaya. Though Rahman declined to join SEATO, which has its capital in neighboring Thailand, he welcomed the establishment of the British, Australian, and New Zealand strategic reserve in Malaya and the help it provided in fighting the Communist guerrillas. The south Asian neutralists — India, Ceylon, Burma, Indonesia, and Cambodia — sought his allegiance and won only his friendship. No one knows better than Rahman that of all his problems Communism is the most insidious and deadly. Under his leadership, Malaya has not become a Western satellite; but in an area where colonialism is often regarded as a greater evil than Communism, it is clear that Rahman has no illusions about where the threat to his country's freedom now lies.



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WITH the second UN Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy held at Geneva in September, attention has been focused on the progress of the nuclear power programs of Russia, Great Britain, and the United States.

Five American atomic-powered plants are now actually producing electricity, with a rated capacity of about 73,000 kilowatts. Four are small ones, ranging from a 300-kw. homogeneous reactor to a 5000-kw. boiling-water reactor. The only plant of any size is the 60,000-kw. reactor at Shippingsport, Pennsylvania. It is owned by the AEC, which invested approximately \$98,400,000 in it. Duquesne Light Company, which manages the plant and built the conventional generator system that uses the power produced by the reactor, invested \$22,500,000. Westinghouse Electric, which built the plant, invested \$500,000. The power is sold as steam to Duquesne.

Six other large atomic power plants are either building or under contract for privately owned electrical systems. Three, in Chicago, Detroit, and New England, range in size from 134,000 to 180,000 kw. A fourth plant near New York will combine nuclear power with an oil-fired plant to superheat the steam and permit more efficient operation; the nuclear-power output is rated at 163,000 kw. These four are scheduled to be finished by 1960. Two additional plants of about 60,000-kw. capacity each are to be built near Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and Eureka, California, and are to be completed by 1962.

Together these six plants will cost about \$323 million. Although all will be privately owned, all but one will receive financial help from the AEC, which in most cases picks up the bill for research and development costs and supplies nuclear fuel for the first few years without charge. A seventh plant is a 75,000-kw. reactor for the publicly owned Consumers Power District in Nebraska. Finally, the AEC itself is building an experimental fast-breeder reactor in Idaho with a rating of 15,000 kw., to bring the total capacity to about 790,000 kw.

In overall capacity and in the size of individual power plants, this program is surpassed by developments overseas. A 400,000-kw. atomic power station with four reactors is under construction in Russia, while Britain is building a 500,000-kw., two-reactor plant. In contrast, we have no multiple-reactor plants under consideration.

But if the American program is in some ways smaller than developments overseas, it is outstanding in other directions — particularly in the wide variety of reactors now building or proposed. The four big British piles now building are all improved versions of the Calder Hall type. Our nine big reactors already built or being built cover at least five major types, and even more varieties are found in those piles still in the planning stage.

This is the result of American eagerness to explore the various possible kinds of reactors. Most atomic reactors have three main elements: the fuel, a moderator to slow up neutrons so that fission takes place, and a coolant that removes heat energy from the pile to make steam. In all three cases, a reactor designer must choose among several possible materials. His fuel can be natural uranium, uranium “enriched” by varying quantities of its fissionable isotope, or plutonium. His moderator can be graphite, pure water, heavy water, beryllium, or with some designs a moderator is not necessary. The coolant can be air, a gas such as carbon dioxide or helium, pressurized water, boiling water, or molten sodium metal.

Even this list does not exhaust the possibilities. To be sure, not every material can be used with every other, but many combinations are possible. Because the United States is in no immediate need of new power sources, we can afford to explore these combinations in order to find the most efficient and economical type of reactor before embarking on a big building program. The British program is equally logical for that country's needs — a large supply of new energy as quickly as possible.

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Science and Industry



The American program is also distinctive in that it is being carried out primarily by private industry, with the AEC concentrating on research and development. Not everyone is agreed that in the present pioneering stages private industry will be able to handle the job. In particular, spokesmen for organized labor and publicly owned power systems have urged that the government itself should build large nuclear power plants.

These critics are also disturbed by the fact that although four small reactors for electrical cooperatives or small municipal systems have AEC approval, work on none has started. The reasons for this are not quite clear, but the case of the Wolverine Rural Cooperative Project, planned to be built near Big Rapids, Michigan, shows some of the difficulties. According to testimony before a congressional committee, the original price quoted on the aqueous homogeneous burner reactor desired was about \$3,780,000. By January, 1957, it had climbed to \$4,890,000. By the next August it soared fantastically to \$14,436,000, and here the manufacturer withdrew his bid entirely because of price uncertainty.

Of course, the American atomic energy program is not designed solely for the internal needs of the United States. It is intended not only to supply leadership and data for other countries, but also to encourage the development of a reactor-manufacturing industry that will sell its products overseas.

When it comes to exporting reactors, however, one aspect of our atomic power program poses a difficult problem: in the course of our military atomic production, we have developed facilities to produce large quantities of the fissionable uranium isotope that, added to natural uranium, creates a more efficient fuel than natural uranium alone. Because we have this capacity, most of our reactors are designed to use "enriched" uranium. Today, however, the United States is the only source of such isotopes for countries

buying our reactors, and they would have to depend on our good will to maintain their supply of fuel. This is a serious deterrent to a prospective customer.

Behind the comparatively relaxed tempo of the American atomic energy program is the fact that the United States is still luxuriating in a plentiful supply of fossil fuels. This happy situation is not going to last a great deal longer. American experts at the Geneva Conference estimated that the overall energy needs of the United States are increasing 3 per cent a year, with the demand for electric power climbing 7 per cent annually. On this basis they predict that the usable fuel reserves in the United States recoverable *at twice the present cost* will last only fifty years more, with the cost of all fossil fuels zooming before thirty years are out.

The automatic car

One control stick for steering, throttle, and brakes is the big feature of General Motors' newest experimental gas-turbine car, the Firebird III. The Unicontrol stick — reminiscent of the joy stick of early airplanes — is set at the driver's hand in the center of the car. To steer, you push the stick to right or left. To step on the gas, you push it forward. To jam on the brakes, you pull it back. And to shift gears to reverse or neutral, you rotate the stick handle.

This one-hand control system is combined with an automatic steering device, which unfortunately can be used only on automatic highways still unbuilt. The Autoguide takes over to follow a low-frequency powered cable in the highway, relieving the driver of all steering duties. A touch on another button puts an automatic throttle — Cruise Control — into operation. Presumably at this point the driver curls up with a good book and relaxes for the rest of the trip.

Other unusual features of the car are of more immediate practicality. It has, for example, two engines: the 225-hp gas turbine that propels it, and a small 10-hp aluminum piston engine that drives all the accessories. The turbine, though 10 per cent more powerful than its predecessor in Firebird II, uses 25

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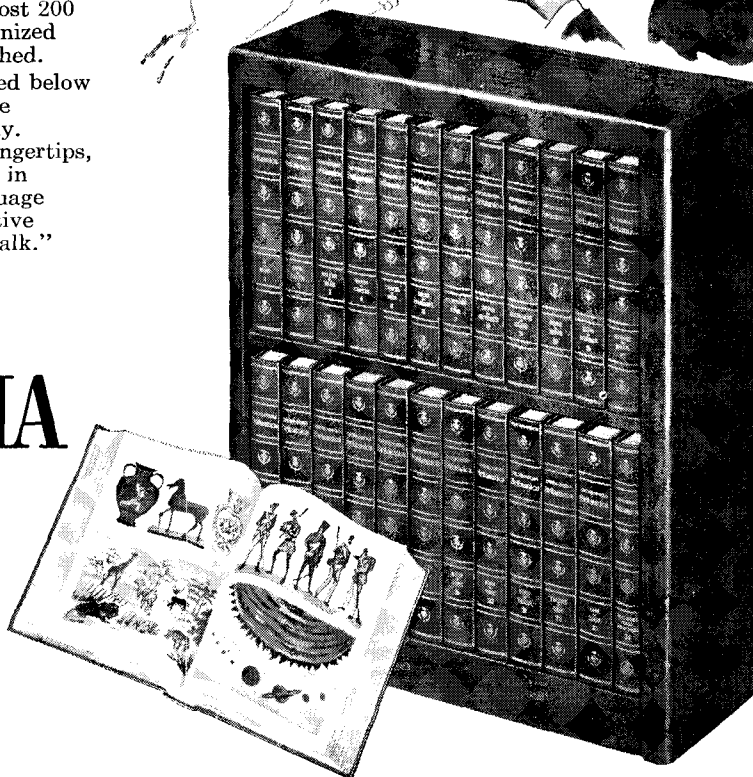
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The screwworm fly

The screwworm fly, which breeds and feeds on the open wounds of animals, has been killing or maiming livestock in the southeast for twenty-five years, to the tune of \$10 million in Florida alone in 1957. Government entomologists are now trying by means of atomic radiation to breed this livestock parasite out of existence in the state of Florida.

Exploiting the fact that the female mates only once in her lifetime, U.S. Department of Agriculture scientists are flooding 50,000 square miles with laboratory-bred male flies made sterile by exposure to gamma rays from radioactive cobalt. Observation has shown that the females mate as readily with sterile laboratory males as with others, and that sterilization of the male flies does not affect their sexual vigor. Thus if two sterile males are released for every normal male, the new generation should be 50 per cent smaller than normal. Continued over a number of generations — each generation is three to four weeks — this process should eventually reduce to zero the number of screwworm fly eggs hatching in the entire area.

This past summer, 50 million sterile flies a week have been dropped from airplanes over all of Florida and parts of southern Georgia and Ala-

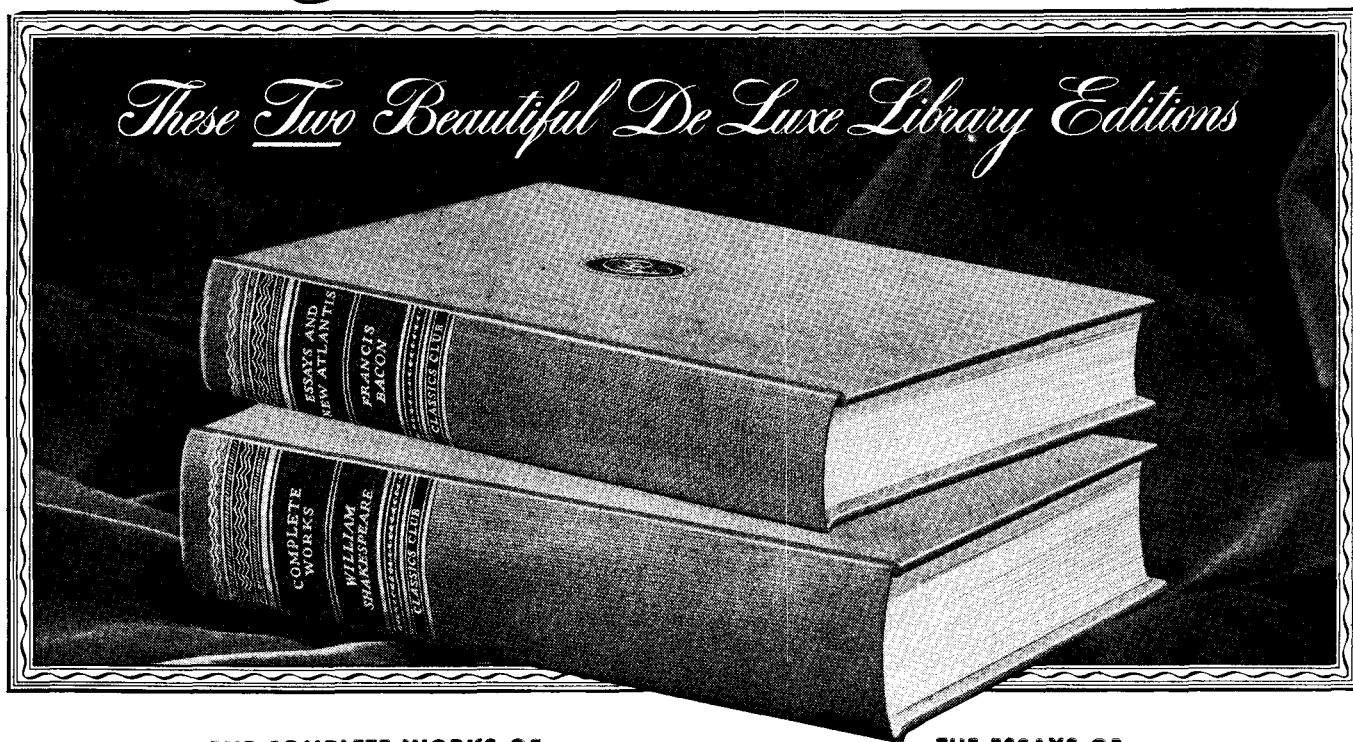


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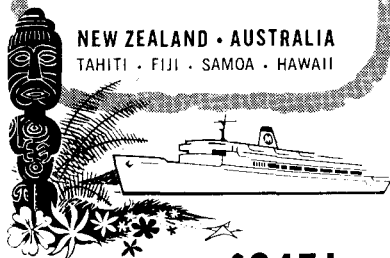
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Science and Industry



bama. An ingenious aspect of the program is that the male insects seek out female insects — as insecticides, chemicals, or bacterial organisms would not — for genetic destruction.

Growing 50 million sterile screw-worm flies a week is no easy job. Insect experts have set up a mechanized fly hatchery in a remodeled aircraft hangar at Hendricks Field, Florida. Nearly all operations are automatic, synchronized with the fly's life cycle from egg to adult. About 75,000 pounds of meat a week are needed as a growing medium.

It is too soon to see the results, but government entomologists are confident of the success of their two-year program. A pilot-plant experiment on Curaçao completely wiped out the screwworm flies on this Caribbean island. Now projects are afoot to use the technique on other insect pests, such as the Mediterranean fruit fly in Hawaii and the tsetse fly in Africa.

Smog

Smog is bad not only for people but for crops. Southern California growers estimate that it does \$5 million damage a year. Now, however, a special spray has been concocted to help vegetation resist its effect.

Called Ozoban by Pfizer, which has put it on the market, the compound is an antioxidant. When sprayed on the leaves, it enters the plant cells and helps the plant resist the poisonous effects of ozone and other oxidized hydrocarbons found in the smog. Developed by scientists at the University of California's Agricultural Experiment Station, Ozoban has been used on such plants as pinto beans, romaine lettuce, celery, and ornamental flowers.

Mechanizing the mail

Alert philatelists will have observed something new in traditionally conservative British postage stamps — an occasional stamp with

mysterious black lines on the gummed side. These lines are evidence of the march of automation. At the Southampton post office, three machines are under test that will eventually be linked up to produce an almost completely mechanized system of sorting mail.

First in line is a "segregator" that sorts incoming mail according to size and bulk. The machine carries the mail automatically into a long revolving drum that acts like a huge sieve, letters slipping through narrow slots onto a moving belt below, while small packages, newspapers, and magazines are carried to the end for special handling. The letters are automatically separated a second time according to size.

Next step is a machine that faces the mail — one of the most difficult jobs to mechanize. Here is where the special stamps come in. The black lines, which appear only on stamps sold in the Southampton postal area, are graphite. In the facing machine the letters pass between the elements of several high-voltage scanners. When the stamp is in the right position for cancellation, the graphite lines complete the circuit; otherwise the letter is turned over automatically. By varying the number of graphite lines for some denominations, the mail can be further sorted according to class.

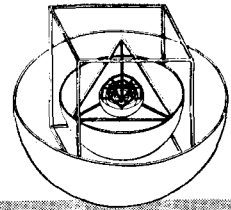
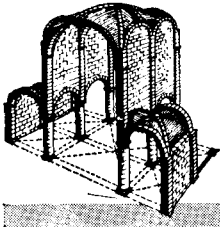
A mechanized destination sorter completes the process. This one is not completely automatic: an operator sits at a simple keyboard watching the letters as they drop down into a little window in the machine on their way to a moving endless belt. Using a standard two-digit code for any one of 120 postal areas, the operator punches for each address the appropriate keys that will release the envelope from the belt into its area compartment. The operator can sort nearly 6000 letters an hour, faster than the deftest clerk's hand-sorting.

The British Post Office has already reached a state of efficiency that seems remarkable to most Americans. All mail is delivered overnight between any two points not on the extreme ends of the island. The first delivery is completed by 9:15 in the morning. And the mail service shows a profit.

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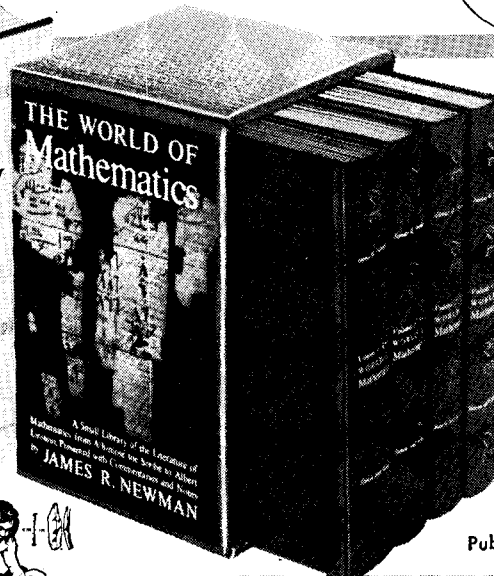
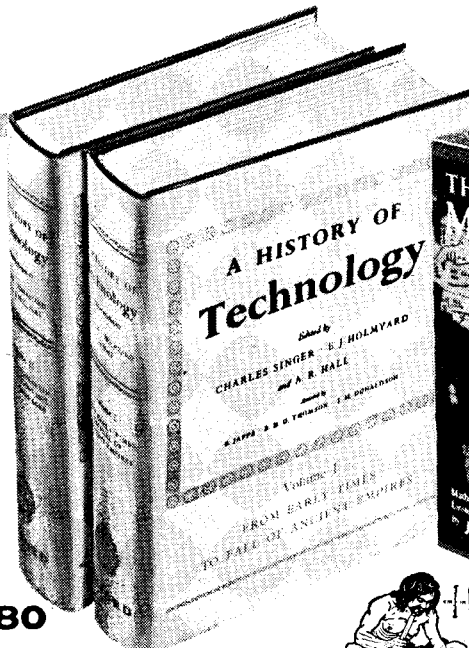
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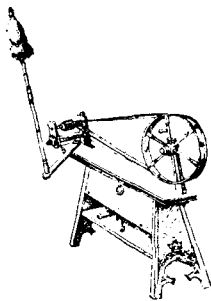
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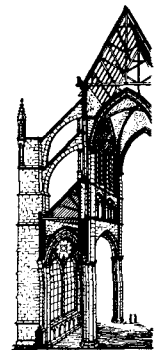
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American cars

SIR:

I am in complete agreement with Edward Weeks's article, "How Big Is One" (August *Atlantic*). The symbol of national cheapness and ugliness is the tinsel garbage scow on wheels; the handsome Dr. Jekyll of the thirties is now the monstrous Mr. Hyde. If only he would hide permanently! The national mania is the worship of the hideous. Designers of automobiles have no refinement of taste; their creations, or abortions, are a criminal insult to the intelligence.

My last American car was produced in 1932. I held it until 1949 because it was a locomotive-built Lincoln KB 12-cylinder drophead, four-door Dietrich. Since 1950 I have had an imported car and would be insulted were anyone to present me with any junk out of Detroit. The Europeans are turning their production wheels ever faster now, having learned from our technicians sent there for this purpose. Europeans' designs are falling from their noble grace — what the rich Americans do or have must be right. Now I am searching for a 1935 Phantom II Rolls-Royce, and plan to have it reconditioned as new and maintain it as new until I die. I trust that Leonard Potter ("Vintage Cars" by Ken Purdy, August *Atlantic*) can be of assistance here.

PAUL BENNYHOFF
Allentown, Pa.

SIR:

I am getting sick of the snobbish whining which seems to have become fashionable among some people over the mass-produced American auto-

mobile. There is no "sheer arrogance," as Edward Weeks labels it, on the part of Detroit, but good, hard, American business sense in producing cars which outsell all others through meeting the American taste. This year's Chevrolet, bigger than ever before, is tops in sales. The gaudy Oldsmobile gondola has pushed into third place.

The American spirit likes a big, powerful, flashy car, and most Americans have the room for it in their pocketbooks, in their garages, and on the roads. Parking bothers only those cave dwellers who insist on living on top of one another. If Europeans had money, cheap gasoline, and room in plenty as we do, you would see big cars in predominance in Europe also. The little cars in this country are bought by those who cannot afford big ones and who find them convenient in the city, or who just want to be different.

Improvements in the quality of the American car have come about gradually over the years without requiring much change in the purchasing power of Americans and have been made possible only through the effort of using mass production techniques catering to the many. Is it arrogant on the part of Detroit to be producing cars which require less repairs per mile, use less gasoline per pound of weight as well as per horsepower, ride more smoothly and safely over rough roads, have greater visibility, and provide greater personal comfort than ever before?

I should like to see Mr. Weeks race a Stutz Bearcat, of such "beauty and originality" in design, against any cheap contemporary American car, "so wasteful of gasoline," with one

gallon of gasoline in each, down a washboard gravel road to determine which would go the farthest and the fastest.

Mr. Weeks would have to don goggles, he might be deafened by the roar, he would have to fight the steering wheel to keep the monster from dancing off the road, and he would be shaken up considerably by its uncompromising suspension system and the hard seat. I would wager that the contemporary car would go about three or four times as far as the Stutz Bearcat, and in about the same time, thanks to modern mass production.

CARSTEN M. HAALAND
Gainesville, Fla.

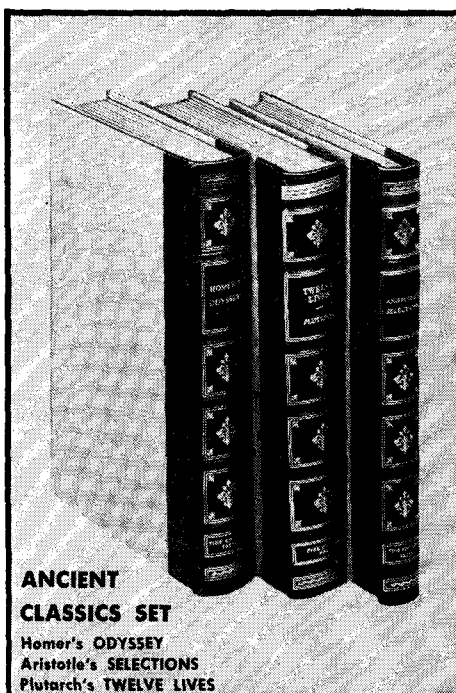
SIR:

I very much enjoyed Edward Weeks's article, "How Big Is One." However, it contains one misconception which I, as a Texan, cannot allow.

Richard King did not buy desert land when he began his King Ranch; he purchased 15,000 acres in a lush grassland which spread unmarred from the Neuces pecan bottoms to the Rio Grande. The rainfall in the King Ranch region varies from 24 to 28 inches annually. For an area to be considered desert, its rainfall must be below the 15-inch mark. The nearest desert in Texas to the King Ranch is over 400 miles away, in the trans-Pecos region.

Mr. Weeks's misconception is much like that of the early map-makers of this country who labeled the Great Plains region the "Great American Desert."

JIM MCCULLAR
Edinburg, Tex.



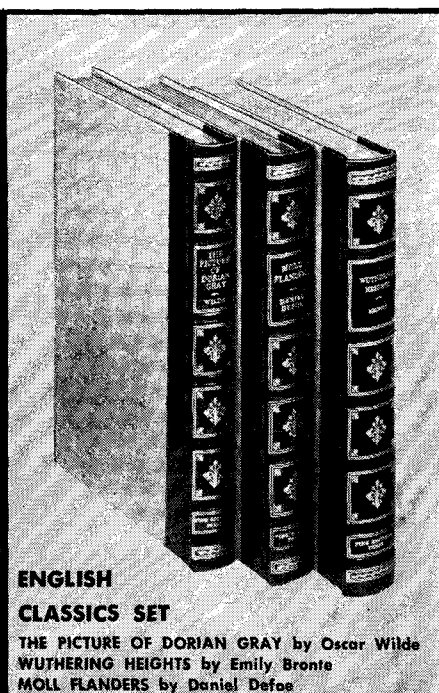
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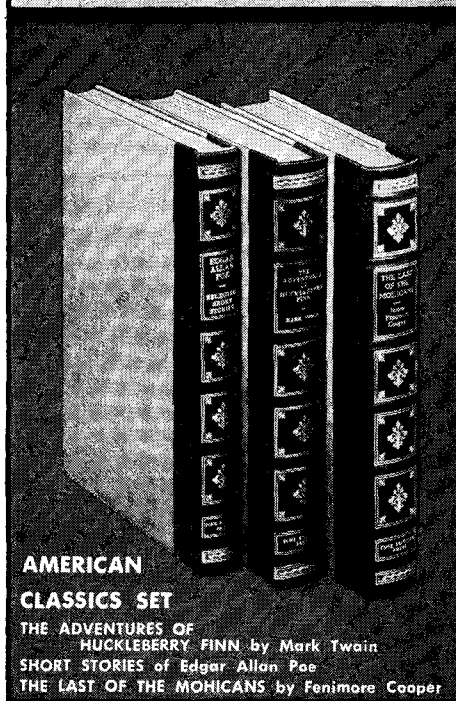
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The Common Market

SIR:

The articles "The New Europe" by Paul-Henri Spaak and "The European Common Market" by Leland Hazard in the September *Atlantic* paint an exciting picture of the dawning era in Western European economic growth. Consider the politico-social implications of mass production and mass markets in the context of European civilization, then think back to Edward Weeks's "How Big Is One," printed in the August *Atlantic*.

Let us hope that our European friends learn more from American experience than technological and merchandising skills. May they avoid the regimentation of tastes and the crushing of individuality which have come to characterize contemporary America.

RICHARD K. CROSS
Oradell, N. J.

SIR:

Heartiest congratulations on the timeliness and value of the two articles on the European Common Market in the September issue. The formation and administration of the Coal and Iron Community, the European Common Market, and Euratom indicate a degree of international statesmanship in Europe that should challenge the interest and support of each of us. It is a vital part of that great world movement of which the United Nations is the pattern setter.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Wash.

SIR:

It was interesting to read Leland Hazard's article on the European Common Market, particularly since it was subtitled "Threat or Opportunity to America?"

More interesting, I think, would be an analysis of the American market by Mr. Hazard. As an officer of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company he would be in a position to explain how his company's tremendous expansion into the retail glass sales field has affected the economy of thousands of small glass dealers throughout the country. In this article he might ask whether huge corporations which manufacture should compete with the very people to whom they sell their product. Finally, this article could be subtitled, "American Market: Threat or

Opportunity to Individualism in the United States?"

F. H. TUVESON
Needham, Mass.

The church in Italy

SIR:

The *Atlantic's* comments on events in Washington and elsewhere are usually presented with admirable objectivity and intelligence. However, the discussion of recent political developments in Italy (Report on Italy, September *Atlantic*) falls quite short of the high standards one expects from the *Atlantic*.

Stressing out of all sense and proportion the political and economic power of the Catholic Church in Italy does not bespeak a knowledgeable commentator. Asserting that the Prato trial gave rise in Vatican circles to talk of excommunication discloses incredible gullibility on the part of your reporter. Lastly, suggesting that Italy could be turned into something like Salazar's Portugal borders on lunacy.

The writer of those comments is not aware of the simple truth that while Italians recognize the primacy of their church in matters of worship, throughout their long history they have consistently and unmistakably refused to accept the primacy of churchmen in political and socioeconomic matters. They are congenitally allergic to clerical dominance in secular affairs.

GARIBALDI LAGUARDIA
Santurce, Puerto Rico

Artist or wife

SIR:

Agnes de Mille, in "Artist or Wife" (September *Atlantic*), has written a fascinating and important article. Historic handicaps to the woman artist need re-emphasis. But one does question the suggestion that a woman Beethoven would have been thwarted by any mores or conditions whatever. The article would be stronger if emphasis had been given to the satisfactions of family life for the average and the exceptional woman, satisfactions from service rather than earning, from the art of child nurture and the fostering of family relationships. Will someone write an article on the lure of this life, on its neglect in our generation, on its underrating by our society, on the very dependence of any good society upon it? There are average and gifted women who put this voca-

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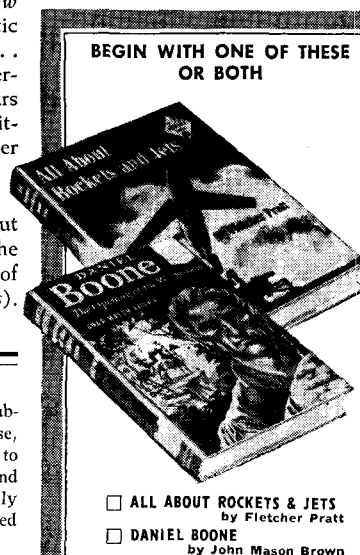
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tion first. But the great artist is in a separate category, and it is to an understanding of her contemporary needs that Miss de Mille contributes.

REV. MARGARET M. MORTON
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

As the mother of six young daughters, it seems I shall have a continuing interest in the role of women in modern society. Agnes de Mille's article, "Artist or Wife," points up a present-day female dilemma.

It is true that "Men have always been able to experience family and work together." But did this custom evolve for the personal enrichment of men or for the general enrichment of the family? If one accepts our civilization's concept of marriage as a social contract designed for the bringing forth, nourishment, and education of children, as well as a legalized means of sexual fulfillment, then certain consequences are immediately apparent. Nature fashioned the woman physiologically and psychologically to fulfill the details of childbearing, child nourishment, and early education, whereas her husband was endowed physically and temperamentally to meet the

needs of protection and support these children have (indeed, our written civil law provides enforcement for the latter obligation). When a woman chooses to marry, the nature of the marriage contract, as well as her own personal nature, makes demands of her that she must be prepared to fulfill. When she has satisfied these obligations — which she freely chose to undertake — who will question her right to self-expression in other areas?

It seems to me that it is the recognized right to self-enrichment that is modern woman's great advantage. No way to this is barred; the choice of fields is hers to make. But if she is free to make multiple choices, is she able to take multiple consequences? Let me observe here that it is not only the dancer who in her late twenties or early thirties looks at her life in bewilderment and perhaps anxiety. So does the young mother of three or four who watches the world go by from the nursery window. So does the young woman medic completing long years of specialty training, as well as the young woman who chose teaching or social work and failed to find a mate. Perhaps we women have lost confidence

in the value of the feminine touch we alone are able to give to life, whatever our chosen field. We have been so preoccupied with proving ourselves equal to men that we have somehow forgotten that we are also different from men — that we are meant to complement, not to rival them. Perhaps we need to rediscover ourselves as women.

MRS. JOSEPH PICCHI
Oakland, Calif.

SIR:

Two points made by Agnes de Mille can be illustrated by examples from another of the arts: literature.

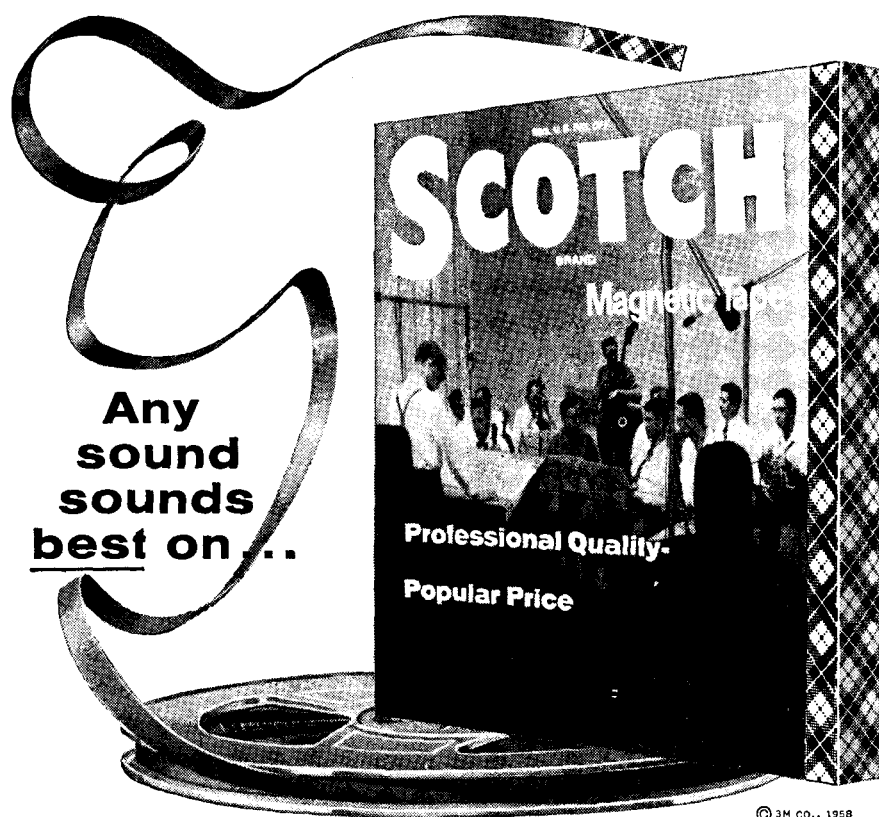
"Women," says Miss de Mille, "have at last, to their terrible cost, come to accept [man's] view" of their inferior capacity for art and learning. This acceptance amounts to betrayal when exercised by gifted women vis-à-vis their own sex, as when a brilliant scholar (hometaught in the eighteenth century) such as Anna Letitia Aikin (later Mrs. Barbauld) refused to direct an academy for young ladies. They ought to have only "such a general tincture of knowledge [as] to make them agreeable companions to a man of sense" and to enable them to occupy their leisure time rationally. Mrs. Barbauld remained to the end marked by the desire to define herself in terms of male prejudice.

Not so the incomparable Jane Austen, who agreed (more than a century ago) with Miss de Mille on the general failure of women to present their view of things. Miss Austen, in *Persuasion*, engages Anne Elliot in argument on this subject with Captain Harville, who argues for man's superior constancy. He says that "all histories . . . all stories, prose, and verse" bear him out. And Anne replies, "Yes, yes, if you please, no reference to examples in books. Men have had every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in so much higher a degree; the pen has been in their hands."

ELEANOR L. NICHOLS
New York City

SIR:

I want to thank you for printing Agnes de Mille's fine article. I have read other articles on the position of women today, but none in which I found such insight or beauty. I think I understand myself better for having read it. As a little girl I too

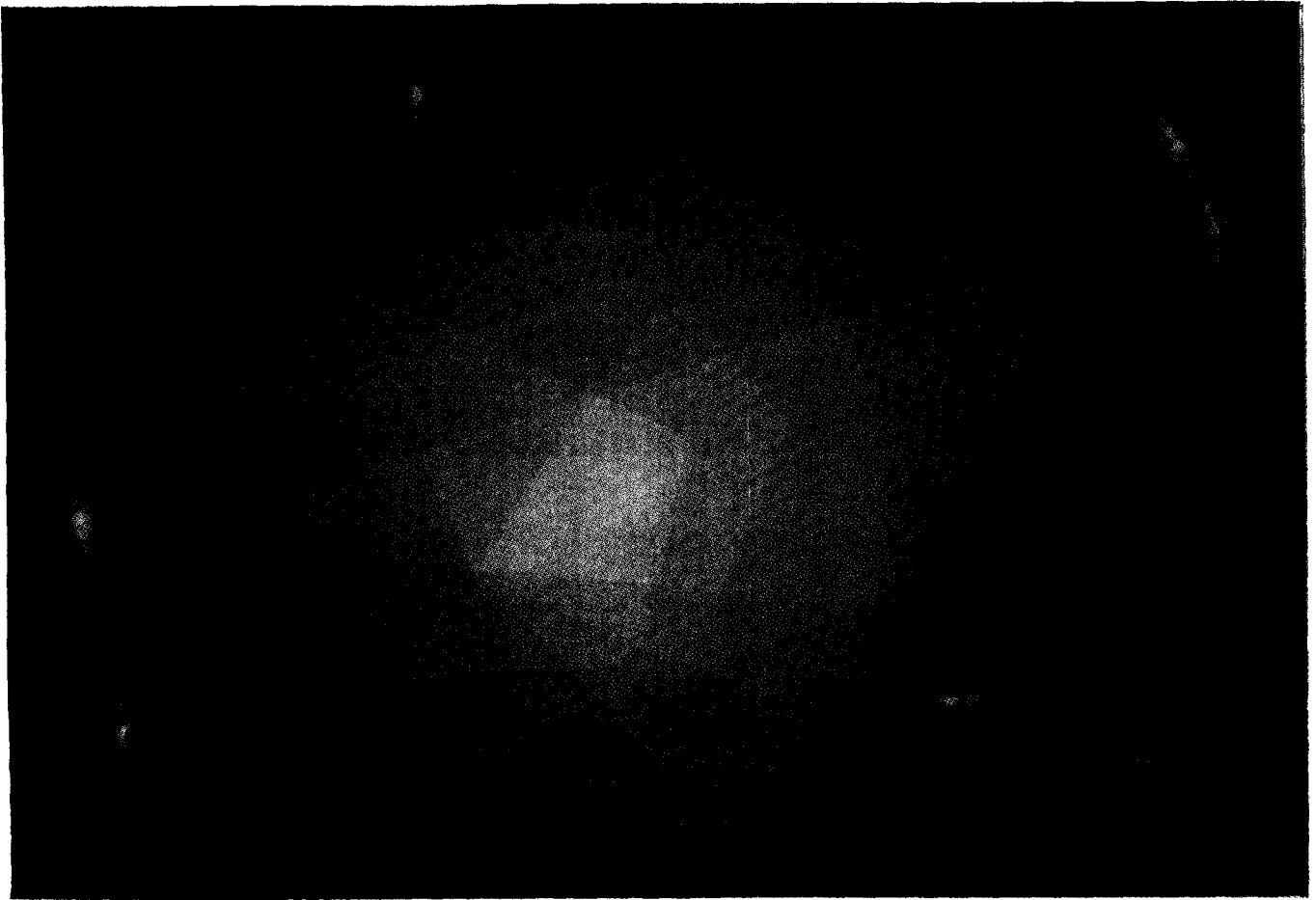


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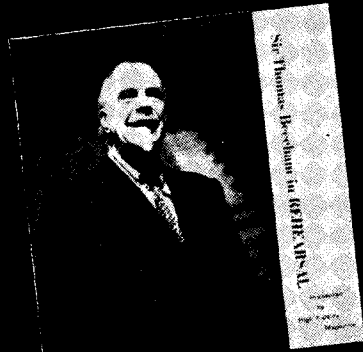
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dreamed of being a ballet dancer. Now after three years of marriage I find myself with no children, but an honors degree in English which, according to the mores of the pleasant community in which I live, I would do better to live down. Articles like Miss de Mille's are helping my husband and me to the understanding that will be necessary if I go back to school for my Ph.D.

MRS. EDWARD C. DAY
West Acton, Mass.

SIR:

Cheers for Agnes de Mille and her impassioned and impressive argument. It was thrilling to this housewife and mother to envision the "double" life, actually a complete one, which may be possible for my daughter.

However, the cultural lag which has postponed the widespread achievement of this double life has its reasons, practical as well as psychological. Miss de Mille's solution is profound in its simplicity: enlist the support of the husband. Following this, the couple must choose between establishing and maintaining a highly routinized and highly exhausting existence, or involving a third person to fill in as parent. In either case, the character of family life has changed radically. All right, for those who can take it — and more power to them!

BARBARA CROWLEY
Portland, Ore.

The peach boy

SIR:

"The Peach Boy" by Robert Roripaugh in the September *Atlantic* brought back to me happy memories of my late father. As a child I thrilled to the stories of his native Japan, and although Mr. Roripaugh's story was a sad one, the little story of the Peach Boy took me back to the many evenings when I begged to hear again this adventure.

ELEANOR LAUTENSCHLAGER
Liberty, Mo.

SIR:

I enjoyed reading "The Peach Boy" more than I've enjoyed many other fine stories in the *Atlantic* over a period of about three decades. And now that I have emphasized my respect for young Roripaugh and his sensitively told tale, I must set down a question to which there may be no answer.

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Reaching the point where the protagonist finds himself studying the various qualities, spiritual and physical, of a miserably situated waitress he chances to meet, we find, "He could see the missing tooth . . ." Really now! Didn't he just see the space from which the tooth was missing? I call his story exceptionally good anyway.

JOSEPH GANCHER
Albany, N. Y.

SIR:

With my renewal order I send thanks for the fine articles and stories you have published during the past year. I particularly enjoyed Agnes de Mille's current thoughts on the dilemma of women, and that wonderful story by Robert A. Roripaugh, "The Peach Boy."

HOPE SAWYER BUYUKMIHCI
Franklinville, N. J.

Turkish Airlines

SIR:

While the article "Istanbul" by Eleanor Perényi (July Pleasures and Places) was mostly factual and well written, it nevertheless sounded a jarring note in its last paragraph. The attitude of the Turkish Airlines personnel toward the maintenance of their aircraft is anything but "rather casual."

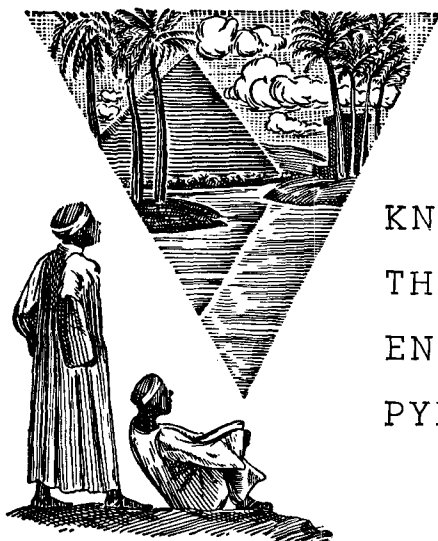
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THE MAN IN THE MOON

BY PETER USTINOV

Born in London in 1921, a descendant of a liberal Lutheran family which left Russia in 1868, PETER USTINOV has turned out a new play nearly every year since he was twenty. He has scored an international success as an actor, playwright, and producer, and two of his plays, THE LOVE OF FOUR COLONELS and ROMANOFF AND JULIET, have been hits on Broadway. We are very happy that he has agreed to write an exclusive series of stories for the ATLANTIC, of which this is the first.

JOHN KERMIDGE walked down the street in Highgate to the letter box, a bulky package in his hand. He felt as though he had been plunged backwards into another, more ample century, when the legs of men were still in constant use as a means of propulsion, not just as members groping for brake and accelerator. He smiled at the sky as though greeting a half-forgotten friend. There was a trace of troubled conscience in his smile. He had kept the sky waiting for so long. Usually, when he looked up, he saw nothing but the perpetual night of his laboratory.

Since he was a scientist, it would have been inhuman if he had not in some measure surrendered to tradition and been a little absent-minded. Not in his work, but in relatively unimportant matters. When he wrote, he did so with vast application, and the meaning of his words could only be fathomed by a few dozen endowed creatures in various universities; but often, as now, having filled pages with mysterious logic, he forgot to stick any stamps to the envelope. The letter was addressed to Switzerland, to a Doctor Nussli, in Zurich. Considering that Dr. Nussli was perhaps John's best friend, it was strange, if typical, that the name on the envelope was spelled with a single s.

"Where did you go?" asked his wife anxiously when he returned.

"I posted that letter to Hans."

"Couldn't it have waited until the morning?"

Although the weather was cold, John mopped his brow with his handkerchief. "No," he said.

"The last mail's gone anyway," Veronica grumbled.

It was curious that John should feel irritated in his hour of triumph, but he allowed himself a moment of harshness.

"No," he repeated, unnecessarily loud.

There was a pause, with thunder in the air.

For quite a few months, Veronica and John had seen very little of each other. Veronica had permitted herself quite a few questions during this time; John had failed to gratify her with even a single answer.

"I thought you might like to see the children before they went to bed," she said.

He grunted and asked, "Where's Bill?"

"Bill? I don't know. Sir Humphrey called."

"Sir Humphrey?" John started angrily. "What the hell did he want?"

"He didn't say, but he was unusually nice to me."

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"That's a bad sign."

"Seemed very elated."

"Elated?" John kicked a chair.

"What's the matter with you?" Veronica almost shouted.

The doorbell rang.

"That'll be the champagne," John said, going into the entrance hall.

"Champagne?"

It wasn't the champagne. It was Bill Henscy, John's assistant, a bearded fellow in an old sports jacket, with a dead pipe permanently in his mouth. He seized John by the arm, didn't even acknowledge Veronica, and started speaking agitatedly in a soft voice. Veronica wished she'd married a bank clerk, a man with simple problems and a little courtesy. She heard nothing of the conversation apart from an occasional reference to Sir Humphrey, but she saw Bill's baleful blue eyes darting hither and thither with excitement.

She was a pleasant girl without much temperament, the ideal wife for John, if there was such a thing. She didn't wish to attract attention to herself, since she knew that both men were engaged in important work and that they were under some strain which it was her unhappy duty to understand without being inquisitive. Just then, however, the children burst into the room, engaged in a running fight over the cactus-covered plains of the frontier badlands. Dick, dressed as a sheriff over his pajamas, opened murderous fire with a cap pistol from behind an armchair, while Timothy plunged into cover behind the radiogram, his eyes shining evilly through the slits of his bandit's mask.

John exploded. "Get out of here," he yelled.

It was only natural for Veronica to leap to her children's defense. "They're only playing," she cried. "God Almighty, what's the matter with you?"

"Can't you see we're working?" answered John, covering up his guilt in testiness.

But Veronica was roused, and launched into a big scene. While the children slunk out unhappily, she released all her resentment in a flood of tears and invective. She had been packing for this blasted trip to Washington. Did he think she wanted to go to Washington? She'd much rather stay home. Why didn't he go alone? And if he went, why didn't he stay? What thanks did she get? To her the unglamorous lot: the paying of bills, the checking of accounts, the necessary bedtime stories which taxed the imagination. Why didn't he marry Bill?

She was interrupted by the doorbell. The champagne, no doubt.

It wasn't the champagne. It was Sir Humphrey Utteridge, accompanied by an affected youth in a bowler hat.

"Kermidge, allow me to congratulate you," Sir Humphrey said in a voice that was quivering with emotion.

John and Bill exchanged a quick, anxious look. "Thank you, Sir Humphrey," John answered, with some impatience.

"This event will mark the beginning of a new era, not only in the annals of recorded history, but in the indelible odyssey of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

This was the fine, rolling language for launching a ship, but nobody wants a ship launched in his living room.

"Old ass," thought John, but said, "It's very good of you to say so."

"D'you remember me, Kermidge?" asked the affected youth, leaning heavily on his umbrella. "Oliver de Voudenay. We were at Charterhouse together."

Good gracious. No wonder John didn't remember him, he hadn't changed a bit. John's hair was turning white, but this immaculate, pink creature looked exactly as he had at school. If he was now successful, it was a triumph of conformity. He was successful.

After John had grudgingly shaken hands, Oliver de Voudenay announced that he hadn't done badly, since he was now the Principal Private Secretary of the Prime Minister, the Right Honorable Arthur Backworth, and hoped to stand in the next election.

"Not as a socialist," said John.

Oliver de Voudenay laughed uproariously and expressed his conviction that the joke was a good one.

Before there was time for more banter, the doorbell rang again.

"That'll be —" Sir Humphrey began, but John interrupted him.

"I ordered some champagne," he said. "I'll go."

JOHN opened the door and found himself face to face with a detective. The man didn't say he was a detective, but it was obvious. His disguise would only have deceived another detective.

"This is it, sir," called the detective to a waiting Rolls-Royce.

The door of the limousine opened slowly, and an elderly man of some distinction struggled cautiously onto the pavement.

John felt the color draining from his face. He recognized the man as the Right Honorable Arthur Backworth, Prime Minister of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

"May I come in?" said the Prime Minister, with a vote-catching smile.

Here was a wonderful, perverse moment to say no, but John said yes.

Veronica, amazed, and with an intense feeling of shame at having even mentioned such trivialities as accounts and packing, watched her humble suburban boudoir gradually filling with celebrities who had only graced it previously as guests on the television screen.

"You will probably wonder why I am here," crooned Mr. Backworth.

Once again John was seized with a desire to say no, but to the Prime Minister the question was a rhetorical one, and he continued in august and measured tones.

"When Sir Humphrey informed me early today of the success of your experiment, I immediately called a cabinet meeting, which ended not half an hour ago. It goes without saying that what you have achieved is perhaps the most glorious, the most decisive step forward in the history of science — nay, of the human race. What recognition a mere government may accord you will be yours, rest assured."

"It would have been impossible without Bill here —" John said.

"Yes, yes, both of you, both of you," the Prime Minister went on with some impatience. He was used to the interruptions of politicians, but the interruptions of laymen were an impertinence. "Now, it must be obvious to you," he continued, "that what you have accomplished is of such magnitude that it cannot fail to affect the policy of nations, and," he added, with a trace of exalted mischief, "of this nation in particular. After all, the Russians will, at any moment, be able to land a dog on the moon; the Americans have, I am told, a mouse in readiness; but we, without fanfares or magniloquence, have bypassed these intermediary stages and are ready to land a man, or men. You may not realize what this means."

John smiled and said modestly, "I am very fortunate, sir, that it should have fallen to me to head the team which managed, perhaps more by luck than by virtue, to achieve this success. I am, of course, looking forward immensely to my visit to Washington, and to the possibility of breaking this news to our American friends." John was slightly annoyed with himself for adopting this formal tone, but in talking to Prime Ministers one apparently didn't talk, one made a speech.

Mr. Backworth looked at John curiously, and smiled. "I want you to come to dinner on Thursday at Number 10," he said.

"I can't, I'll be in Washington."

"No, you won't."

"What?"

The Prime Minister nodded at Sir Humphrey, who cleared his throat and spoke. "It has been

decided by the cabinet — and I was present at the meeting — to send Gwatkin-Pollock to Washington in your place. We need you here."

"But Gwatkin-Pollock knows not the first thing about interplanetary travel!" John cried.

"Then he will give nothing away," said the Prime Minister, pleasantly.

"This is outrageous. I want to go!"

"You can't," replied the Prime Minister.

"Can't!" echoed John, and then fell back on the conventional reaction of the perplexed democrat. "This is a free country."

"Yes," growled the Prime Minister, in his heroic style, "and we must keep it free."

His remark didn't mean much, but any student of politics will recognize the fact that it is more important to make the right noise than to talk sense.

The Prime Minister smiled, relaxing the unexpected tension. "Do you really think that we have sunk so low as to reward you by curbing your liberties?" he asked.

John felt childish. "I was looking forward to Washington," he said.

"You scientists take such a long view of events that it needs simple souls like ourselves to open your eyes to the obvious on occasion. Of course you are flushed with pride of achievement. Of course you wish to announce your world-shattering discovery to your colleagues. That is only human. But alas! Your colleagues may be near to you in spirit, but they also carry passports, they also speak their various languages and boast their various prejudices. There can be no pure relationship between you and, say, a Russian scientist, because you both have divergent responsibilities, however warm and cordial your contact in your laboratories or over a cup of coffee. Now, you harbor a tremendous, a dangerous secret. Have you the experience to keep it, all by yourself, without help from us? Will not the strain on you be utterly inhuman, however loyal your intentions? These are questions to which we must find answers within the next few weeks."

"How do you intend to go about it?" asked John, too surprised to be really angry.

"By keeping your mind occupied," said the Prime Minister, earnestly. "Thursday is the day after tomorrow. I wish you to dine with me and with General Sir Godfrey Toplett, Chief of General Staff."

"We will have absolutely nothing in common," said John.

"Before dinner, perhaps not. After dinner, I believe you will," replied the Prime Minister coolly.

"I presume that I may go on seeing which friends I please?" asked John, his voice charged with irony.

The Prime Minister ignored the irony and said, "Up to a point."

John looked at Oliver de Vouvenay, who smiled fatuously.

Bill rose from his seat. He hadn't said anything, but was visibly dismayed. "If you'll excuse me . . ." he began.

"Don't be alarmed if you should feel yourself followed," said the Prime Minister. "You will be."

GWATKIN-POLLOCK was a man of science often selected by the British government for official missions, since he had a quality of aloof and calculating majesty which those seated with him round a conference table never failed to find disturbing. He always seemed to be hiding something. He also had a habit of suddenly, unreasonably laughing at a comic situation of a day, a week, a year ago, usually while a serious statement was being read by someone else. His enigmatic quality was completed by his utter silence when it was his turn to make a statement.

It so happened that at the very moment Gwatkin-Pollock was seated with American scientists at a top-level conference in Washington, John was puffing one of the Prime Minister's better cigars and rather losing his critical sense in its lullaby of fumes. The dark plans of the British government were working well for the time being on both fronts. A brilliant American scientist, who spoke for some reason with a thick German accent, was just expounding a remarkable plan for projecting a whole battalion of white mice into space, when Gwatkin-Pollock, remembering a humorous event from his youth, laughed loudly. The American delegation looked at each other with consternation and asked themselves whether the President had been wise to let the British into these top-secret conferences.

In London, meanwhile, General Toplett, a soldier with a face like a whiskered walnut, was busy producing some large photographs from his portfolio.

"You see," he said to John and to the Prime Minister, "it's quite clear that whatever nation is the first to land even light forces on Crater K here — I've marked it in red — will control all the lateral valleys on this side of the moon's face. My plan, therefore, is to land light airborne forces as near the perimeter of the crater as possible, and to advance from there in four columns until we reach this green line here."

This was too much for John, who leaped to his feet. "It's revolting!" he cried. "I didn't evolve a man-carrying moon rocket in order to see it subjected to the kind of thought which has made

such a mess of our planet! I don't want dim soldiers and soiled politicians to pollute my moon!"

"Steady there, steady," snarled the General, holding the photograph of the crater in the air as though it were a hand grenade.

The Prime Minister laughed. "Don't you think, Kermidge," he said quietly, "that there is a pleasant irony in this turn of events? Don't misunderstand me; the Americans are, and always will be, our allies. That goes without saying. But in a way, we do have a . . . a friendly score to settle, don't you think?"

"In the world of science there is always an element of quite innocuous rivalry —" John said, as reasonably as he could.

"I wasn't referring to the world of science," the Prime Minister interrupted. "I was referring to history. Kermidge, we are taxing our ingenuity to the limit to keep over fifty million people fully employed and well fed on this tiny island. Naturally our rules are stringent, our taxation inhuman, and naturally we tend to appear to other nations as somewhat avaricious in our methods and as almost ludicrously inflexible in our regulations. Can this give us pleasure? We, who gave the world so much?"

"We took quite a lot, too," said John.

"I must ask you to listen to me without interruption," replied the Prime Minister with a trace of irritation. He had to put up with this kind of thing from the opposition all the year round. There was no reason, he felt, why he should put up with contradiction in his own dining room, in his own cigar smoke. "The Americans are a most generous people," he continued, "but they can afford to be. A man with one hundred pounds in the bank giving a penny to a beggar is making the same financial sacrifice as a man with one million pounds in the bank giving four pounds, three shillings, and fourpence to a beggar." These statistics were so glib that they obviously formed a staple argument of the Prime Minister's.

"The widow's mite," said John.

The Prime Minister gave him a withering look, which dissolved rapidly into a winning smile. Politics taught a man self-control as no other profession.

"Call it what you will, the facts are clear. We need space. We need to expand, not only in order to survive, but in order to conserve our national character, our even temper, our serenity."

"Even Hitler thought of better reasons than that," John heard himself saying.

The Prime Minister was unruffled.

"Would we ever attack our neighbors to achieve this end? Never. But" — and he leaned forward, searchingly — "once there is space, who knows? We've never shied at adventure. And think of it

—rolling acres on the moon, or on other planets. Untold mineral wealth. Kermidge, we are in the shoes of Columbus, with the added proof of the unknown continents' existence. Look out of the window. You will see it. And we have the ship to get us there."

"You want to paint the moon red," murmured John. "You want a moon worthy of Kipling, on which the sun never sets."

"Rather well put," said the General, now that the conversation had taken an understandable turn.

"Exactly — and why not?" cried the Prime Minister. "Nothing in history is final. History is like the sea, constantly changing, a patchwork of phases, a mosaic of impermanent achievements. We were an occupied people once. The Saxons, the Danes, and the Romans had their will of us. Then we rose, with the determination of underdogs, and conquered the greatest empire the world has ever known. Times changed, and with them the conception of Empire. Whether we like it or not, we now live in an Era of Liberality, in which every tin-pot republic has its own voice in the United Nations. We, in our great wisdom and experience, must sit silently by while Guatemala lays claim to British Honduras. This kind of thing taxes our dignity to the uttermost, but need it last? Must we accept the defeat of Burgoyne as final? We say we lose every battle but the last. Has the last battle been fought?" He dropped his voice from a rhetorical level into the intimacy of sincerity. "Please understand me, I do not advocate war, least of all war with America. That would be unthinkable and stupid. In any event, we would lose it. However, I, for one, do not accept Burgoyne's defeat as the end of a story."

"Burgoyne was a fool," said the General gratuitously.

"Let us reach the moon first. This would not only give us the space we need, it would also give us the enormous moral ascendancy necessary to resume the leadership of the free world. There can be no doubt whatever that Russia is working rapidly toward the results you have so brilliantly attained. She is, as it were, breathing down our neck. Sharing our information with the Americans would only waste valuable weeks at this juncture, and by the time we had put our mutual scheme into operation, the Americans would be taking all the credit. They are too flushed with their own technological efficiency to admit that anyone can achieve anything without stealing their plans. Kermidge, we have made our gesture. We have sent them Gwatkin-Pollock. Let us do the rest ourselves."

There was a pause.

John began speaking slowly, trying hard to con-

trol his voice, which was quivering. "I hold no brief for American scientists, or for Russian scientists, or for British scientists for that matter. I have friends and enemies in all camps, since to the true men of science there are no frontiers, only advances; there are no nations, only humanity. This may sound subversive to you, but it is true, and I will explain, as temperately as I can, why it is true, what has made it true. You, sir, talked of Columbus. In his day, men, for all their culture, fine painting, architecture, humanism, the rest, were still relatively savage. Life was cheap. Death was the penalty for a slight misdemeanor, slavery the penalty for an accident of birth. And why? Because there was space to conquer, horizons full of promise. Conquest was the order of the day. The avid fingers of Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal stretched into the unknown. Then, abruptly, all was found, all was unraveled. Germany and Italy attempted to put the clock back, and behaved as everyone had once behaved, and were deemed criminal for no other reason than that they were out of date and that their internal persecutions were carried against men of culture, and white men at that, instead of against their colonial subjects. They were condemned by mankind, and rightly so, because they were hungry for glory at a time when other nations were licking their chops, sated by a meal which had lasted for centuries. And why did we all become civilized, so abruptly? Because, sir, there was nothing left to conquer, nothing left to seize without a threat of general war; there was no space left." John mopped his brow briefly and continued. "Now what has happened? We have become conscious of space again. Cheated of horizons down on earth, we have looked upwards, and found horizons there. What will that do to us? It will put us back to pre-Columbian days. It will be the signal for military conquest, for religious wars. There will be crusades for a Catholic moon, a Protestant moon, a Muslim moon, a Jewish moon. If there are inhabitants up there, we will persecute them mercilessly before we begin to realize their value. You can't feel any affection for a creature you have never seen before, especially if it seems ugly by our standards. The United Nations will lose all control, because its enemy is the smell of space in the nostrils of the military. Life will become cheap again, and so will glory. We will put the clock back to the days of darkness, and our growing pains in the stratosphere will be at least as painful as those we suffered here on earth. I want no part of it."

The Prime Minister looked at him with genuine affection and offered him another cigar, which he accepted automatically, with a shaking hand.

"You are looking at the world with the eyes of

a historian," said the Prime Minister, "but the world is not run by historians. It is a luxury we cannot afford. We can't study events from such a comfortable distance, nor can we allow ourselves to be embittered so easily by the unfortunate parallels and repetitions of history. As a historian, you are no doubt right, since you look back so far in order to look forward, but as a politician you are wrong, you are wrong as a patriot."

"I have no ambitions as a patriot," John answered. "I want to be a man the world is proud of."

"You are young," said the Prime Minister, lighting a match for John. "Incidentally, the Archbishop of Canterbury has expressed an urgent desire to meet you."

"I knew it," cried John, "a Church of England moon!"

WHEN he returned home, John sat up all night writing a letter. Veronica, as she lay sleepless, heard the febrile stutter of the typewriter and an occasional angry outburst. The cabin trunks still stood half filled in the bedroom, a measure of how disappointed John and Veronica were at not going to Washington and of their uncertainty about the future.

John didn't go to bed that night, but left the house at six thirty to post his letter. He noticed a detective loitering on the opposite pavement, but ignored him.

There was practically no conversation between Veronica and John all day, and even the children modified their games. It was as though disaster had struck the family.

After lunch, they suffered the surprise visit of a grave Sir Humphrey, accompanied by Oliver de Vouvenay at his most petulant, and a rosy-faced inspector from Scotland Yard called Peddick.

"What may I offer you?" asked John, investing his question with sarcasm. He seemed incapable of saying anything without sarcasm these days.

"Nothing. Nothing at all," answered Sir Humphrey.

"Perhaps we could sit down?" said de Vouvenay.

"I see nothing to prevent you," said John.

There was a brief, awkward silence.

"Well?"

In silence, Oliver de Vouvenay opened his brief case and produced the letter which John had posted that morning. It was open.

"What are you doing with that?" John asked hotly.

"Perhaps I should take over, sir?" It was Inspector Peddick speaking. "Did you write this?"

"What business is it of yours?"

"It's addressed to Switzerland, sir."

"I can explain that. It is addressed to Switzerland because I intended it to arrive in Switzerland."

"I gather, sir, that it contains information of a highly secret nature."

"It contains information which emanated from my brain and which I do not consider secret. And in any case, for how long has it been the practice, in this free country, for the police to intercept private letters?"

"We have authority, sir, under the official secrets act."

"Could you tell me what you find particularly secret about the information contained in this letter?"

The inspector smiled. "That's hardly my province, sir. It doesn't make much sense to me, but I've been told it's secret from higher-up, and I acted accordingly."

"But you've read it?"

"Oh, I skimmed through part of it, yes sir, in the course of duty."

John broke a vase and shouted a profanity.

Sir Humphrey raised a restraining hand. "You must realize, John, that you must be in some measure subject to government policy. You can't go on being a rebel all your grown life. What you have accomplished is far too important for us all for you to attempt to destroy it by what you imagine to be scientific integrity. John, I implore you to regard yourself as the caretaker of a secret, and not to do anything in your moment of imminent triumph which will bring you into disrepute."

"I am not the caretaker of a secret," thundered John, "I am the inventor of a public utility!"

"You wrote a letter to Switzerland, to a Professor Nussli. Professor Nussli has been to Moscow recently," said de Vouvenay, smoothly.

"So what?" snapped John. "I've been to Trinidad, that doesn't mean I sing calypsos all day. What God-awful idiots you all are. Just because a man is inquisitive, just because he wants to find out, you think automatically that he's tarnished by whatever he went to investigate."

"I didn't insinuate that at all."

"Why did you mention it then? What do people mean when they say the word 'Moscow' out of the blue? How naïve do you think I am? I've known Nussli for nearly forty years — in other words, all my life. I was brought up in Switzerland when I was young because I had asthma. I went to school with Hans. We were firm friends. He's a brilliant man now as he was a brilliant boy then, and he knows probably more about my particular

field than any other man alive today. He's a thoroughly enlightened, liberal chap."

"I'm very gratified to hear it," said de Vouvenay.

"*You're* gratified to hear it?" shouted John, losing his temper. "And who the hell d'you think you are? I very much regret leaving my Swiss school, where I worked and had fun, to come back here for the sole privilege of watching your nasty little career developing from the self-righteous goody-goody with the only unbroken voice in school which could do justice to the soprano solos in the *Messiah* to the pompous prig who has the impertinence to ventilate opinions about which he knows nothing, nothing, nothing! Get out of here."

De Vouvenay rose, flushed with anger, his yellow hair falling over one eye. "Your letter will be confiscated for the time being," he said, "and perhaps, in time, you will learn to behave yourself sufficiently for us to be able to entrust you with Herr Nussli's answers."

John was aghast. "D'you mean —"

Sir Humphrey looked at him steadily and openly. "I will apologize for Mr. de Vouvenay," he said, "since Mr. de Vouvenay evidently hasn't the resources to apologize himself."

"Letters to me —"

"Yes, John. I deplore the practice of opening other people's mail. Especially do I deplore it when it is perpetrated by a government. But, as an Englishman, and as one who recognized your great talent early in your life, I must say that I realize the necessity for such an emergency measure at this time. We must not only protect our secret from any enemy, but we must protect you from yourself. I don't know what you have been writing to Professor Nussli during these past months, but the one answer in our possession suggests that he has a detailed and even a brilliant insight into our methods. What is especially disturbing is his apparent knowledge of our fuel —"

"Our fuel, fiddlesticks. It was his fuel as much as mine. How do you think two friends work when they are fired by the same ambition? They share their information, selflessly, for the common good."

"In the mail? Neither of these letters was so much as registered."

"Surely the mail is more discreet than the telephone, and it's certainly less expensive. I never for one moment believed that my letters would be opened. Had I known that, I would have found other methods of communication."

"Such as?" asked de Vouvenay.

"Pigeons," spat John.

When the visitors had left, John chided himself

for not having hit de Vouvenay. He had actually been forced to defend himself from a position which was as strong as any position could be in a country with democratic traditions. His correspondence had been confiscated, and yet somehow he didn't feel that he had been able to bring it home to his tormentors how unethical their conduct had been. He had certainly become very angry, but his anger had somehow been dissipated by his sheer amazement that such things were possible in this day and age, in the twentieth century. The twentieth century? The threshold of the second fifteenth century more likely: the age of discovery, of casual death and roughshod life.

He made a quick decision. Lifting the telephone, he called British European Airways and booked a flight on the plane to Zurich. With two hours to kill, he paced the room reconstructing the scene with his three visitors and his dinner with the Prime Minister, his mood settling into one of cold and righteous indignation as he thought of all the choice phrases he would have used had he had the presence of mind.

Then, with forty minutes to go, he put his passport in his pocket, decided not to say good-by to his wife, since explanations would only dilute his fury, and left the house, quietly closing the front door. The taxi arrived at London Airport with some minutes to spare, and John went into the departure hall. The young ladies were very polite and directed him into Immigration. Here, a colorless gentleman looked at his passport for a small eternity, seeming to read mysterious meanings into old visas. Eventually the colorless gentleman looked up, not at John, but past him.

A voice in John's ear said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Kermidge."

It was Inspector Peddick.

VERONICA worried about John for the next three weeks. Although he was not ill, he showed no inclination to rise, and began to grow a beard out of sheer indolence. He never spoke, except to say on one occasion: "I'm a patriot, my dear. I'm staying in bed to make it easy for the police. In these hard days of intensive burglary and juvenile delinquency, it would be unfair to put too much pressure on the Yard by moving around."

Sir Humphrey came to the house once or twice, but John just stared at the ceiling, refusing to say a word. Preparations were being made to launch John's rocket, and Sir Humphrey, a kind and devoted man at heart, sought to cheer up Veronica by telling her that a peerage was in the air: "Even

if John bridles at being Lord Kermidge, he'd surely wish to see you Lady Kermidge."

"I don't care so long as he eats."

One night, some twenty-five days after John's attempt to fly to Zurich, the press the world over noticed mysterious and intensive diplomatic activity.

It was remarked by vigilant American journalists that the Secretary of State left a public dinner at Cincinnati in order to fly to Washington. A few minutes later, the President of the United States interrupted a fishing holiday and left for Washington by helicopter. The faces of these two dignitaries were exceptionally grave.

Newspapermen in Moscow observed that a meeting of the Supreme Soviet had been called at only an hour's notice and that grim-faced deputies were disrupting the traffic as they poured into the Kremlin. Areas were cordoned off, and the police were uncommunicative. In Paris, a crisis was stopped in midstream as a rumor spread, making the rising spiral of the cost of living seem frivolous indeed.

The Right Honorable Arthur Backworth left Chequers at four in the morning for Number 10 Downing Street. Observers caught a glimpse of his ashen face in the dark bowels of his Rolls-Royce.

The wires from America reported not only the unexpected presence of the President and the Secretary of State in the federal capital, but also of an unusual number of generals and admirals, all of them sullen and thunderous. Businessmen attempting transatlantic calls found that there were endless delays. Tempers were frayed the world over.

One of the last to know the reason why was John, who was fast asleep when Veronica and Bill burst into his room with all the morning papers. He glanced at the headline of the first paper and began to laugh, slowly at first, then hysterically, until the tears poured from his eyes in a stream, coursing through his young beard, staining his pajama top. For a full quarter of an hour he laughed, weeping, moaning, gripping his sides, tearing the sheets with a delight which overlapped into anguish, panting like a dying man, and dragging Bill and Veronica with him in his lunatic joy. Suddenly the laughter stopped, and John, Bill, and Veronica looked at each other without energy, without emotion.

John, breathing deeply, took up the newspaper and read the headline again.

It said, in banner type. SWISS REACH THE MOON.

RICHARD WILBUR

SHE

What was her beauty in our first estate
When Adam's will was whole, and the least thing
Appeared the gift and creature of his king,
How should we guess? Resemblance had to wait

For separation, and in such a place
She so partook of water, light, and trees
As not to look like any one of these.
He woke and gazed into her naked face.

But then she changed, and coming down amid
The flocks of Abel and the fields of Cain,
Clothed in their wish, her Eden graces hid,
A shape of plenty with a mop of grain,

She broke upon the world, in time took on
The look of every labor and its fruits.
Columnar in a robe of pleated lawn
She cupped her patient hand for attributes,

Was radiant captive of the farthest tower
And shed her honor on the fields of war,
Walked in her garden at the evening hour,
Her shadow like a dark ogival door,

Breasted the seas for all the westward ships
And, come to virgin country, changed again —
A moonlike being truest in eclipse
And subject goddess of the dreams of men.

Tree, temple, valley, prow, gazelle, machine,
More named and nameless than the morning star,
Lovely in every shape, in all unseen,
We dare not wish to find you as you are,

Whose apparition, biding time until
Desire decay and bring the latter age,
Shall flourish in the ruins of our will
And deck the broken stones like saxifrage.

THE TEAMSTERS DEFY THE GOVERNMENT

BY CLARK MOLLENHOFF



"What are you going to do about it, chum?"

A journalist who took his degree in law at Drake University, CLARK MOLLENHOFF has been assigned to cover city politics ever since he joined the staff of the Des Moines REGISTER AND TRIBUNE in 1941. In Washington his work in helping to uncover corruption in the Internal Revenue Service, in the FCC, and in the labor unions earned him the Pulitzer Prize, the Sigma Delta Chi Award, and the ever-increasing respect of American readers.

AT FIRST glance they seemed an unlikely pair to pull off the most explosive investigation in the history of the United States Congress. Robert F. Kennedy was a young lawyer with no courtroom experience and a scant knowledge of labor and labor law. Senator John L. McClellan was a cautious, conservative Arkansas Democrat with a pronounced distaste for becoming involved in unnecessary political brawls.

Yet, in a period of less than two years, the McClellan-Kennedy combination has become one of the most celebrated investigation teams in the nation's history. They have upended some of the biggest powers in labor, including Teamster bosses Dave Beck and James R. Hoffa, Carpenter boss Maurice Hutcheson, Operating Engineers czar William E. Maloney, and Bakery Union President James Cross. Under their direction, more than eighty lawyers, accountants, and investigators have burrowed into corruption and mismanagement in a dozen unions. The repercussions have been felt from New York to Los Angeles, from Seattle to Miami. In a dozen states, the exposure of labor corruption has ricocheted into politics in a way that was unflattering to many Democrats and Republicans. The thievery of union funds, as disclosed, ran into the millions. The brutality of labor violence and the threats to committee witnesses shocked the nation and changed the public attitude on the question of labor corruption.

In the fall of 1956, McClellan and Kennedy went quietly to work against the seemingly unbeatable combine from which came big labor's power: the financial power of labor's huge political funds, the political punch of labor's endorsements, the economic pressure with which labor was able to neutralize or split the business community, the cynical bribery and ruthless coercion of labor's crooks.

Public sympathy was then on the side of labor. The scandals of labor were considered insignificant; the indications of thievery of union funds were ignored. The public still viewed labor leaders as a class dedicated to an selfish defense of the workingman against the oppression of management. Well-meaning liberals denied the fact that big labor was more powerful, and consequently could be more corrupt, than big business.

On this issue the members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives could be divided into five categories: those who were so beholden to labor that they would oppose any probe; the idealists who followed labor's flag as a symbol; the fence riders who were afraid to incur labor's displeasure; those who were so bitterly against labor that their efforts were suspect; and a small sprinkling who did not take sides.

In the fall of 1956, McClellan and Kennedy were ignored by Teamster leaders. Beck and Hoffa were confident and arrogant; in one way or another

they had found it possible to flag down a long list of congressional committee chairmen. Teamster President Dave Beck staked his career on the belief that the political power of labor could stall any thorough congressional investigation of corruption in labor. His successor-to-be, tough little James R. Hoffa, was his usual direct self when he told me: "Everyone has his price. What's yours?" And commenting on the early efforts to get a full-scale investigation of Teamster corruption, Hoffa added with a smile: "Why don't you give up? Nothing will come of it. We're the Teamsters."

Hoffa had dipped into the million-dollar treasury of his Teamster local in Detroit to contribute to the campaigns of governors, judges, and prosecutors. He played both sides and he wanted one thing: officeholders, Democrats or Republicans, who were favorable to Hoffa and his organization.

There were a dozen leaders of other national and international unions who were equally arrogant, equally corrupt, and equally confident that they could crush or coerce any chief counsel or committee chairman who had the audacity to try to investigate labor. Wise money would have been on their side. But the wise money lost. Young Bob Kennedy was short on experience, but he was long on the most important ingredients needed. He was bright, energetic, imaginative, and charged with a fierce integrity and stubbornness. He was driven by a mixture of ambition and personal outrage at the dishonesty and brutality uncovered in many union operations. He was blunt with those who lied to him, and threw the facts into the faces of lawyers and witnesses with a total disregard for what they thought of him. He was irritable when senators broke into the continuity of his questions with matters he considered irrelevant or premature. In private, Kennedy could be blunt in his comments to staff members who were not producing or who showed a lack of judgment in trying to break a case. But in public he had nothing but praise for the staff, and he developed an *esprit de corps* that made it what some Republicans critically called "a Kennedy staff with Kennedy security." A Republican bitterness against Bob Kennedy smoldered throughout the investigation and occasionally blazed into the open.

McClellan was the insulation and safety device. He kept the dynamic young counsel and his staff from setting off explosions they couldn't handle. Kennedy would have tackled Republican or Democratic political entanglement in labor scandals with a vigorous disregard for political repercussions. McClellan saw how any move in the union-political area could backfire whether it involved Democrats or Republicans.

When Kennedy ruffled the feelings of the Re-

publican senators with his independence, McClellan soothed the irritated. If he thought the complaint had any justification he talked privately with Kennedy to try to avoid repetition of the incident. When there were Republican attacks that McClellan felt were unjustified, he did not hesitate to stand side by side with the young counsel and dare committee members to assail him.

Senate colleagues both respected and feared McClellan. He was a practical professional in the world of politics, and he played the game according to the rules of the Senate. If the facts in a case reflected unfavorably on another senator, McClellan approached it cautiously. He would allow material unflattering to some of his colleagues to go into the record in the normal course of an investigation. But his colleagues knew that John McClellan would give them the benefit of the doubt, and would not stretch the jurisdiction of his committee simply to embarrass another politician. But equally important in McClellan's control of the committee was the fact that he would not take a challenge lying down, whether it was a challenge on his person or on his operation of the committee.

After years of law practice, McClellan is slow to arrive at conclusions. But when he speaks, he is usually on firm ground. In addition to his private law practice and work as a county prosecutor, McClellan has had nearly twenty years in the House and Senate, and this has given him a broad practical experience in the fields of government, labor, and business. His years on congressional committees have sharpened his questioning. "I've just tried to keep the politics out, and keep the thing on the track," Chairman McClellan says, oversimplifying his role. "Bob and the staff did the work."

THE McClellan committee has had the services of the best and largest investigative staff ever assembled on Capitol Hill; the spectacular and continuing success of the probe shows the caliber of those who have done the work. From the outset, great care was taken to avoid the hiring of spies who might leak information to corrupt labor to the detriment of the investigation. A key figure is Carmine Bellino, a former chief accountant for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Bellino's success had been spectacular even before he became a part of the McClellan labor racket committee, but he rose to new heights in a masterful reconstruction of the intentionally tangled finances of Dave Beck and James R. Hoffa.

The spirit of the staff has been as important as its quality. This has been no 9 to 5 investigation. It has meant work from 7 A.M. until midnight

or 1 A.M., and when occasion demanded the staff worked all night. Bellino demonstrated that cases are made by moving fast: tying up a witness with an affidavit or getting custody of a record before it can be destroyed. Witnesses were under constant coercion to refuse to talk or to perjure themselves. It was vital to move quickly from key witnesses to corroborative witnesses, even if they were a thousand miles apart.

The McClellan-Kennedy team avoided the blunders and rash actions that have meant self-destruction to other committees. The heavy shadow of the McCarthy-Cohn tactics hung over them as a warning. McClellan had served side by side with McCarthy when the wild-swinging Republican was chairman of the Senate government operations subcommittee. The recollection of McCarthy was added to McClellan's natural caution, and he leaned over backwards to be fair to witnesses. "If you've got the evidence, you don't have to worry about hurting your case by being fair," McClellan said.

The specter of McCarthy had also been a vivid part of Kennedy's background. Bob Kennedy's first experience on Capitol Hill was with the Senate government operations investigating subcommittee during the hectic days when McCarthy was chairman. When Roy Cohn was chief counsel directing McCarthy's probes, Kennedy was minority counsel representing the Democrats. He had seen Cohn's fierce, wild, and unchecked use of the power of congressional investigations. He did not like it, and he did not like Cohn.

The McClellan-Kennedy team had a limited jurisdiction in the labor racket field when McClellan authorized the preliminary work in the fall of 1956. The investigation was done under the authority of the Senate government operations subcommittee, and hearings were to be limited to allegations that unions were filing false financial reports with the Labor Department and the Internal Revenue Service. This gave some claim to an examination of union finances, but did not embrace the broad investigative power the labor committees of the Senate and House had but did not exercise.

WAS the labor racket field really in need of exploring? What were the best leads to follow? If it was a fertile field for investigations, why hadn't other committees completed the job? Those were the questions faced by McClellan as the probe into misuse of labor union funds began.

Kennedy had a series of conferences with the lawyers who had directed the prior investigations: Downey Rice, Francis X. Plant, Lester P. Condon,

Edward McCabe, William Leece, and others. From them he heard how labor's political power had frustrated earlier investigations.

Kennedy was a novice beside these lawyers, and yet they had failed to do the full job. In some cases it had been because of weak chairmen, in others because of political pressure, in others it had been insufficient funds or an inadequate staff. Downey Rice had had fifteen years of legal work, including service with the FBI and other congressional committees, before he took on his first labor racket investigation. Early in 1953, he was serving as chief counsel to a subcommittee to the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, headed by Senator Charles Tobey, New Hampshire Republican. Its first objective was the waterfront rackets in New York, New Jersey, and New Orleans.

Senator Tobey was no great legal light, but he had a flaming indignation at crooked operations in labor or business. His experience on the Kefauver crime committee had stirred him with a desire to fight the underworld. He met Rice, who was an associate counsel for the Kefauver committee, and they teamed up to expose the waterfront and get rid of Joseph Ryan, then boss of the racket-ridden International Longshoremen Association.

Tobey was not a strong chairman, but with Rice as his chief counsel he did not have to be. To add to the strength of their small-budgeted committee, they had as chief investigator Francis X. Plant, a former administrative assistant to FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover recognized for his thoroughness in the preparation of a case. In the spring of 1953, Chairman Tobey authorized Rice and Plant to start an investigation of the Teamsters Union in Minneapolis on the basis of information furnished by the Minneapolis *Star and Tribune*.

Senator Tobey died in July of that year, and with his death the investigation ended. The Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee passed into the hands of Senator John Bricker of Ohio. He allowed Rice and Plant to work for several weeks on the Teamsters Union in Minneapolis, then in early October dealt the death blow to the investigation without so much as one public hearing. Bricker admitted that the information Rice and Plant found about the Minneapolis Teamsters was of a serious nature. He said he was turning the case over to "the proper committee." It went to the Senate labor committee, cemetery of most labor investigations. Nothing came of it.

Kennedy was told of these barriers which were put in the way of hearings on corruption in the Minneapolis Teamsters Union. There were others.

In November, 1953, Representative Wint Smith (Republican, Kansas) took testimony in Detroit hearings from three Minneapolis witnesses in con-

nection with Teamster corruption. He then dropped the hearings after stating that some kind of undefined pressure was being exerted on him. Smith talked about organizing another House labor committee for a special probe of the Minneapolis Teamsters. He went so far as to hire Plant and Rice to run the investigation, but they never got on the payroll.

Finally, the idea of a Smith subcommittee was dropped. Smith said it was because he could not make satisfactory arrangements with labor committee chairman Sam McConnell (Republican, Pennsylvania).

Kennedy didn't learn the full story of the pressure the Teamsters applied to Smith until he had been investigating the affairs of Jimmy Hoffa for a year. Records and correspondence disclosed that in October, 1953, Hoffa had hired Payne Ratner, a former Republican governor of Kansas, for the purpose of getting Smith to postpone hearings on Hoffa at that time or to give Hoffa more favorable treatment. Smith denied he gave any favored treatment to Hoffa, but Hoffa wrote a letter to Ratner following the hearings commenting on how pleased he had been at the treatment he received and giving Ratner credit for it.

KENNEDY was told how the bipartisan pressure of labor could be used to block an aggressive staff even when the chairman was eager for an exhaustive investigation and hearings. He was told how Representative Clare Hoffman was stripped of his power to hold hearings in the labor racket field. Hoffman, an ultraconservative Michigan Republican, was chairman of the House government operations committee. In the summer of 1953, Democrats and Republicans in that committee rose up and relieved him of his power to hold hearings in the labor racket area as he was preparing for an attack on Hoffa.

When Les Condon, a former FBI agent, went to Detroit for the Hoffman subcommittee, the target was Hoffa, then chairman of the Central Conference of Teamsters. The chief investigator moved in on Hoffa's domain with a broad smile and a hard-driving approach and had several good cases on the way before Hoffa had time to gasp.

Representative Hoffman staged a brief hearing in June, 1953, and enough material was unraveled to make Hoffa suspect that he had some stool pigeons in his own organization. In July of that year, Hoffa got in touch with New York labor racketeer John Dioguardi and arranged to have Bernard Spindel go to Detroit and do a complete wiring job on the Teamsters headquarters on Trumbull Avenue. The system was installed with

a control box in Hoffa's office. It was possible to sit in Hoffa's chair, flip a switch, and get a recording or an amplified reproduction of any conversation on the union telephones or in any of the major rooms in the building.

Meanwhile a coalition of Democrats and Republican congressmen were intent on depriving Hoffman of power to conduct further hearings on Hoffa's activities. Condon was no longer granted the power to use subpoenas. This meant that he could not set a date for records to be produced or witnesses to appear.

For a time Condon labored on without subpoenas, and while the Teamsters gave him no help, they said they did not hold it against him for trying to do his job. He was told that he was a nice young man, and that he impressed Hoffa. They said they would not be surprised when it was all over if Jimmy Hoffa wouldn't be forgiving enough to hire him to work for the Teamster welfare fund as an investigator. Hoffa told him later that he figured Condon was just the kind of fellow he needed.

In January, 1954, Hoffman made still another effort to get authority for a Teamster investigation. This time he was thwarted by a countermove. The House government operations committee authorized a labor racket investigation, but put it in the hands of Representative George Bender, the genial backslapping Republican from Ohio. Most viewers figured that any labor investigation in the hands of this mild-mannered politician was as good as dead.

When Bender heard the rumor that he was being used to whitewash the Teamster fence, he did not like it. He announced that he was going to conduct a thorough investigation; he hired Rice and Plant; he was granted an appropriation of \$51,000, a little more than half of what he asked for. And at the outset he seemed in earnest in his determination to follow up the clues in Minneapolis.

But the Democrats in Bender's subcommittee, Robert Mollohan of West Virginia and Frank Karsten of Missouri, were not happy; they questioned the jurisdiction of their own committee, and they tried to call off the hearings in Minneapolis before the first witness was heard. They kept sniping at Rice and at times seemed more interested in consulting with the Teamster lawyers than with their own staff. Bender was incapable of maintaining order, and as the hearings drifted along it became questionable whether he was willing or able to give the investigation the forceful direction it needed.

In his staff work Rice had actually set the stage for the later indictment and eventual conviction of several top teamsters in Minneapolis, but at the

time he himself was the only casualty in the Bender hearings. The pressure from within the committee not only crippled his usefulness, but forced him to resign.

In 1954 Representative Bender did little to alienate Teamster affections; in 1956 the Teamsters openly supported him in his campaign for re-election; and in 1958 he was proposed by Hoffa as chairman of a committee of three to look into the charges of corruption within the Teamsters.

KENNEDY also knew that Bill Leece and Plant had served as chief counsel and chief investigator for a Senate labor subcommittee headed by Chairman Ives of New York. Given a free rein by the chairman in the investigation, they had dug up the evidence proving embezzlement of \$990,000 from the health and welfare funds of the Laundry Workers International Union. Then Ives lost the chairmanship when the Democrats won the Senate in 1955, and Chairman Paul Douglas (Democrat, Illinois) took over. Douglas conducted the hearings on the Laundry Workers and exposed some of the corruption in the United Automobile Workers-AFL and in a small tuck pointers' union in Chicago.

The Ives and Douglas investigations were well executed as far as they went, but Douglas fought so hard against what he feared might be a smear on labor that he killed much of the impact of his hearings upon the public. He rejected the staff suggestions that criminal records of some labor leaders be put in the committee record. In early 1956, Douglas rejected suggestions that his committee be expanded to do a full probe of the Teamsters Union. He let the committee die in April of that year.

In the House, Sam McConnell took a few ineffective whacks at labor scandals in 1954. Bellino was accountant-investigator for the McConnell subcommittee for several months, but even his skill and enthusiasm could not overcome the deadening impact of McConnell. By September, 1954, Bellino had penetrated to the scandals involving the Western Conference of Teamsters, Dave Beck, and Frank Brewster. But McConnell did not have much heart as an investigator. Instead of castigating the Teamsters, he praised them.

IN THE fall of 1956, the Teamster bosses were flying high. Who was to stop them? On President Eisenhower's busy pre-election schedule for October 15, 1956, there was room for a conference

with Dave Beck. The former Seattle laundry truck driver had become one of the biggest men in America. Dave Beck was general president of the Teamsters Union, the biggest and most powerful labor organization in America, with 1.4 million members. He was chairman of the Independent Advisory Committee for the trucking industry. Beck and the President shook hands for a picture.

Respectfully standing aside were three men who had come to the White House with Beck: Roy Fruehauf, president of the nation's biggest truck-trailer manufacturing company; B. M. Seymour, president of the nation's biggest trucking company; and Arthur C. Condon, law partner of Beck's good friend Senator James Duff, Pennsylvania Republican.

When Beck left the White House a few moments later and gave his political endorsement to President Eisenhower, it was a big news story. Most of the leaders of labor were supporting Adlai Stevenson. The incident dramatized the prestige and power the Teamsters Union still possessed in the months when the investigation was being launched by the McClellan-Kennedy team. It explained the cockiness of the Teamsters and the attitude that they were quite as big as the United States government.

In those first weeks Kennedy did not suspect Beck of taking union funds. The information he had pointed to Jimmy Hoffa, boss of the Central Conference of Teamsters; Brewster, boss of the Western Conference; and Sidney L. Brennan, International Teamster vice president in Minneapolis, who had already been convicted on one charge of accepting money from employers.

Kennedy was even a little naïve as the investigations started. He called Teamsters Union headquarters in Washington, D.C., to try to get cooperation from Beck in his investigation of Hoffa, Brewster, and Brennan. He got a brush-off from Einar Mohn, then executive assistant to Beck. The Teamsters took one look at "Bobby" Kennedy and concluded that this was a boy trying to do a man's job. They did not resent it; they were just amused.

On December 15, 1956, Kennedy and Bellino interviewed Brewster in Seattle. On general questions about the Teamsters, the suave West Coast Teamster boss talked freely. He was willing to instruct this kid. Then Kennedy's questioning moved to whether Brewster had used Teamster money for financing his race horses and for personal expenses. The tough veteran of union battles flew into a rage. How could Kennedy ask such questions?

"I might be impressed if we didn't already have proof you've lied to us about several things," Kennedy snapped back.

Kennedy was not as harmless as he looked. Brewster talked little after that, but he was unintentionally helpful on several matters dealing with Beck's relationship with Nathan Shefferman, the operator of a labor relations firm in Chicago. Kennedy's request for union books was turned down by Brewster and Attorney Sam Bassett.

By December 17, Kennedy and Bellino had made a stop in Minneapolis and were in Chicago interviewing Shefferman. By December 20 they had admissions from Shefferman that he was paying thousands of dollars in bills for Beck, Beck's family, and Beck's friends. There were \$650 for Beck's TV set, \$14 each for Beck's ties, \$43 apiece for Beck's Sulka shirts. The total was at least \$94,000.

At the National Boulevard Bank and the Harris Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago they picked up Shefferman's financial records, and Bellino started piecing them together. By December 27 the records had been reviewed, and Kennedy put before Senator McClellan evidence indicating that Beck, boss of the biggest union in America, was involved in large-scale corruption. Kennedy also told McClellan of Teamster unwillingness to cooperate and to produce records. McClellan listened, stony-faced, tight-lipped, and angry. Beck's Teamsters were openly defying the authority of Congress. On Kennedy's recommendation the chairman made out a subpoena for Beck's appearance. He declared he would use all of the force of his position to get the records of the Western Conference of Teamsters and Seattle Teamster Local 174, which was Beck's seat of local power.

Kennedy called Teamster headquarters in an effort to find Beck. He was informed, "Mr. Beck would rather not be subpoenaed." Beck would be willing to sit down and talk on a voluntary basis, but he did not want a committee subpoena to interfere with his trip to Europe.

KENNEDY and Bellino had been moving fast, and now Beck and Teamster lawyers tried to use their political connections to head off the impending investigation, but it did not work. McClellan was giving young Kennedy full backing.

On January 3, 1957, while Beck was indicating that he would cooperate, a committee of Teamster attorneys met at the Palmer House in Chicago to discuss a coordinated plan to block McClellan and Kennedy. Among those present at the meeting was J. Albert Woll, who was general counsel for the Teamsters and also for the AFL-CIO. The lawyers decided to attack the jurisdiction of the McClellan committee in labor matters, also to advise Teamsters that if they took the Fifth Amend-

ment before congressional committees it would not be used as a reason for disciplining them in the union. If no one would talk about union finances, the lawyers reasoned, the McClellan-Kennedy team would be stymied.

Difficulty in locating Beck and knowledge of the meeting of Teamster attorneys made Kennedy suspicious of the assurances that Beck would cooperate if not subpoenaed. He got in touch with Woll and told him that if Beck did not want a subpoena he should make himself available. Woll promised that Beck would meet with Kennedy the next night in New York. Shortly after 9 P.M. on January 5, Kennedy had his first meeting with Beck. Attorney Woll took Kennedy and Bellino to Beck's suite at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. Present with Beck was Simon Wampold, a Seattle attorney who was on the Teamster payroll as a legal adviser and was also involved in business ventures with Beck.

Kennedy carried a letter from Chairman McClellan. It was always conceivable that Beck had some proper explanation for his dealings with Shefferman, McClellan cautioned. If Beck could give a satisfactory explanation of his dealings with Shefferman and some construction costs on his house, Kennedy was authorized to leave without delivering the letter.

For most of the ninety minutes they were there, Kennedy and Bellino were treated to one of Beck's explosive tirades against congressional investigations. He shouted out his pet theories on the U.S. Constitution. He declared that young lawyers like Kennedy just did not know how tough it was for him to clean out "the Communists and racketeers." He declared he would "crucify any SOB caught muscling or racketeering." But on the crucial questions by Kennedy on his dealings with Shefferman, Beck clammed up. He said he could not discuss them unless his personal attorney were present. Two Teamster lawyers were in the room at the time.

"It was one lie after another," Kennedy recalls the general babbling by Beck. "We had enough documentary information to know he was not telling the truth."

Kennedy handed Beck the letter from McClellan. Beck put on his reading glasses. He read the note informing him that McClellan planned hearings in mid-January at which time evidence would be introduced that indicated Beck had "misused" thousands of dollars in Teamster funds. It was requested that he be present to hear the charges and to answer them if he saw fit.

The bald head and pink cheeks of the Teamster boss turned a deep red with rage. It had been a long time since anyone had the nerve to slap him with a charge of personal corruption. "You'll

hear about this," he warned. Beck still had power, and friends in high places in government. They had always helped him in the past.

VARIOUS obstacles came up to plague the McClellan-Kennedy team. The Seattle First National Bank, depository for the multimillion-dollar International Teamster treasury, refused to produce records for McClellan's investigators. In Portland a mysterious burglary took place at the office of the Western Conference of Teamsters, and the financial records sought by the committee were reportedly ransacked.

In Washington a jurisdictional dispute arose which made it seem likely that the team would be quashed before it held its first hearing. Chairman McClellan had decided that he needed special authorization from the Senate if his government operations subcommittee was going to do the full job required; he drew a resolution asking for additional authority and a special appropriation of \$350,000. But Senator Ives had also introduced a resolution asking for a special subcommittee of the Senate labor committee to tackle the same job. Ives had first broached his resolution in 1956.

These rival resolutions created the very conflict the Teamsters and certain other unions wanted. They tried to use it to force cancellations of the McClellan probe. Even honest labor viewed McClellan with some suspicion because of his conservative political philosophy. The AFL-CIO lobbyists worked constantly with the members and staff of the Senate labor committee, and they regarded that committee as the one they preferred to deal with. But McClellan was impervious to political pressure and went ahead with his first witnesses.

Boldly, Frank Brewster followed the strategy of Teamster lawyers. He refused to answer any questions on the grounds that the government operations committee had no jurisdiction. His lawyers argued that the labor committee should handle such an investigation and that the Ives resolution proved it.

In the next few days, the same pattern of defiance was followed by Einar Mohn, executive assistant to Beck; Nugent La Poma, secretary-treasurer of Seattle Local 174; and Harry Reiss, an official of one of the Teamster "paper locals" in New York City.

Beck went further: he simply failed to show up at the hearings. But by now Kennedy had inserted just enough material into the public record to give strong indications that Brewster and Beck were misusing funds. McClellan initiated contempt action against Brewster, Mohn, La Poma, and Reiss. He told his fellow senators of a Teamster telegram

outlining their conspiracy of silence, and declared flatly that the authority of the government was being challenged. That did it.

The problem of jurisdiction was settled quickly on agreement between Senator Ives and Senator McClellan. Together they worked out a special eight-member, bipartisan Select Senate Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field. Ives was to be the ranking Republican as vice chairman under McClellan. This fact effectively destroyed one Teamster gambit: the Teamsters had raised the cry in influential circles that if the Senate control would shift to Republicans, the government operations committee being set up by McClellan would fall into the hands of Senator McCarthy. It had been an effective argument, and Teamsters had had the help of representatives of the AFL-CIO in peddling it around the Senate.

Late in the afternoon of January 30, 1957, the Senate approved the special committee and the \$350,000 appropriation without a single dissenting vote. For the first time, a specially authorized committee with plenty of money, a skilled investigative staff (initially twenty investigators and twenty-five accountants), and a tough chairman were on the trail of Dave Beck, Jimmy Hoffa, and the other labor racket figures.

"Getting started was the biggest hurdle we had," Kennedy says. "There were several weeks during that jurisdictional fuss when I just wondered whether we could make it. We had to start with Beck," he added, "and he helped by hiding from us and fighting back. We had the facts to prove conclusively that Beck had misused some \$400,000 in Teamster funds."

The experience of other labor racket investigators made Kennedy wary of spies, but the problem was brought home to him dramatically in the first month of operation of the special committee.

On February 14, 1957, John Cye Cheasty, a New York lawyer, reported to Kennedy that he had been offered \$18,000 by Hoffa to get a job on the McClellan committee staff and spy on the activities of the investigators. Cheasty said that Hoffa gave him \$1000 in cash. He dumped \$700 of the money on Kennedy's desk. Kennedy hurried Cheasty down to McClellan's office. McClellan called the FBI so that a trap might be set for Hoffa if Cheasty were willing to go through with it.

A week later, McClellan and Kennedy launched the first public hearing. It called in a gaudy array of pimps, prostitutes, politicians, and pinball operators. Indeed, there were critics who said that McClellan and Kennedy were staging a sex show and that it had nothing to do with the authorized probe.

In the initial hearings big Jim Elkins, former Portland gambling king, was the key witness. McClellan was cautious about using him: he impressed on Kennedy that it was never safe to stake the reputation of the congressional committee on the veracity of one witness. Elkins was examined and cross-examined before he was used. His story was checked in every possible way. Corroboration was produced by the bushel, and with it some recordings of conversations involving the Teamsters and gangsters who were taking over control of Portland vice. Even then, McClellan and Kennedy used Elkins' testimony cautiously and kept him within the bounds of firm corroboration. It was a pattern they were to follow all the way through.

Initial criticism of the committee evaporated as it became clear that the Western Conference — Beck's own beloved domain — was rotten to the core. Teamster political power was used in attempts to take over organized vice. Frank Brewster had signed checks paying the expenses of Seattle racketeers who controlled Portland gambling, prostitution, and liquor operations. Teamster power and pickets were used to enforce mobster deals.

At 11 P.M. on March 13, 1957, the FBI arrested Hoffa in Washington for an "attempted bribe" of Cye Cheasty, committee employee and double agent. At the hearing the next morning, McClellan commented: "This action of Mr. Hoffa is clearly indicative of the steps the gangster elements are undertaking and will continue to undertake to hinder, hamper, obstruct, and destroy this committee. . . . We will try to meet them and accept their challenge and deal with them accordingly."

When Kennedy was asked by reporters about the New York indictment of Hoffa, the young attorney said he considered it an airtight case. "If Hoffa is acquitted, I'll jump off the dome of the Capitol," Kennedy quipped. He thought it was an off-the-record comment, but a Detroit reporter picked it up. It was an indiscreet comment from a committee counsel, and Teamster attorney Edward Bennett Williams was to throw it in Kennedy's face for weeks.

In April, there were anonymous threats on the life of investigator LaVern Duffy, who was investigating Teamster violence in the Scranton, Pennsylvania, area. But the hearing went on. Dave Beck was sent sprawling by the avalanche of evidence piled up against him in May, and he retreated to the cover of the Fifth Amendment after documents proved that he had engaged in "a theft" of from \$300,000 to \$400,000 in union funds.

In June, the McClellan-Kennedy team rolled over two top officials of the Bakery and Confectionery Workers International Union, President

James G. Cross and Vice President George Stuart. Both took the Fifth Amendment as accountant-investigators George Kopecky and James F. Mundie spelled out the story of more misused union funds and power. Cross had spent thousands of dollars in union money to put a former prostitute on the payroll, to pay her expenses at conventions he attended, and to call her long distance.

There was color and significance in the July hearings that involved two top officers of the United Textile Workers of America, President Anthony F. Valente and Secretary-Treasurer Lloyd Klenert. Investigators Al Calabrese, Morton E. Henig, and Ralph W. Mills produced the documents showing how Valente and Klenert had dipped into union funds to finance the purchase of expensive homes in Washington and of a wide variety of personal items: \$566.50 for a color TV set; \$222 for a woman's black suit; \$20 for a hand-knit sweater; \$49.50 for a golfer's lamp; \$11,411 for theater tickets (\$2564 of it for tickets to *My Fair Lady*).

THE racket-ridden unions did not take all this sitting down, and a whispering campaign was organized in the late spring to undermine the committee. Teamster propagandists, playing on the Republican dislike of Walter Reuther and his United Auto Workers-CIO, portrayed McClellan and Kennedy as engaged in a political conspiracy with Reuther. According to the Teamster story, McClellan and Kennedy were going to knock off Beck and Hoffa so that Reuther could take control of the 1.4-million-member Teamsters Union. In return, Reuther was to throw his political support behind John Kennedy for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1960, Teamsters whispered. The fact was that neither McClellan nor Bob Kennedy had met Reuther, and both were conservative in their thinking and far from his ultra-liberal viewpoint.

Some Republicans on the committee accepted the Teamster rumor at face value. Privately, they started complaining that McClellan and Kennedy were out to get Beck and Hoffa and let Reuther take over. The rumor was "leaked" to reporters and was printed in a national news magazine. Senator Kennedy and his brother Bob were enraged. Chairman McClellan called a meeting at 2 P.M. on July 18, 1957, for a showdown with Republicans on complaints about Bob Kennedy. Senator Ives, who stood with McClellan and Kennedy all the way, made it clear he had not accused the Kennedys of using the committee for partisan politics.

Senator Kennedy read a statement from a *Newsweek* story that stated: "The counsel, Robert Ken-

nedy, has ignored continual demands for an investigation of Reuther, GOP members say privately." In polite terms, he then challenged the other Republicans to put up or shut up on their reported complaint.

"I have insisted on an investigation of the Kohler strike and the Perfect Circle strike, and I have been assured by Bob that that will be done, and I am perfectly happy with that," commented Senator Goldwater.

Senator Mundt denied any part in causing political troubles in the committee and assured Chairman McClellan: "I am as happy as a South Dakota pheasant in a South Dakota cornfield."

Senator Carl Curtis (Republican, Nebraska) chimed in: "I want the record to show that I have complete confidence in our chairman and our staff, and I believe that this committee will continue to cooperate and do a good job."

Chairman McClellan relieved Kennedy of the complaint that Republican members were not being told what was going on by taking the responsibility himself for failure of the committee to be fully advised. And he concluded the meeting with this defense of Kennedy and the staff: "They are not perfect and neither is this committee. With our imperfections, but with the purpose of achieving a goal that is worthy of the dignity and stature of the United States Senate, and of results that will serve the welfare of this country, we shall now adjourn this love feast and proceed with the business at hand."

The Walter Reuther matter was temporarily disposed of, but the committee got a shock the next day. In the middle of the afternoon hearing on the Textile Workers of America a note was passed to Kennedy that "Hoffa was acquitted." Kennedy gasped as if he had been kicked in the stomach.

Hoffa had surprised the prosecution by testifying in his own defense. The glib little Detroit Teamster boss admitted he had paid money to Cheasty and received folders containing files of the McClellan committee. But Hoffa told the jury he merely hired Cheasty as a lawyer and not as a spy on the McClellan committee. There was no reason in the world why he would want to spy on the McClellan committee, Hoffa told the jury. He said he never misused union funds, and he denied that there were any rackets in his racketeer-infested Central States Teamsters. The jury believed Hoffa, or at least had reasonable doubt that he hired Cheasty as a spy.

Hoffa's racketeers — the thugs, narcotics peddlers, dynamiters, and arsonists — burst into cheers. Tough little Jimmy Hoffa had licked that rich kid, Bob Kennedy. Hoffa had outwitted the FBI and the Justice Department. St. Louis Team-

ster boss Harold Gibbons arranged victory meetings and set up an apparatus to make Hoffa the general president of the International Teamsters.

Meanwhile, Kennedy shifted some of his top investigators to a study of Hoffa's tangled personal finances. A McClellan committee office was established in the federal building in Detroit. When committee accountant Bellino pressed Hoffa for union books and financial records, the Detroit Teamster said menacingly to the accountant: "I've looked into you, Bellino. You've got seven kids, and you're going to have to earn a living for a long time."

In early August, McClellan and Kennedy ripped into the story of scandals in the Allied Industrial Workers Union (formerly the UAW-AFL). The scandals involved the financial dealings of the union's Secretary-Treasurer Anthony Doria, pal of Hoffa and of labor racketeer Johnny Dioguardi.

From there McClellan and Kennedy swung into the so-called paper locals set up by Hoffa and his friends in New York to grab control of the New York Joint Council of Teamsters. Again Hoffa's men were in the spotlight: Dioguardi; Anthony (Tony "Ducks") Corallo, convicted on a narcotics rap; John McNamara, a convicted extortionist; and John O'Rourke, now an International Teamster vice president who took the Fifth Amendment on questions involving union finances.

In one week before the television cameras, Kennedy had Hoffa reeling. He forced Hoffa into corners with evidence, including some telephone taps which were legally obtained by New York District Attorney Frank Hogan.

"To the best of my recollection, I cannot recall, and this does not refresh my memory as to this conversation," Hoffa repeated relative to the telephone taps of conversations with Johnny Dioguardi.

Chairman McClellan and other committee members concluded that Hoffa was finished. McClellan adjourned the hearings, and the staff was turned loose to tie down the details of Hoffa's far-flung financial deals and the machinations of his hoodlum empire. But Hoffa came back. He did not give up his fight for the presidency of the Teamsters, and he vowed to fight the AFL-CIO if that organization should carry out its threat to oust the Teamsters.

IN October, 1957, the McClellan-Kennedy team conducted hearings aimed largely at management corruption as practiced by Nathan W. Shefferman. Shefferman was a pal of Dave Beck. He sold his union-busting tactics and his influence with the Teamsters Union to employers from three

major offices in Chicago, Detroit, and New York. In the Flint, Michigan, area the trail led to two of Hoffa's men, Frank Kierdorf and Jack Thompson, two ex-convicts who had become Teamster officials under Hoffa. Kierdorf, a convicted armed robber, was later to become "the human torch" when his attempt at arson at a laundry backfired and left him in flames.

In November, McClellan and Kennedy opened hearings on the racketeer-Teamster group that had grabbed a near monopoly on the garbage-collecting industry in New York and Los Angeles. Again a central figure was one of Hoffa's pals — Bernie Adelstein, a Long Island Teamster boss.

McClellan and Kennedy next exposed the fact that the Teamsters Union and the Barbers Union were involved in the Tennessee labor violence and misuse of union funds. The hearings that shook Tennessee politics included disclosure of a \$20,000 pay-off in Teamster funds to a state judge for fixing a criminal case involving Glenn Smith, top Teamster leader in Tennessee. Investigators LaVern Duffy and James McShane broke a case that local officials had not been able to touch. The culprit, Glenn Smith, a twice-convicted burglar, was a Hoffa man. Again Republicans complained that too much time was being spent on the Teamsters Union and on violence and pay-offs. Explanations that the Teamsters had corrupted or controlled many other unions did not satisfy Senator Goldwater and Senator Mundt, who wanted hearings on the UAW and Reuther.

By the time McClellan and Kennedy had knocked over the multimillion-dollar scandals in the Operating Engineers, the Republicans were roaring for hearings on the UAW. With backing from McClellan, Kennedy paid no attention to the complaints and tied up the Operating Engineers. Operating Engineers President William E. Maloney and his top aides were linked to gangsters in Chicago, New York, New Jersey, and Philadelphia. It was proved that Maloney had stifled democracy by keeping one Chicago local union in trusteeship for twenty-nine years.

The magnitude of these scandals did not get Senator Goldwater to take his eye off what he considered the most important investigation — Reuther and the UAW.

When at last McClellan scheduled the UAW hearings on the Kohler and Perfect Circle strikes, Republicans opposed his plan on the order in which witnesses would be called. Reluctantly McClellan bowed to the demands in order to avoid criticism for having engaged in a "cover up" for Reuther. He let the Republicans call the shots, but when the hearings opened on February 26, 1958, he put the responsibility on their shoulders: "The proceedings that will be followed here are

not the proceedings in keeping with the Chair's views as to how this matter should be presented. I have yielded to this procedure out of what I conceive to be deference to a higher duty and responsibility. I believe the work of this committee . . . transcends all other consideration of any person, any individual, any party, anybody's policy, or the political fortunes of any member of this committee."

For more than a month after that, the McClellan committee was embroiled in bitterness. Partisan politics dominated the questioning. Kennedy questioned the witnesses only to bring out the basic facts, then faded into the background as the various senators quarreled with witnesses and put speeches into the record on their philosophy on unionism and government.

Chairman McClellan was quietly smoldering throughout those hearings. It pained him to see his hearings degenerating into a political brawl. When he injected himself into the hearings, he scolded both sides with equal vigor. There was Senate criticism of the conduct of the hearings, while editorials and cartoons stated that the McClellan committee was destroying itself.

"This is the only way," McClellan commented privately. "We had no choice. We have got to have this hearing now, and I think that if we are careful we can keep it on the track."

Senator Pat McNamara (Democrat, Michigan) declared that the McClellan committee had outlived its usefulness. He resigned from the committee, and there was no rush to fill the vacancy. It was finally necessary for the Democratic leadership to assign Senator Frank Church (Democrat, Idaho) to the vacancy.

The UAW hearings turned into such a sea of bitterness that all members and the staff were glad when they were concluded. The Teamsters were not. Hoffa's boys had seen a chance that McClellan and Kennedy would be wrecked and that the searching reconstruction of Hoffa's finances and his empire would never be exposed.

EVEN before the UAW hearings ended, on April 1, 1958, the McClellan-Kennedy team had plans to repair the damage and regain lost stature. They did so quickly. First they moved into hearings on the Hotel and Restaurant Workers Union and the Teamsters Union in Philadelphia. It was a case of black and white, and all members of the committee had to expose the clear corruption.

Likewise, in the hearings on Max Block and Louis Block and the scandals in the Butchers Union, McClellan could rally a unified committee against the forces of crime and corruption.

It was a smoothly operating committee again by the time hearings were staged on Maurice Hutcheson, president of the Carpenters Union and a power in national Republican politics. Hutcheson did not take the Fifth Amendment, but he simply refused to answer questions on alleged misuse of more than \$500,000 in union funds.

The Bartenders and the Hotel and Restaurant Workers unions in Chicago presented no political problem. The committee was down to the job of fighting for testimony on the operations of a group of the old Capone mobsters, including Tony Accardo, who was shaking down hotels and restaurants through a union gimmick. But some witnesses were frightened and refused to talk. Others were threatened but talked anyway. Gunmen calmly walked into the restaurant owned by one key witness, held customers at gun point while they poured an inflammable liquid around, and then set the place afire.

A personal tragedy hit McClellan in late July, when James, the last of his three sons, was killed in an airplane crash. Crushed by the tragedy, McClellan appeared a broken man for several days. Then he set his jaw and told Kennedy that the best thing to do was to get back to work. Two weeks after his son's death, McClellan was again at work on the biggest undertaking in his career. McClellan and Kennedy had no sure idea of how Hoffa and his racketeering friends would be eradicated from the labor movement. They were sorely disappointed when partisan politics killed the Kennedy-Ives labor reform bill.

They believe they have proof that Hoffa is the most corrupt labor official in America. "Five times as bad as Dave Beck," Kennedy said. "He hires corrupt people, and he corrupts those who are not corrupt."

Chairman McClellan summed up his committee's aspirations when he said: "I don't want to indict the teamsters who work and who are honest and decent Americans. We are trying to find out and point out where the rascality is, in hope that the Congress will have courage enough to enact some legislation to protect the working people of this country against such exploitation. I think the rank-and-file members ought to assert themselves to the very limit of their power and give the full strength of their support to any movement to clean this scum off of the labor movement."

Many union lawyers were responsible for the continued success of the racketeer in union alliances in the Teamsters and other unions. These lawyers did more than merely defend union leaders

who were in trouble. They drew huge retainers from union funds, while they helped corrupt union officials to prey upon the members. They modified union constitutions and manipulated union operations to crush democracy. They arranged huge fees for themselves from union welfare and pension funds. They dipped into union treasuries to finance personal business deals. They set up private businesses that dealt with the unions they advised. They pulled political strings in both parties to block local and federal investigations, and some even had knowledge of planned perjury, according to the evidence of the McClellan-Kennedy team.

City, county, state, and federal law enforcement authorities all share the blame for the past pattern of bipartisan political prostitution which allowed sordid labor rackets to develop. The Internal Revenue Service and the Labor Department are equally responsible. These departments were warned as early as 1953 that Hoffa authorized destruction of all union financial records every year, and there were volumes of other evidence on laxity in union finances that they could have consulted if they were interested.

Control of the labor rackets takes the enactment of new laws, but it also takes more aggressiveness in enforcing existing state and federal laws. The McClellan-Kennedy team has pointed the way. Now it is up to the press and the public.

To beat the gangsters' defiance of our government, this is what is needed:

1. The McClellan committee must be continued for another year to complete pending investigations and dramatically focus attention on the need for legislation.

2. Local newspapers and other news media must follow through and insist that law-enforcement officials on municipal, county, and state levels pursue the leaders of union corruption and jail law violators.

3. Bar associations should initiate action to disbar those lawyers who operate as conspirators with corrupt union officials in covering up theft of union money, fixing of union elections, and general obstruction of justice.

4. Voters should oppose mayors, judges, prosecutors, governors, or federal officials who have received large sums of money or campaign contributions from corrupt union sources.

5. Voters should write their senators and congressmen periodically during the investigations, making clear that they approve exposure of racketeers and will condemn officeholders who fail to take aggressive action for antiracket legislation.

Why has the labor movement developed into an autocracy instead of in the pattern of democracy in which it was founded, and what prospect is there that management will regain the full cooperation of the leaders and of the rank and file? These questions, vital to our economy, will be discussed by Sumner H. Slichter in the December ATLANTIC.

THE SHIPWRECK

JOHN MASEFIELD

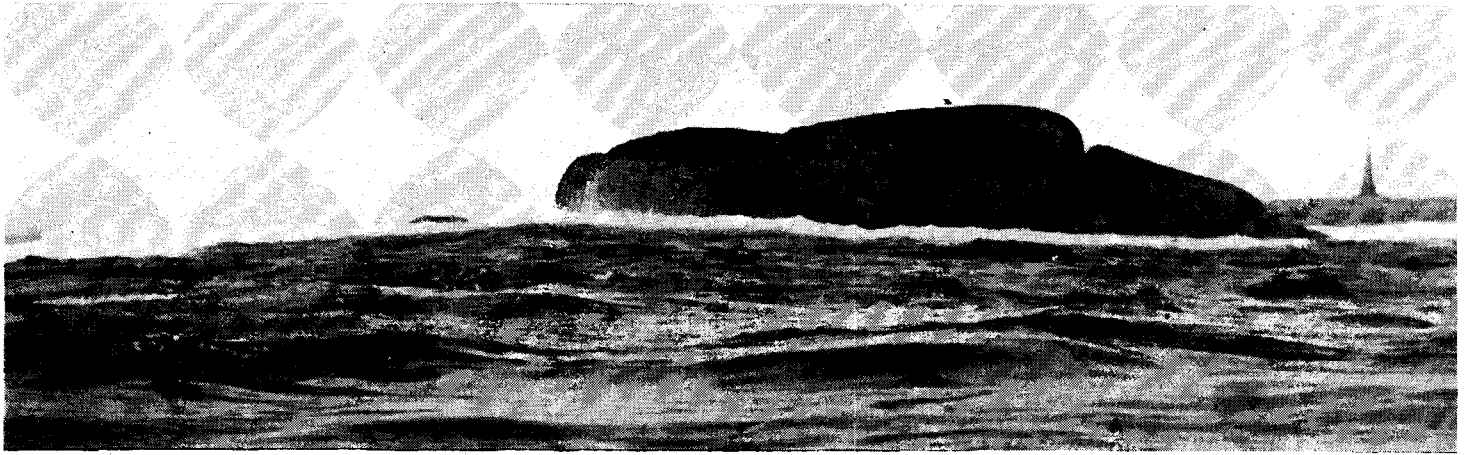
*In late October of 1707, Sir Cloudesley Shovel,
Rear Admiral of the Blue, led the Mediterranean fleet home from
Gibraltar and, through faulty reckoning, to a major disaster
in which 2000 lives were lost on the Gilstone
Ledges. The Poet Laureate describes it this way:*

Fog covered all the great Fleet homeward bound,
No sights for days, all groping up by sound,
And, finding soundings, all were well aware
How thick with hidden Death those waters were.

So, in no gleam of any light, they lay
With topsails furled, that grim October day,
With senses strained to learn what lay ahead,
But nothing bringing knowledge save the lead,
And this, unsurely, slowly brought to hand
Could but repeat that they were nearing land.

There the divisions of the power heaved,
In the seas' menace, while the tackles grieved,
The timbers cried their culminating creak,
And great drops dripped on men afraid to speak,
The while they listened, bell by weary bell,
For sight or sound of something that would tell.
But no sign came, save ship sign dim or clear
From ship to ship, all threatened and all near.

Where were they, then? All wondered, but none knew
What Death lay hidden, nor how near it drew,
But all the squadron's masters knew at least
A seaman's graveyard lay to north and east
Too near for quiet and too grim to chance,
The Scilly Isles, those rocks of old romance.
And yet, no sound of breakers could be heard
Where Death on sentry challenged for the Word.



The Gilstone, Westward Rocks, Scilly Isles

No strike of clock, or church bell from the shore,
Just fog, astern, alongside, and afore.
And sometimes timing cries, as seamen hauled,
Or boatswains' pipes, or hails, or orders called.

Such dangers as they knew that autumn day
Came from themselves, slow-heaving, without way.
For sometimes, with wild cries and lantern flash,
Ships would heave near to some expected crash,
And crews make tumult, bells and drums and guns,
Blinding the comers' eyes with malisons,
Till, dripping in slow heave, with creak of strain,
The threat withdrew into the fog again.

So the day passed, until a livelier breath
Lifted the darkness of that fog of Death,
And there, ahead, afar, a welcome sight,
Seen, recognized by all, St. Agnes' light.
Surety at last: the flag, by guns and hail,
Bade the Fleet eastward under easy sail.

So, with a creaking of great gear, they turned
And fog recovered where the light had burned,
But it had beaconed that the course was clear,
So mainsails filled and hearts abandoned fear.
But forty miles, by midnight at the most,
And then Land's End, and then the Cornish Coast,
The Lizard before dawn, and then, ahead,
The distant Start, the Devon plowland red.
Men of the forenoon watch could surely say,
"We'll sight the Rame Head before close of day."

And some, more bold, would be by wager bound
The Fleet would pass next night in Plymouth Sound,
Landlocked, at ease, in station, snugly moored,
The sails furled, the yards squared, the guns secured,
And church chimes telling how the hours sped.

Thus in the night those users of the sea
Talked in their prison of their being free,
Knowing the while that every lift and 'scend
Brought them a ship's length nearer to Land's End.
Not knowing then that unseen currents streamed
Setting them ever north of what they deemed.
A seaman's graveyard hedges England's shores,
And Fortune rules, and Death has many doors.
All the great Fleet the starless midnight strode,
Crushing the blackness into gleams that glowed,
Seeing at whiles (when aught they might discern)
A space ahead, the Admiral's lanterns burn,
Where like sea monsters gleaming at the gorge,
The *Association* led, with the *St. George*.
Who shall be sure what wind they had, what speed,
What sight or sound of warning to take heed,
What flash or roar of breakers, or intense
Shocking fierce pang of danger touching sense?

Suddenly, dead ahead, the seamen saw
Rocks among billows in a hell of awe.
No time for backing yards or changing helm,
Time but to signal lest the Fleet o'erwhelm,
So lights, flares, guns, despite the terror, blazed.
The *Association* struck, the *St. George* grazed.
Three minutes made the flagship broken plank,
Within four minutes of the crash she sank.
The men in the *St. George*, themselves swept clear,
Saw suddenly her lanterns disappear.
The *Eagle* and the *Romney*, following close,
Struck, staved, and sundered whence they never rose.
The *Firebrand* went down, and but one man
Of these lost ships was saved; the *Royal Anne*
Struck and broke clear, her quarter railings gone.
The *Phoenix* struck, with loss, but floated on.

Thus in five minutes of blind death and scare
 Two thousand seamen ceased to breathe the air
 And drifted for the gulls or sank below
 To unlit silence where the congers go.
 A quarter of the Fleet gone, but the rest
 Saved as Fate willed by being further west
 Or by the lucky cannon that gave guide
 Through the last conscious act of those who died,
 Men in the flagship, who from top or deck
 Fired at once to save the Fleet from wreck,
 And then, an instant later, felt the ship
 Collapsing, fling salt death upon their lip,
 And one wild instant's terror bringing peace.

One seaman only did the sea release
 From sudden death when the two thousand drowned.
 Three days thereafter he was seen and found
 Alive, upon Hellweather Rock, and saved.

Thus, the returning battleships were staved
 Upon the Bishops and the Gilstones grim
 Where now the seaman's beacons welcome him,
 The first light seen, the last light dropped astern
 In hopeful sailing or in glad return.

Geoffrey Marcus, the British historian who has studied the ships' logs, has this to say: Shortly after six o'clock in the evening of October 22, 1707, after Shovel's fleet had been lying to since four, order was given to make sail and bear away. Some two hours later the flagship, *Association*, of one hundred guns, followed by *Eagle* and *Romney*, struck on the group of rocks called the Bishop and Clerks (the most outlying of which is the Gilstone Ledges) and immediately went to pieces. Except for a single survivor from the *Romney*, all hands perished. The *Firebrand* fireship was also lost, but most of her crew were saved. The *Royal Anne* and the *Phoenix* struck, but got off again. The rest of the fleet appears to have been farther out to sea. There can be little doubt that the cause of this historic disaster was not the weather, but an error in reckoning due to the variable northerly set across the entrance to the English Channel, which later became known as Rennell's Current. "We were much to the northward of what was expected," the captain of the

Torbay declared, "and likewise more to the eastward." It is difficult indeed to justify the admiral's decision to "chance it" in such circumstances. The ships' logs show that no observations had been possible since noon of the twenty-first; that they were trusting to dead reckoning; and that the soundings had given them no clear guidance. Presumably Shovel believed he had the channel open when he elected to sail on, with night coming on, in thick and blowing weather, and within the 60-fathom line. "It was very unhappy," the *Spectator* recorded, "for an Admiral, reputed to be one of the greatest sea commanders we ever had, to die by an error in his profession; which could not have happened, if a proper care had not been wanting." "Upon approaching land after so long a run," declared Josiah Burchett, Secretary of the Admiralty, "the best Looker-out is the best Sailer, and consequently the lying by in the night time, and making sail in the day, is the most safe, which I think this unhappy Gentleman did not do."

THE GREAT ANTAGONISM

BY JEROME D. FRANK, M.D.

JEROME D. FRANK, who took his Ph.D. and M.D. at Harvard, is associate professor of psychiatry at the Johns Hopkins Medical School. His research interest has centered in psychotherapy, which has led him to this diagnosis of what happens to Americans when they think of Soviet Russia and of what happens to the Russians when they think of the United States.

THE nuclear arms race poses a mortal and increasingly pressing danger to civilization. It is obvious that the chief source of peril lies not in the nuclear weapons but in the human beings behind them, and that therefore the danger can only be resolved by changes in human attitudes. As a psychiatrist I have been struck by certain parallels between the behavior of nations today and that of mental patients. Though such parallels are always open to question, calling attention to them may serve to stimulate thinking about the human problems of the arms race.

The prize for which the United States and Russia are unwittingly contending is mutual destruction, yet neither side seems able to change its course of action. A nuclear accident or error of judgment which could trigger a full-scale war becomes more probable with each passing day, as

the power to fire nuclear weapons becomes ever more widely diffused and the warning time for effective retaliation steadily decreases. A year ago General Omar Bradley put it this way: "We are now speeding inexorably toward a day when even the ingenuity of our scientists may be unable to save us from the consequences of a single rash act or a lone reckless hand upon the switch of an uninterceptorable missile."

Society reacts to this terrifying situation in two characteristic ways, both of which impede its solution. One is a remarkable indifference, probably best illustrated by the almost total apathy concerning civil defense in both Russia and the United States; the other is the building of still more nuclear weapons, thereby intensifying the behavior which created the problem in the first place. Psychiatrists are familiar with both types of reaction in their patients and have termed them "denial" and "repetition compulsion."

In psychiatric jargon, denial is a patient's attempt to deal with a massive threat by denying its existence. Examples are the patient with blindness due to brain disease who insists that he can

see, or the patient in the back ward of a mental hospital who maintains that she is in a palace. The term is also used, perhaps unwarrantably, for the refusal of some mortally ill patients to accept the imminence of death. Since death is inevitable, it is perhaps just as well that no human being can steadily contemplate his own demise. In fact, without this safety device, life would probably be unbearable. So it is understandable that each person sees himself as surviving a nuclear war, and this is not affected by the fact that millions are faced with death simultaneously.

It is particularly easy to deny the dangers of nuclear weapons because they are both unprecedented and impalpable. Nuclear energy is of an order of magnitude far beyond anything human beings have experienced before, except possibly those who live on the slopes of volcanoes. The vast majority of Americans have never experienced even the destruction wrought by conventional weapons. Our land has not directly suffered war for about one hundred years, and then only a small area was involved. It is impossible to imagine the destructive power of twenty million tons of TNT, which a single hydrogen bomb can generate, much less what it would mean if hundreds or thousands of hydrogen bombs exploded. Moreover, the nuclear threat does not impinge on any of the senses. Submarines lurking offshore, airplanes miles overhead, poised guided missiles thousands of miles away, even strontium 90 nibbling at our bone marrow are all tasteless, odorless, silent, invisible, and impalpable. As a result it requires a constant effort of imagination to be aware of their presence.

Denial of a danger prevents taking action to remove it. If the problem does not exist psychologically, there is no incentive to do anything about it. When death is threatened from sources beyond human control, denial is as good a way of handling it as any, since nothing can be done. But when the death threat is of human making and can be removed by human beings, then the tendency to deny its existence is tragic.

MORE alarming than the tendency to deny the dangers of the nuclear arms race is the fact that attempts to find solutions lead only to intensification of a course of action which enhances the danger. Why can we not change behavior which we know is only making matters worse? One reason may be that we are frightened, and anxiety if too strong tends to make rigid both perception and behavior.

Patients with emotional illness often show remarkable rigidity of behavior, which Freud la-

beled the repetition compulsion. They keep repeating the very acts which cause trouble for them. This seems to be partly a result of their chronic anxiety. The patient clings to a faulty solution to a problem because he is afraid to give it up. The more anxious a person is, the more rigid his behavior tends to become. Similarly, the more menacing the arms race becomes, the more frantically we build more weapons and the less we seem able to seek more sensible alternatives. Anxiety also tends to freeze one's perceptions of the world. There is nothing harder to stand than ambiguity, so when faced with a dangerous situation one tends to oversimplify it. Everything becomes black and white. To use a technical term, thinking tends to become stereotyped.

This is seen clearly in the stereotype of "the enemy." No matter who the enemy is or who we are, the enemy tends to be perceived as intellectually inferior but possessed of an animal cunning which enables him easily to outwit us. The enemy is seen as cruel, treacherous, and bent on aggression. Our side is seen as intellectually superior but guileless and therefore easily victimized, peace-loving, honorable, and fighting only in self-defense. These stereotypes are probably as old as the human race and may be related to the fact that we are group animals. All gregarious creatures from ants to man automatically fear and hate the stranger, and whenever a group feels threatened by another, these primeval feelings reassert themselves. It is remarkable how rapidly the stereotype of the enemy can be shifted from one group to another. Scarcely more than a decade ago, Germany and Japan were cast in this role and Russia was our noble ally. Russia has now changed places with Germany and Japan, and we are not even embarrassed by the memory of our recent pictures of these three countries.

The fact that the enemy — whoever he may be — is viewed as completely untrustworthy is a major source of tensions leading to war.

The terrible thing about the mutual distrust of enemies is that it is justified. Some enemies are untrustworthy to begin with, but all become so eventually. Enemies cannot trust each other because each is forced to act in such a way as to justify the other's misgivings. This is an example of what the sociologist Robert K. Merton has termed the "self-fulfilling prophecy."

The operation of the self-fulfilling prophecy is perhaps best seen in the behavior of individuals. All social behavior tends to elicit corresponding behavior from the person toward whom it is directed. Friendliness begets a friendly response, hostility a hostile one. So if you expect someone to react to you in a certain way, you may act toward him in such a manner that he reacts in the

way you predicted. Thus you cause your own prophecy to be fulfilled.

This can be seen most clearly in psychiatric patients, because of the rigidity of their behavior. A good example is the paranoid patient who expects everyone to be his enemy. You may be disposed to be friendly when you first meet him. Since he is sure you hate him, however, he persistently rebuffs your advances and maintains a surly, suspicious manner. In the face of this you are very apt to come to dislike him. Thus he succeeds in confirming his prophecy that everyone is against him, and will be even more suspicious of the next person he meets.

The same kind of mechanism operates at the level of societies. Russia and the United States each claim to base their foreign policy on the premise that the other would attack if it dared, and so each behaves in such a way as to make an attack increasingly likely. As General Douglas MacArthur pointed out in a speech to the American Legion in 1955, present tensions are "kept alive by two great illusions. The one, a complete belief on the part of the Soviet world that the capitalist powers are preparing to attack it; that sooner or later we intend to strike. And the other, a complete belief on the part of the capitalist countries that the Soviets are preparing to attack us. Both are wrong. Each side, so far as the masses are concerned, is equally desirous of peace. For either side, war with the other would mean nothing but disaster. Both equally dread it. But the constant acceleration of preparation may well, without specific intent, ultimately produce a spontaneous combustion."

The mutual expectancy of Russia and the United States that the other plans to attack leads each to negotiate to gain a supposed advantage, intensifying the mutual distrust. Russia wanted to ban atomic weapons when we alone had them; we want to ban outer space as an area of conflict now that Russia seems to be ahead in this field. We ring Russia with bomber and missile bases, she treacherously crushes Hungary and develops ICBM's, each thereby strengthening the other's fear of attack and increasing the probability that it will occur.

ANOTHER source of our inability to break out of our suicidal behavior pattern is that the existence of limitless destructive energy has drastically changed the traditional meanings of certain words and phrases, such as "defense," "national security," and "balance of power." Use of these in their former meanings has become so automatic that we no longer subject them to critical scrutiny, especially since their connotations are reassuring.

As a result, we may commit ourselves to a false conclusion even before we have started to think. It is especially hard to realize that the words are being misused because everyone does it from partisans of world government to isolationists. Moreover the misuse is casual, as if it were self-evident, which helps it to escape critical scrutiny.

For example, we automatically refer to our nuclear arms policy as one of defense, yet there is no defense against nuclear weapons in the strict sense of the term. According to the dictionary, "defense" is "the state of being defended," and "defend" is defined as "to shield from attack or violence, protect." In pre-atomic days it was a comforting thought that for each new offense weapon, a genuine defense was eventually developed. Even though the protection it afforded was never perfect, it was adequate. Today, when one fighter-bomber with nuclear weapons carries more destructive power than all the bombers in World War II, a defense that is even 90 per cent effective would not prevent vast destruction. What is really meant by defense today is deterrence through threat of retaliation. But in using the word "defense" to justify continued arming, we automatically slip into thinking of it in its old connotation. For example, Robert Nathan recently spoke of our creating a "massive defensive shield." There is no shield against nuclear weapons, but only a precarious "balance of terror" which is, at best, a brief reprieve and which may, with luck, gain us enough time to find a better solution.

Another phrase which no longer means anything is "balance of power," and concepts implied by it, such as "catching up" with the Russians, are equally meaningless. For phrases implying relative strength have no meaning when each side can destroy the other many times over. What does "catch up" mean when, according to President Eisenhower, we can already bring "near annihilation" to Russia? And how do we know when we have caught up? We are said to have about 35,000 atom bombs; Russia, 10,000. Are we balanced or not?

A third phrase which is rapidly losing its meaning is "national security." These words imply that one nation can be secure at the expense of the security of other nations. No nation can control the fall-out it receives from atomic explosions anywhere in the world; soon no nation will be able to control its own weather. Every inch of the globe can soon come under observation or attack from earth satellites. Those who think in terms of national security already foresee America fighting Russia for control of the moon. In today's world, either all nations are secure or none is.

Finally, there is the word "stalemate." Those who feel we must continue the arms race argue

that if we maintain the stalemate long enough, eventually things will somehow work out. This term, derived from chess, conjures up an image of static deadlock which involves no further threat to either side. The arms race is far from static. Each day it continues increases the chances of mutual destruction and decreases the chances of peaceful accommodation. The use of "stalemate" to describe this state of affairs can only lead to faulty thinking and a false sense of security.

One sign that a person's thinking processes have gone seriously awry is inability to detect absurdities. For example, if a patient can see nothing wrong with the statement, "Bill Jones's feet are so big he has to put his pants on over his head," psychiatrists worry about the intactness of his intellectual processes. Our failure to take account of the changed meanings of words leads us to make statements which are almost as absurd. A recent editorial in the *Baltimore Sun* spoke of "the grim business of balancing power against power as our only means of assuring peace." How can balancing power against power, which in the past has led only to war, assure peace? And what does it mean to balance power against power after each side has enough power to destroy the other many times over? Pronouncements about American missile and bomber bases in the NATO countries contain a more striking absurdity, which passes unnoticed, perhaps because the contradictory thoughts do not occur in the same statement. The contradictory statements are that these bases will enable us to retaliate instantly, and that the missiles cannot be fired except after consulting with our allies.

This is the kind of semantic tangle in which we find ourselves today. We seem to have slipped into George Orwell's world of doublethink without knowing it.

To summarize: the inability of Russia and America to break out of the arms race may involve several psychological factors. Fear tends to make us deny the existence of the danger, especially since the threat lies outside previous experience. When we do face up to it, the same fear makes it difficult for each country to change the behavior which creates the danger, especially since each is forced to behave in such a way as to confirm the other's suspicions — the self-fulfilling prophecy.

These social attitudes are probably as old as mankind. In the past they have regularly led to wars which destroyed small portions of humanity. From the standpoint of the human race this was tolerable, for there were always enough survivors. Now, for the first time, these attitudes must be drastically modified if the human adventure is to continue. The task is made more difficult because nuclear energy has changed the traditional mean-

ings of certain words that we habitually use in thinking about the issues of war and peace.

PSYCHOTHERAPY tries to produce beneficial changes of attitude in individuals. Whether principles of psychotherapy can be applied to societies is highly questionable, but the implications of certain of these principles for halting the nuclear arms race may warrant exploration.

Psychotherapy tries to help the patient to see his problems and his faulty solutions more clearly, as the first step toward finding better ones. At the same time, by offering emotional support, the psychotherapist tries to reduce the patient's anxiety and help him to find the courage to experiment with more flexible, less stereotyped ways of perceiving others and behaving toward them. By improving his ability to communicate with others, the patient gains more satisfactions and suffers less frustrations, thereby diminishing his anxiety. Thus a process of progressive improvement may be started. For this process to succeed, the patient must have confidence that the therapist is competent to help him and has his welfare at heart.

In attempting to apply psychotherapeutic principles to today's sick world, the obvious question is: Who is to be the psychotherapist? Who has the confidence of both the United States and Russia, and is viewed by them as competent to resolve their differences? At first glance the question seems absurd, yet certain groups may potentially function in this way. The industrially backward and relatively unarmed nations, small and large, who can only lose by a nuclear war may be able through the United Nations gradually to modify the behavior of the major powers. Many nuclear physicists seem able to focus on the welfare of humanity regardless of the side of the Iron Curtain from which they come, and their prestige is great in all nations. That both Russia and the United States agreed to a conference to devise adequate measures of inspection of a test ban on nuclear weapons is a sign that both, at least provisionally, trust the other's scientists as well as their own.

Even in the absence of a psychotherapist, psychotherapeutic principles may be applicable to aspects of our present dilemma. For example, they suggest that it is vitally important for each person to make a constant effort to keep his thinking straight. One must fight the tendency to deny the extent and immediacy of the danger, and make sure the words one habitually uses in thinking about the problem are appropriate. Only in these ways can the real nature of the issues be kept clearly in mind.

The psychotherapeutic emphasis on improved communication seems especially relevant. Communication between Russians and Americans at every level should be encouraged. As we come to see each other engaged in our occupations at home, we may find grounds for mutual understanding which are now hidden by the stereotype of the enemy. Today Russian and American scientists collaborate successfully in the International Geophysical Year, athletes compete without bloodshed, and artists from each country have been enthusiastically welcomed in the other. So we may hope that expanded communication between Russia and the United States may, in time, help weaken the will of each to destroy the other without diminishing the will to compete by peaceful means.

But the beneficial effects of improved communication appear only slowly, and the danger increases rapidly. What is needed is a change in our behavior toward Russia today, especially at the conference table. We now enter into negotiations to call Russia's bluff or to justify further arming by proving that negotiations are futile. This guarantees failure and an intensification of mutual distrust. To break this vicious circle we would have to negotiate on the assumption that the Russians want peace as strongly as we do. Just as changing habitual neurotic behavior involves risk for a patient, so this change of attitude would also involve some risk, but it is not as great as the danger entailed by our present course. If we can look beyond our fears, there are signs that the risk may not be as great as we think. It is true that no country, including Russia and the United States, can be trusted when its vital interests are involved, but Russia has a vital interest in maintaining peace.

There is no doubt that Russia is bending every effort to make the entire world a Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, but she is achieving her goal so successfully by means short of war that she would seem to have much more to lose than to gain by trying to destroy us at great cost to herself. She knows much more of the horrors of war than

we do. In the last war she lost an estimated 7 million soldiers and 20 million to 40 million civilians; we lost 300,000 soldiers and a negligible number of civilians. She is making immense strides in education, science, and industry; and despite our talk of catching up, her rate of gain in these areas far exceeds ours. She is being equally successful in winning the uncommitted nations by exporting technicians and doctors, increasing monetary aid, and, above all, by the example of a nation that has pulled itself up from an industrially backward country to a pre-eminent position in one generation.

Nor must it be assumed that the Russian and American ways of life will always be totally incompatible. Russia is still a ruthless dictatorship, but stirrings of freedom are discernible. Dr. Horsley Gantt, an American psychiatrist who speaks Russian fluently, was constantly accompanied by an interpreter on a visit to Russia some twenty years ago. On a recent trip he was allowed to go alone to visit his colleagues, and they were not afraid to receive him. News dispatches in the past year have contained many suggestions that political, industrial, legal, and agricultural policies are in flux, and transfer of power within Russia has become more peaceful and orderly. Although the treacherous execution of Nagy shows that Russia's policy toward the satellites is still one of terror, it may be significant that since the execution of Beria, no defeated Russian leader has been publicly killed.

If we and Russia can break away from the stereotype of each other as the enemy, we may be able to reach an agreement to stop testing nuclear weapons, with an arrangement for mutual inspection. Regardless of its effect on nuclear armaments, such an agreement, if it worked, would be of the utmost psychological importance. For it would be the first, and therefore the most crucial, step toward the establishment of mutual confidence. Then it would become possible to move further along the road to the ultimate goal: a general system for maintaining world peace and disarmament.

JOHN HEARNE



A VILLAGE TRAGEDY

The author of three novels, JOHN HEARNE grew up and was educated in Jamaica, an island whose customs and people he describes with dramatic force. His most recent book, THE EYE OF THE STORM, was published this past spring under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

THE old boar slashed Ambrose Beckett across the top of his thigh, almost severed his private parts, and dragged three feet of his gut out on the tip of one tusk. It was done between one brazen squeal and another, while Ambrose Beckett still turned on the wet clay of the path and before the echo of his last, useless shot wandered among the big peaks around the valley.

The men with whom Ambrose Beckett had been hunting turned and saw the ridge-backed, red-bristled beast vanish like a cannon ball into a long stretch of fairy bamboo. Before they reached him, they saw Ambrose Beckett's wildly unbelieving face, like gray stone beneath the brown, and the dark arches of his spurting blood shining on the wet dull clay under the tree ferns. Then he had fallen like a wet towel among the leaf mold, clutching the clay in his slack fingers, with one distant, protesting scream sounding from the back of his throat.

They bandaged him, after stuffing, inexpertly, bits of their shirts and handkerchiefs into his wounds. Nothing they did, however, could stop a fast, thick welling of blood from where he had been torn. And no comfort could stop his strangled, faraway screaming. They made some sort of stretcher from two green branches and a blanket. They covered him with another blanket and began to carry him across the mountains to the village. The trail was very narrow, and the floor of the rain forest was steep and wet. Each time they slipped and recovered balance, they jolted the stretcher. After a while, they forced

themselves not to shudder as Ambrose Beckett screamed. Soon he began to moan, and the slow, dirty blood began to trickle from his mouth, and they knew that he would never reach the village alive.

When they realized this, they decided to send Mass' Ken's half-witted son, Joseph, ahead of them to tell the doctor and the parson. Joseph was the biggest idiot any man could remember being born in the village. He inhabited a world of half-articulate fantasy and ridiculous confusion. He was strong enough to kill a man with his hands, and he wept if a child frowned at him. In Cayuna, the children do not, as yet, throw stones at their naturals, but they tease them, and often Joseph, who loved to wait outside the school and watch the children going home, would be seen crouched between the roots of the cotton tree, weeping disconsolately because the boys had scowled as they passed and said: "Joseph! What you *do*in' here, man?" He could learn nothing, and remembered little from one minute to the next unless you dealt him a blow across the head when giving him the simplest instructions. But he was marvelous on the mountains: tireless as a mule and much faster.

Now, with Ambrose Beckett dying on the blanket, the men standing around gave Joseph his instructions. "Doctor!" said Mass' Ken, his father, and cuffed him across the head. "Doctor! You

Painting is a detail from "The Market" by Rigaud Bénéit.

hear?" He hit him again. "Tell doctor an' tell parson dem mus' come quick. Tell dem come quick, you hear! Tell dem Mass' Ambrose sick bad. Sick! Sick! You hear!" Joseph's big, stone head rocked again under a blow, and his odd, disorganized face closed its askew planes into a grin of pure understanding. He went off among the huge trees and thick wet bush and into the mist. When he had gone ten steps they could no longer hear him.

It was twelve miles and four thousand feet down to the village, and he did it in four hours. At ten o'clock that night he started to bang happily on the door of the manse and kept it up until the Reverend Mackinnon put his head out of the window. When he heard the shutter slamming against the wall, Joseph ran to the middle of the lawn, capering and shouting.

"What?" called the Reverend Mackinnon. "What is it, Joseph?"

He could see nothing but a vague, starlit blur, bounding up and down on the lawn, but he recognized the manner and the voice. Joseph jumped higher and shouted again, his voice tight and brazen with self-importance.

Finally the Reverend Mackinnon came downstairs and cuffed the boy until he became calm. Then he got the story.

"Doctor!" he said, turning Joseph around and giving him a push. Leaving the parson, Joseph ran across the damp Bahama grass of the lawn to where he could see the deep yellow of a light in one window of a big house along the road. Doctor Rushie was still up; it was one of the nights that he got drunk, as he did, regularly and alone, twenty times a month.

"Good God!" said Rushie. "How far up did it happen?"

Joseph gestured. Distance, except in terms of feet and yards, was not of much importance in his life.

"Have you told parson?" the doctor asked. He was drunk, but not much. Had the news come a little later he would have been very drunk and quite incapable. He went to the window and bawled for his servant. "Saddle the mule," shouted Doctor Rushie, "and put on your clothes. Bring a lantern. Hurry up!"

In about five minutes the doctor was riding out of the village, with his manservant trotting ahead, the circle of light from the lantern sliding quickly from side to side across the path and making the shadows of the hillside and valley drop deeper. There was a stand of golden-cup trees along this stretch of the bridle path, and the dropped fruit broke wetly under the hoofs of the mule, and a thick, sugary scent came up on the cold air, cutting through the hot, oily smell of the lantern.

They overtook the Reverend Mackinnon, who had no manservant and who was riding his stubby, gray gelding alone in the dark. By the lantern light Doctor Rushie could see the parson's very pale, long face and his lank gray hair fallen across his forehead and full of burrs from the long grass of the steep bank beside the narrow path.

"You've heard?" the doctor said. It was not really a question, and they were riding on in the darkness behind the bob and sway of the lantern while the parson was nodding his head.

BACK on the road, Joseph sat on a big stone outside the doctor's house. Nobody had told him what to do after delivering his messages, and he felt confused and restless. The doctor's house, and the Reverend Mackinnon's, were up the road from the village. Neither man had thought to inform the people down there as to what had happened on the mountain. Soon Joseph rose from the stone, ran down to the village, and began to race about the street from side to side, talking loudly to himself. It was not long before he had awakened every household within sound of his voice.

"Joseph, you bad boy," screeched Mr. Tennant, the schoolmaster. "What are you doing here? At this hour." Joseph flapped a big dirty hand at him excitedly. "Boy, if I bring a switch out to you . . ." Mr. Tennant said. Joseph shot away down the street like a dog, but he continued to talk very loudly.

Mr. Tennant, with a tight, moist smile on his plump lips and carrying a long supplejack cane, came from his house. Joseph bolted for the shoemaker's doorway. Only Elvira, Joseph's smallest sister, could get as much sense from his clogged speech as quickly as Mass' Emmanuel, the shoemaker.

"Joseph," said Mass' Emmanuel, as the natural found refuge in his doorway, "why you not sleep-in', eh? What a bad boy. I've a good mind to let teacher flog you."

He put an arm across the boy's trembling shoulders and drew him close.

Joseph told him about Ambrose Beckett, imitating with great vividness the terrible, ripping twitch of the boar's head, writhing enthusiastically on the ground to show what it had been like with Mass' Ambrose. Mass' Emmanuel translated as people began to come from the houses. Then they all looked up to the hill at the other end of the village, to where Ambrose Beckett's house stood. They began to move toward the house.

"Lawd King!" said Miss Vera Brownford. "Fancy! Mass' Ambrose! A fine man like dat. Poor Miss Louise!"

She was the center of the older women of the village as they went up the hill to the house where Ambrose and Louise Beckett had lived for thirty years. Vera Brownford was ninety-eight or maybe a hundred. Perhaps she was much more. Her first grandchild had been born before anyone now alive in the village, and only a few people could still remember her, dimly, in early middle age. Her intimate participation in every birth, death, and wedding was, for the village, an obligatory ritual. She had lived so long and so completely that she had grown to want nothing except freedom from pain. She had even transcended the brief, fierce resurgence of the child's longing for recognition which had assailed her again when she was about seventy. At times the shadow line between life and death was not very distinct to her expectation, her desire, or her feeling, but she understood the terror and confusion that the crossing of the line brought to those younger than herself. And understanding this, she gave comfort as a tree gives shade, or as a stream gives water to those who fetch it, with a vast, experienced impartiality. It was her occupation.

Among the younger men and women Joseph was still the center of interest as they went up the hill. His mime performance of Ambrose Beckett and the boar had begun to acquire the finish of art. In all his life he had never experienced such respect for his ability and knowledge. He was almost gone out of his poor mind with happiness.

"Joseph," said Mass' Emmanuel suddenly, coming back down the path which was leading them to Louise Beckett's darkened house, "Joseph. I forget. We gwine to need ice fe' pack Mass' Ambrose. Tell dem to give you ice. Ice, you hear. At Irish Corner."

He gave a five shilling note to the boy and hugged the huge, smoothly sloping shoulders and smiled at him. Only for two people, Elvira and Emmanuel, would Joseph remember anything unaccompanied by a blow.

Joseph turned and raced down the path. He seemed to weave through the murmurous crowd like a twist of smoke. Before he was out of earshot they heard him singing his own chant, which was a mingle of all the hymns and songs he had ever listened to. He was always adding to it, and though it had no more conscious structure than a roll of thunder, it had a remarkable, pervasive quality, coming to you from a dozen points at once, with odd limping echoes.

THE Reverend Mackinnon and Doctor Rushie met the party of returning hunters about five miles from the village. They heard the dogs barking

and saw the lantern lights jump along the pines on the saddle between the peaks ahead of them. This was on the side of a great valley, on a trail worn through a stretch of ginger lilies. The night was very cold, and mist was coming down from the sharp, fuzzy peaks and piling into the valley below, and the air was full of a thin spicy tang as the hoofs crushed the long ginger-lily leaves against the stones.

"Ho-yah!" shouted the doctor's manservant when they saw the lights. "Is dat you, Mass' Ken?"

"Yes." The answer rolled back slowly, thin and lost in the air of the huge valley. "Who dere?"

"Doctor. Doctor and parson. How Mass' Ambrose stay?"

"Him dead!"

He was dead, right enough, when the two parties met. In the glare from the lanterns his skin was the color of dough and earth mixed, quite drained of blood. The blankets between which he lay were dark and odorous with his blood. His mouth had half opened, and one eye had closed tightly, twisting his face and leaving the other eye open. It gave him an unbelievably knowing and cynical leer.

"Well, I'll be damned," Doctor Rushie said, and then, seeing Mackinnon's face, "Beg your pardon; but look at that."

"Look at what?" the Reverend Mackinnon said stiffly. He had never liked Rushie much, and now he did not like him at all.

"His face. How many dead men have you seen?"

"I don't know. As many as you I suppose."

"Exactly," Doctor Rushie said. "Probably more. But how many have you seen die with one eye closed? You know, it's generally both eyes wide open. Sometimes both closed, but not often. Damned odd, eh?"

"I hardly think it's important, doctor," the Reverend Mackinnon said. His long, ugly, Scots face was tightly ridged with disgust. Only the presence of the villagers kept him polite.

"No," the doctor said, "it's not important. I just noticed it. Well, no point hanging around here. Let's get him home, eh?"

Going down the track, the doctor and the parson rode behind.

"What a dreadful thing to have happened, eh, doctor?" said the Reverend Mackinnon. "I can hardly believe it."

He always felt guilty about not liking Doctor Rushie; and he constantly asked himself wherein he as a minister had failed to contact the drunken, savagely isolated creature who rode behind him.

"I can believe it," the doctor said. "Do you know how many ways the world has of killing

you? I was adding up the other night. It comes to thousands. Simply thousands."

The Reverend Mackinnon could find no answer to this. There were answers, he knew, but none that he cared to risk with the lonely, brutal man who, more or less, cared for the health of their village and a score of other villages in the district.

He's not even a very good doctor, the Reverend Mackinnon thought, and felt a cold flush of shame because the thought gave him satisfaction.

"He was such a strong, vital man, too," the Reverend Mackinnon said a little later. He was unable to bear the night with the mist blowing damp and cold across his face, and the bobbing lanterns lighting up the silent men as they scrambled awkwardly with the stretcher on the narrow track.

"He was a strong man," the doctor said dryly.

"Why, the other day I saw him clearing that land of his up by the river, with his sons. He was doing twice as much as they," Mackinnon continued.

"Oh, he was a good farmer, all right," the doctor agreed, in the same dry tone. "He ought to have been, with what he had acquired these last few years. He knew what he wanted, all right."

"He was an example to his community," Mackinnon said with solemn emphasis. "God-fearing and responsible. An example. If only he had had an education. They would have made him a justice of the peace. He was an example. A Christian example."

"Well, maybe the boys will become examples, too," the doctor told him.

"The boys," said the Reverend Mackinnon, "the boys have fallen far from the stem. Thomas has his father's sense of duty, but he is weak. Weak. And Sidney cares only for himself, his pleasures, and his land. He caused Ambrose Beckett a great deal of worry. Which one of them do you think will get the holding, eh? Thomas or Sidney?"

"Couldn't say," the doctor replied. "I was only Beckett's doctor, not his lawyer. Probably they'll have equal shares. He had enough, God knows, for these parts."

The Reverend Mackinnon frowned and shifted uneasily in the saddle. Oh, God, he said to himself, make Thomas get the holding. He looked somberly over the nodding head of his beast and at the vague blur of the stretcher. The men were moving fast now, because Ambrose Beckett was dead and they could heave the stretcher about quickly.

Twenty years before this, Ambrose Beckett had rented land from the church. It was the first move in a program which had made him the

largest peasant farmer in the parish. It had been good land, and he had paid a good rent. But since the war, when everything had gone up, the rent had fallen to a fraction of the land's value, and the Reverend Mackinnon had been looking for some way to increase it. He was, essentially, a timid man, who felt courage and confidence only on Sunday, when he stood unassailable in the pulpit, beyond interruption, with God and the Hosts at his back.

His method of attack in the matter of the rent had been to mount a series of hints. Veiled and offhand at first, they had evolved, after three years, into frequent references about the difficulties and embarrassments of a priest in the modern world. Pride and timidity had kept him from stating an open claim. These and the reasonable certainty that Ambrose Beckett would, at first, refuse to pay more. Would refuse with the plausibility and righteousness of a man who valued an acre, really, more than he regarded a wife and who knew his own usefulness as a parishioner.

I am not covetous, the Reverend Mackinnon told himself in the darkness. I do not want it for myself. But the manse is falling to bits, and if I send Jean home next year she will need clothes. Perhaps two sets within the year; girls grow so fast at her age.

Given time, he knew, he could have persuaded Ambrose Beckett. It would have been painful, but it would have come. Now he would have to begin again with the sons. If Thomas were the heir, it would be easy. He was a gentle, almost girlish lad, very devout and proud of his family's influence in the church. But Sidney. Sidney would be difficult. Difficult and slow. And arrogant. He had always treated the Reverend Mackinnon with a casual politeness more infuriating than hostility. A bland indifference which only on occasion became genially ferocious. The afternoon, for instance, when Mackinnon had caught him making love to a little East Indian girl under a huge rock by the river. The lad had raised his head from beside the girl's blind, contorted face and stared at the parson with cool, amused malice. And the next day, Sunday, while Mackinnon was preaching a sermon on the sin of fornication, he had looked down from the pulpit to the front pew where Ambrose Beckett sat in a hot, high-buttoned black suit among his family and seen such a sparkle of conspiratorial intimacy in Sidney's eyes that he had floundered in his speech.

WHILE they were bringing the body of Ambrose Beckett down from the mountain, Joseph had reached the market town of Irish Corner. He

knocked on the zinc fence around the shop until the Chinese keeper came down and a small crowd gathered. Then he told the story of Ambrose and the boar again, giving a really practiced and gigantic performance. He had great difficulty in making them understand what had happened, or what he wanted, but they finally got it. Then they cut a great block of ice, wrapped it in a crocus bag, hoisted it onto his head, and set him on the road back to the village.

He had hardly stopped running since the late afternoon, and he streamed with sweat as if he had been put under a hose; but he was not tired and he was crazy with excitement. He had never played such a central part in anything before.

Suddenly he slowed his long, effortless jog trot up the steep road. He stopped. The ice in its wrapping of crocus bag was cool and wet between his hands and on his huge, idol's head. From his great, heaving lungs there burst an ecstatic grunt. Ice . . . ice . . . ice. If he got back quickly, they would chip a white, glittering, jagged lump for him. A piece with a point around which he could curl his tongue. A bit to hold above his opened mouth, so that the cold, unimaginable drops would hit the back of his throat. A bit with edges he could rub across tightly shut eyelids and then feel the cold water drying on his skin. He danced with happiness, balancing the huge block as if it were a hat. As far up as his village, ice was still a luxury for all but the doctor, who had a machine which made ice cubes.

THE people at Ambrose Beckett's house heard the dogs as the men came up the hill. Louise Beckett rushed from the house and down the path toward the light from the lanterns. When she saw the stretcher she began to cry and moan wildly, covering her face and clutching her body. Her two sons came close to her.

"Mother . . . Mother," Thomas said. He embraced her tightly and began to cry too.

Sidney put his arm around her shoulder and said softly: "I will take care of you, Mother. I will take care of you. Don't cry. Don't cry."

Inside the house, the body was laid out on the kitchen table. The table was too short, and the feet hung over the edge. Doctor Rushie shut the people out and by the light of four lamps sewed up the hideous openings in Ambrose Beckett's body. Once during this operation he spoke, as if to the corpse. "You poor devil," he said, "this must have hurt like blazes. But the other thing would have hurt you more, and it would have lasted longer."

Outside, in the tiny, stiffly furnished drawing

room, Vera Brownford sat on the old-fashioned, horsehair sofa. Louise Beckett sat close up beside her, resting her head on that old, indestructible breast which, thin and hard as a piece of hose pipe, was yet as hugely comfortable as a warm ocean.

"Cry good, child," Vera Brownford said. "Cry good. If you don't cry you will get sick. Oh, Lawd, it hard to lose a man. It hard to lose a good man like Ambrose. Cry good, child. It much easier."

The old, dry voice flowed smoothly, uttering banalities that sheer experience gave the weight of poetry. Louise Beckett cried noisily.

The women of the village stood around the sofa; the men gathered near the door and outside, each group around one of the hunters, who told in whispers what it had been like. The children waited on the fringes of each group; some of them looked with wide stares toward the locked kitchen door.

The Reverend Mackinnon hovered between the men and the women. Finally he went across to Louise Beckett. "Louise," he said, "you must take comfort. Remember your beloved husband is not gone. He only waits for you in our Master's house. He was a good man, Louise. A true Christian man. Take comfort in that and in the promise of everlasting life."

Louise Beckett raised her stunned face and looked at him from red eyes. "Thank you, parson," she whispered, and burrowed her head against Vera Brownford's breast.

Among the men, Sidney was saying in a hard unbelieving voice: "Jesus, it happen so quick. I tell you, Mass' Emmanuel, it happen before we even see it."

"How things happen so, eh?" Emmanuel said. "Truly, it is like the Bible say: in the midst of life we are in death."

"That is true, Emmanuel," said the Reverend Mackinnon, joining them. "That is very true." He laid a hand on Sidney's shoulder and gave it a little squeeze. "But remember, as Christians we need not fear death if we live so that death finds us prepared for God. We must remember the life God showed us through His only son, and, in our turn, live so that each day we can say to ourselves: Today I did God's will."

He looked closely at Sidney as he spoke, but the young man's face was closed, sullen with grief, unreadable.

Mr. Tennant, the schoolmaster, cleared his throat. He thought very highly of the Reverend Mackinnon, but he also felt that, in the village, he should reinforce the parson. Provide the practical epilogues to the more refined utterance of the church.

"It is you and Thomas now, Sidney," Mr. Tennant said. "You must act like men. Work the land as diligently as your father. Look after your good mother . . ."

They heard a hard, heavy grunting outside in the dark, and then Joseph stepped into the room. He was lathered about the lips, with sweat and water from the ice mingled on his face and staining his clothes. Everyone stopped talking when they saw the ice.

Mass' Ken, Joseph's father, took the boy by the arm and led him into the bedroom. Four of the men who had hunted that day with Ambrose Beckett followed him. They stripped the clothes and mattress from the springs and spread old newspapers under the bed. They unwrapped the coarse, shaggy crocus from the ice, and one of the men split it into five great lumps with an ice pick. Then they spread old newspapers on the bare springs and waited awkwardly in the half-dark of the little bedroom where Ambrose Beckett had lain with his wife for thirty years.

Outside, one of the younger men who had been on the hunt laid his hand shyly on Sidney's arm. "Sidney," he said, "I sorry, you see. If it was me own Papa I couldn't sorry more. Lord, Sidney, don't worry. I will help you. You gwine to need anoder man fe' help you wid dat lan' you an' Mass' Ambrose was clearing. What you gwine to put in it, bwoy? It is one nice piece of ground."

Tears shone in Sidney's eyes. He was remembering how powerful and comforting his father had looked in the sunlight as they cleared the land by the river. His friend's words were sweet and warm and made him feel comforted again.

"T'ank you, Zack," he said, "t'ank you. Thomas an' me will need a help. Papa did want to put citrus in dat piece. Dat is de crop pay well now, you know. Since de war over, everybody want orange oil again."

Thomas looked suddenly and with disturbance at his brother.

"When Papa say we was gwine put citrus in?" he asked. "You know we only talk about it. Las' time we talk, you remember I say we should plant ginger. I like ginger. It safe."

"Everybody plant ginger, Thomas," Sidney said gently and inflexibly. "Papa did always say too much ginger was gwine to kill de small holders. Time some of us plant somet'ing else."

The door to the kitchen opened, and they saw Doctor Rushie framed in the opening, with the lamplight yellow behind him. Sidney and Thomas, Mass' Ken and Emmanuel went into the kitchen and brought the body out. Some of

the women began to wail. Louise Beckett set up a long howling cry and ran across the room. She held the dead face between her hands. She was twitching like an exhausted animal.

"Mass' Ambrose," she cried, "Mass' Ambrose."

After they had packed the body among the ice lumps, the Reverend Mackinnon led them in prayer around the bed. Then the people started to go home. All went except Vera Brownford and three of Louise Beckett's closest friends, who stayed to watch the body.

It was now the blackest part of the morning, before the sun began to touch the mountaintops and make the sky glow with pink and green.

The Reverend Mackinnon went home and tiredly unsaddled his stumpy gray gelding. He went up to bed and thought about the gentle, exhausted wife he had buried two years before, and worried about the plump, soundly sleeping daughter a hundred miles away in boarding school.

Doctor Rushie went home, and his manservant led the mule away while the doctor sat down to finish the bottle he had been drinking when Joseph came. He thought about the wounds in Ambrose Beckett's body and whether, if he had got to him right away, he could have saved a life. He thought, also, about the sliver from Ambrose Beckett's rectum which he had sent down to Queenshaven for analysis a week ago and which, he was sure, showed the beginnings of cancer.

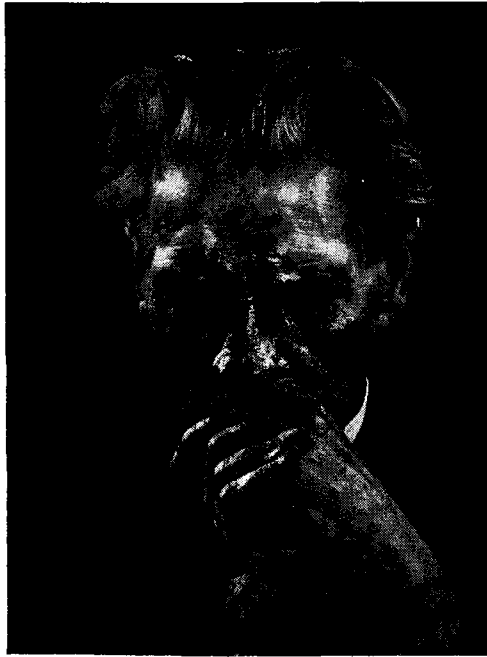
Lying in the bed they had shared from childhood, Sidney and Thomas clung to each other and sobbed in the painful, tearing manner of grown men. In between grieving for their father they argued fiercely and quietly as to the wisdom of planting citrus or ginger.

In the room with the body, the women sat and watched. Once Louise Beckett leaned forward and touched the damp sheet wonderingly.

"Mass' Ambrose?" she asked softly. "You gawn? You really gawn?"

In the kitchen of his home, Joseph snuggled into bed beside Elvira, his little sister, and began to cry bitterly. She woke when she heard him crying and asked him what was the matter. He told her how he had run all the way to Irish Corner, and back, with the ice, and of how no one had thought to give him a little piece. The ingratitude and thoughtlessness of the mourners shocked the little girl profoundly. She wiped the tears from his big, sweaty face and hugged him, rocking him in her thin arms and kissing him with little quick maternal pecks.

Very soon he was fast asleep.



Karsh of Ottawa.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

ALBERT SCHWEITZER read the essay which follows before the French Academy of Moral and Political Science, and subsequently presented the manuscript to Mrs. Carleton Smith, who did the translation. He wrote her: "This is very important to me, as it expresses the dominating idea in my thinking." Doctor Schweitzer, who continues to devote himself to the hospital at Lambaréné, has many personal ties with America, including his service as adviser of the National Arts Foundation.

THE EVOLUTION OF ETHICS

IN A very general sense, ethics is the name we give to our concern for good behavior. We feel an obligation to consider not only our own personal well-being but also that of others and of human society as a whole, and it is in the extension of this notion of solidarity with others that the first evolution of ethics is to be seen.

For the primitive man the circle of solidarity is limited to those whom he can look upon as his blood relatives — that is to say, the members of his tribe, who are to him his family. I am speaking from experience. In my hospital I have primitives. When I happen to ask a hospitalized tribesman, who is not himself bedridden, to render little services to a bedridden patient, he will consent only if the latter belongs to his tribe. If not, he will answer me candidly: "This, no brother for me," and neither attempts to persuade him nor threats will make him do this favor for a stranger.

However, as man starts reflecting upon himself and his behavior toward others, he gradually realizes that all men are his brothers and neighbors. Slowly he reaches a point where he sees the circle of his responsibilities enlarged to comprise all human beings with whom he is in contact.

In the history of man, this idea of responsibility toward others has been wholly or partially formulated in various cultures at various times. It was reached by the Chinese thinkers: Lao-tse, born in 604 B.C.; Kung Fu-tse (Confucius), 551–

479 B.C.; Meng-tse, 372–289 B.C.; Tchouang-tse, fourth century B.C. It was also proclaimed by the Israelite prophets of the eighth century B.C.: Amos, Hosea, and Isaiah. As proclaimed by Jesus and Saint Paul, the idea that man obligates himself to all human beings became an integral part of the Christian system of ethics.

For the great thinkers of India, too, whether they belonged to Brahmanism, Buddhism, or Hinduism, the idea of the brotherhood of man was included in their metaphysical notion of existence, but they had difficulty giving it the proper importance in their ethics because they could not abolish the barriers erected between men in India by the different castes sanctioned by tradition.

Zarathustra, who lived in about the seventh century B.C., was also prevented from reaching the notion of the full brotherhood of man because he had to differentiate between those who believed in Ormuzd, the god of Light and Good, and the nonbelievers who remained in the power of devils. This forced the believers to fight for the coming of the reign of Ormuzd and to consider the nonbelievers as enemies and treat them as such. To understand this, one must remember that the believers were Bactrian tribes who had become sedentary and aspired to live as honest and peaceful families, while the nonbelievers were nomadic tribes who dwelt in the desert and lived from pillage.

Plato and Aristotle and the other thinkers of the classic period of Greek philosophy limited their consideration to the Greek freeman, who did not have to earn his subsistence. All those who did not belong to this aristocracy were dismissed as men of inferior quality in whom there was no need to be concerned.

It was not until the second epoch of Greek thought, when the simultaneous blossoming of Stoicism and Epicureanism occurred, that the idea of the equality of men and of the sympathy which attaches us to all human beings was recognized by these two schools. The most remarkable protagonist of this new conception was the Stoic Panaetius, who lived in the second century B.C. He was the prophet of humanism, and even though the idea of the brotherhood of man never became popular in antiquity, the very fact that philosophy had proclaimed it as a concept dictated by reason was of great importance for its future.

However, this concept has never enjoyed the full authority which it deserves. Down to our time, it has ceaselessly been compromised by the stressing of differences — differences of race, of religious beliefs, and of nationalities — which turn our fellow man into a stranger to whom we owe nothing but indifference, if not contempt.

As we trace the evolution of ethics, we are aware of the influence exerted by the various concepts of the material world. There are the affirmative concepts which insist that interest must be taken in material matters and in the existence we lead on this earth. Others, on the contrary, advocate a negative attitude, urging that we detach ourselves from whatever has to do with the world, including our own existence on earth. Affirmation conforms with our natural feeling. Negation contradicts it. Affirmation invites us to be at home in this world and to throw ourselves voluntarily into action; negation requires that we live in the world as strangers and that we choose a passive role. By its very nature, ethics is affiliated with affirmation. One must be active if one is to serve the ideal of Good. An affirmative concept of the world produces a favorable climate for the development of ethics, while negation, on the contrary, hampers it. Negation of the world was professed by the thinkers of India and by the Christians of antiquity and of the Middle Ages; affirmation by the Chinese thinkers, the Israelite prophets, Zoroaster, and the European thinkers of the Renaissance and of the modern day.

In the thinkers of India, this negative concept of the world was the result of their conviction that true existence is immaterial, immutable, and ex-

ternal and that the worldly existence is fictitious, deceitful, and transient. The world that we consider as real was for them but a mirage of the immaterial world in time and space. By taking interest in this phantasmagoria and in the part he plays in it, they argued, man made a mistake. The only behavior compatible with the true knowledge of the nature of existence is non-activity.

To a degree, nonactivity does have ethical characteristics. By detaching himself from worldly matters, man renounces the egotism that material interests and mere covetousness arouse in him. Furthermore, an essential aspect of nonactivity is nonviolence.

The thinkers of Brahmanism, of Samkhya, of Jainism, as well as of Buddhism, exalt nonviolence, which they call *ahimsa*; indeed, they consider it as the sublime principle. However, it is imperfect and incomplete because it concedes to man the egotism to be preoccupied entirely with his salvation. It does not command him in the name of compassion but in the name of metaphysical theories. It demands merely abstention from evil, rather than the positive activity inspired by the notion of Good.

Only a system of ethics affiliated with the affirmation of the world can be natural and complete. Buddha, who rises against the cold Brahmanic doctrine by preaching pity, cannot completely resist the temptation to forgo the principle of non-activity. He gives in, more than once, unable to keep himself from accomplishing acts of charity or from recommending them to his disciples. Under the cover of ethics the affirmation of the world carries on, in India, a persistent struggle against the principle of nonactivity. In Hinduism, which is a religious movement against the exigencies of Brahmanism, affirmation is recognized as the equal of nonactivity. The reconciliation of the two is set forth in the *Bhagavad Gita*.

Man can believe that he is authorized to take part in the material world only as a spectator. But likewise he has the right to believe that he is called to play an active part. Activity, then, is justified by the spirit which guides it. The man who practices it with the intention of accomplishing the will of God is as right as he who raises the question of nonactivity. Nowadays, the thinkers of India make great concessions to the principle of activity, claiming that it is found in the Upanishads. This is true. The explanation is that the Aryans of India in ancient times, as we learn it from the Veda, had an existence penetrated with naïve *joie de vivre*. The Brahmanic doctrine of negation of the world appears side by side with the concept of affirmation only in the Upanishads, the sacred texts of the first thousand years B.C.

Christianity in early times and in the Middle Ages professed negation of the world without, however, reaching the extremes of nonactivity. Its denial of the world was of a different nature from that of the thinkers of India: to the early Christians the world was not a phantasmagoria, it was an imperfect world destined to be transformed into the perfect world of the kingdom of God. The idea of the kingdom of God was created by the Israelite prophets of the eighth century B.C.

In announcing the imminence of the transformation of the material world into the kingdom of God, Jesus exhorted men to seek the perfection required for participation in the new world. He asked man to detach himself from this world, the better to be preoccupied by the practice of Good. He allowed man to detach himself from material things, but not from his duties toward other men. In Jesus' ethics, activity kept all its rights and all its obligations. This is where Christianity differs from Buddha's religion, with which it shares the idea of compassion. Because it is animated by the spirit of activity, Christian ethics has a certain affinity with the affirmation of the world.

The transformation of the world into the kingdom of God was what the early Christians were looking for immediately, but it never occurred. During antiquity and the Middle Ages, Christianity remained in a situation of having to lose hope in this world, without the compensating hope, which had sustained the early Christians, of seeing the new world at hand. In the Middle Ages there was no enthusiastic affirmation of the world; actually this did not take place until the Renaissance. Christianity identified itself with this new enthusiastic affirmation of the world during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Renaissance ethics — apart from the ideal of perfecting oneself, which came from Jesus — attempted subsequently to create new and better material and spiritual conditions for the existence of human society. From then on, Christian ethics found a goal for its activity and so reached its full bloom. From the union of the Christian and the Renaissance enthusiasm for the world is born the civilization in which we live and which we have to maintain and improve.

In the first century of the Christian era, thinkers of Stoicism — Seneca, Epictetus, and the emperor Marcus Aurelius — following the steps of Panaetius, the creator of the idea of humanism, came to consider Love as the virtue of virtues. Their system of ethics is about the same as that of the great Chinese thinkers. They have in common not only the principle of Love, but also the conviction that it proceeds from reason and is thoroughly reasonable.

During the first and second centuries of the Christian era, the Greco-Roman philosophy

seemed to profess the same ethical ideal as that of Christianity. The possibility of agreement between the ancient and Christian worlds existed, but it did not happen. Ethical Stoicism did not become popular. Moreover, it accused Christianity of being a superstition because Christianity claimed that a divine revelation had taken place in Jesus Christ, and was awaiting the miraculous coming of a new world. Christianity, on the other hand, scorned philosophy as a guiding wisdom for this world. What separated Christianity and Stoicism was the fact that the Greco-Roman philosophy adhered to the idea of the affirmation of the world, whereas Christianity adhered to the idea of its negation. No agreement was possible.

Agreement did occur, but only after centuries. When Christianity became more familiar with the enthusiastic affirmation of the world, which the Renaissance had bequeathed to European thought, it at the same time became acquainted with ethical Stoicism and noted with surprise that Jesus' principle of Love had also been stated as a rational truth. Thus it was deduced that the fundamental ideas of religion were revealed truths, confirmed afterwards by reason. Among the thinkers who felt that they belonged to both Christianity and Stoicism were Erasmus and Hugo Grotius.

Under the influence of Christianity, philosophy's ethics acquired an enthusiasm that it had not possessed earlier. Under the influence of philosophy, Christian ethics, on the other hand, started reflecting upon what it owed itself and upon what it should accomplish in this world. Thus was born a spirit which did not allow the ethics of Love any longer to tolerate injustice, cruelties, and superstitions. Torture was abolished, the scourge of the witchcraft trials ceased. Inhuman laws gave way to others more human. A reform without precedent in the previous history of humanity had begun and was accomplished in the first enthusiasm of the discovery that the principle of Love is also taught by reason.

TO DEMONSTRATE the rationality of altruism, philosophers of the eighteenth century, among whom are Hartley, Baron Holbach, Helvetius, and Bentham, thought that it was enough to show that love of others had a utility value. The Chinese thinkers and the representatives of ethical Stoicism admitted the utility value, but also insisted on other values. According to the eighteenth-century thinkers, altruism would be a well-understood egotism, taking into account the fact that the well-being of the individual and of society can be guaranteed only by the self-sacrifice which men make for their fellow men.

Kant and David Hume refuted this superficial thesis. Kant, in order to defend the dignity of ethics, went so far as to pretend that its utility ought not to be taken into consideration. Obvious as it is, it must not be admitted as a motive of ethics. Ethics, according to the doctrine of the categorical imperative, rules absolutely. It is our conscience which reveals to us what is Good and what is evil. We have but to obey the moral law that we carry within ourselves to gain the certitude that we not only belong to the world as it appears to us in time and space, but that we are at the same time citizens of the spiritual world.

Hume, in order to refute the utilitarian thesis, proceeded in an empirical way. He analyzed the motives of ethics and came to the conclusion that ethics is primarily a matter of feeling. Nature, he argued, endowed us with the faculty of sympathy, which permits and obliges us to feel the joy, apprehensions, and sufferings of others as if they were our own. We are, after an image employed by Hume, like strings vibrating in unison with others. It is this sympathy which leads us to devotion toward others and to the desire to contribute to their well-being and to the well-being of society.

After Hume, philosophy — if we set aside the enterprise of Nietzsche — did not dare seriously to doubt the fact that ethics is primarily a matter of compassion.

But, if this is the case, is ethics capable of defining and setting a limit to the obligations of self-sacrifice, and thereby placing egoism and altruism in accord, as was attempted by the utilitarian theories?

Hume is not much preoccupied by this question. The philosophers who followed him likewise did not think it necessary to take into consideration the consequences of the principle of self-sacrifice through compassion. It is as if they had the presentiment that these consequences might prove to be a little disturbing.

They are indeed. The ethic of self-sacrifice by compassion no longer has the characteristic of a law. It no longer comprises any clearly established and clearly formulated commandments. It is thoroughly subjective, because it leaves to each one the responsibility of deciding how much he will sacrifice himself.

And not only does it cease to give precise commandments: it is no longer satisfied, as the law must be, by the limitations of the possible. It constantly forces us to attempt the impossible, to carry devotion to others so far as to endanger our own existence. In the horrible times we have lived through, there were many of these perilous situations and many persons who sacrificed themselves for others. Even in daily life, the ethic of self-sacrifice asks from each of us that we abdicate

selfish interests and renounce advantages for the sake of others. Alas, we too often succeed in silencing our conscience, the guardian of our feeling of responsibility.

How many are the struggles in which the ethic of self-sacrifice abandons us to ourselves! It is seldom that the heads of firms give a job, through compassion, to the man who needs it most, rather than to the man who is most qualified. But evil unto them who think themselves authorized, by such experiences, *never* to take into account the principle of compassion.

A FINAL consequence is to be drawn from the principle of self-sacrifice: it does not allow us to be preoccupied only by human beings, but obliges us to have the same behavior toward all living beings whose fate may be influenced by us. They also are our fellows, for they, too, aspire to happiness. They know fear and suffering, and they dread annihilation.

The man who has kept intact his sensibility finds it quite natural to have pity on all living beings. Why does not philosophy at long last recognize that our behavior toward all life should be an integral part of the ethics which it teaches?

The reason is very simple. Philosophy fears, and rightly so, that this huge enlargement of the circle of our responsibilities will take away from ethics the small hope which it still has to formulate reasonable and satisfactory commandments.

In fact, if we are preoccupied by the fate of all living beings with whom we come in contact, we face conflicts more numerous and more disturbing than those of devotion toward human beings. We are constantly in situations which compel us to harm other creatures or affect their lives. The farmer cannot let all his animals survive. He can keep only those he can feed and the breeding of which assures him necessary income. In many instances, there is the obligation of sacrificing some lives to save others. Whoever shelters a crippled bird finds it necessary to kill insects to feed him. In so doing, he makes an arbitrary decision. By what right does he sacrifice a multitude of lives in order to save a single life? He must also make an arbitrary choice when he exterminates animals which he thinks are harmful, in order to protect others.

It is then incumbent upon each of us to judge whether we must harm or kill, and thus become, by necessity, guilty. We should seek forgiveness by never missing an occasion to rescue living creatures.

What an advance it would be if men started to reflect upon the kindness due all creatures and

refrained from harming them by carelessness! We must intensify the struggle against inhuman traditions and feelings remaining in our time if our civilization is to keep any respect for itself. Among inhuman customs which our civilization should no longer tolerate, I must name two: bullfights with their inevitable death, and hunting for sport.

It is finally the exigency of compassion with all beings which makes ethics as complete as it should be.

There is another great change in the evolution of ethics: today it cannot expect help from a concept of the world which justifies what it teaches.

In the past, ethics seemed convinced that it was only requiring a behavior in harmony with the knowledge of the true nature of the world. On this conviction are based not only the religions, but also the rationalist philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

But it happens that the concept of the world that ethics called upon was the result of the optimistic interpretation of this very world which ethics gave and is still giving. It loaned to the universal will qualities and intentions which gave satisfaction to its own way of feeling and judging.

But in the course of the nineteenth century, research which seeks only objective truth was obliged to face the evidence that ethics had nothing to expect from an ever-closer knowledge of the world. The progress of science consisted in a more precise ascertainment of the processes of nature. It allowed us to use the energies of the universe. But, at the same time, it obliged us to renounce an understanding of the intentions of the universe. The world offers us the disconcerting spectacle of the will to live in conflict with itself. One life maintains itself at the cost of another. The world is horror within magnificence, absurdity within intelligibility, suffering within joy.

How can the ethic of self-sacrifice maintain itself without being justified by an adequate concept of the world? It seems doomed to sink into skepticism. This, however, will not be its fate.

In the beginning, ethics needed to call upon a concept of the world which gave it satisfaction. Having reached the knowledge that the fundamental principle is devotion to others, it becomes fully aware of itself, and thereby self-sufficient.

We are now able to understand its origins and its foundation by meditating upon the world and upon ourselves. We lack a complete and satisfactory knowledge of the world. We are reduced to merely ascertaining that everything in it is living, as we ourselves are, and that all life is a mystery. Our true knowledge of the world consists in being

penetrated by the mystery of existence and of life. This mystery becomes ever more mysterious by the progress of scientific research. To be penetrated by the mystery of life corresponds to what is called in the language of the mystic "learned ignorance."

The fundamental idea in our conscience, to which we come back each time we want to reach comprehension of ourselves and of our situation in the world, is: I am life wanting to live, surrounded by life wanting to live. Meditating upon life, I feel the obligation to respect any will-to-live around me as equal to mine and as having a mysterious value.

A fundamental idea of Good then consists in preserving life, in favoring it, in wanting to raise it to its highest value, and evil consists in annihilating life, injuring it, and impeding its growth.

The principle of this veneration of life corresponds to the one of Love, which has been discovered by religion and philosophy seeking an understanding of the fundamental notion of Good.

The term Reverence for Life is larger and at the same time dimmer than the term Love. But it bears within itself the same potentialities. The essentially philosophical notion of Good has the advantage of being more complete than the notion of Love. Love comprises only our obligations toward other beings, but not toward ourselves. It is, for instance, impossible to deduce from it the notion of veracity, the primary quality of the ethical personality in addition to the one of Love. The respect which man owes to his own life obliges him to be faithful to himself by renouncing any self-deceit and by becoming himself in the noblest and deepest way.

By having reverence for life, we enter into a spiritual relation with the world. The absolute is so abstract that we can have no communion with it. It is not given to us to serve the creative will, infinite and unfathomable, by comprehending its nature and its intentions. But we come into spiritual contact with it by the feeling of the mystery of life and by devoting ourselves to all the living beings whom we are able to serve.

The ethics which obliges us to be concerned only with men and with society cannot have this same significance. Only a universal ethics which obliges us to be occupied with all beings puts us in a complete relation with the universe and the will manifested in it.

In the world, the will to live is in conflict with itself. In us it wants, by a mystery that we do not understand, to be at peace with itself. In the world it manifests itself; in us it reveals itself. To be other than the world is our spiritual destiny. By conforming to it we live our existence instead of submitting to it. By practicing reverence for life we become good, deep, and alive.

A DREAM

BY JOHN CIARDI

I had a dream once of dancing with a tiger. As it took
my arm off, I heard a dancing master
Who came by on a bus with his dancing class on an outing
say to the class:
“Note and avoid this dancer’s waste of motion — more
violence than observance.”
And as I died and woke, I heard him add: “Dancing, my dears,
is a selection of measures.”

Once at St. Joseph’s, asked by Father Ryan something I have
forgotten, I answered, burning,
Something I meant for love. He grabbed my hair and hauled
me to the Virgin.
“Pray for your soul!” But I stamped my foot on his instep
and ran damned
My first long race from God, to hide by the river till I dared
go home and be strapped.

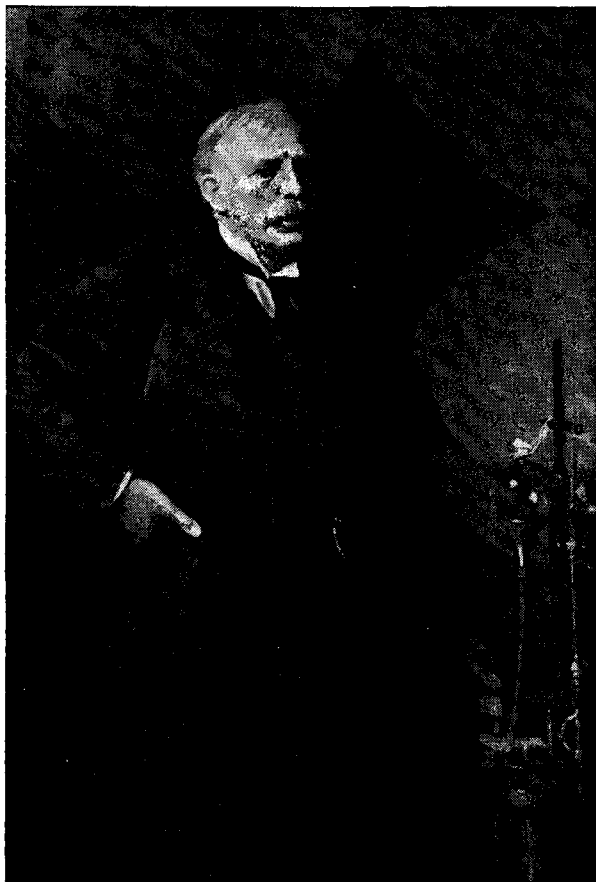
I was what had been done to me. There in the grass
I lay outside my action.
Whose was the act? Whose will, not mine, was in it?
How was it chosen
That the thing done had been given me to do? I envied the birds
the eyes they could eat from my head
For a little waiting. I lay already dead in God’s eye
upon me.

You think perhaps it's a child's tale, that nose of
Pinocchio's?
All boys are born of the guilt that sprouts from them
in a wrong world
Where Virgins and Good Fairies accept prayers, tears,
and apologies
From the blockhead who becomes a man at last by the act
of cutting his nose off.

There in the river reeds, outside of God and the happening
act, I learned
My tiger to dream to. When I laid my face in the river
to cool my tears
A rat swam under my eyes, no further away than this paper.
And came swimming
Into a thousand dreams I screamed from. Rat? Tiger? I
forget now which was which.

But that dancing master — why had my face been put
between his wig and ruffles?
Which of my acts was done to me so in secret that I
wake here
At forty in a white shirt and a striped coat of manners
and bow and bow
Teaching the children songs and kisses and curtsies
to one side of all tigers in my arms?

THE AGE OF RUTHERFORD



BY C. P. SNOW

Ernest Rutherford, the famous nuclear physicist, was one of the brightest luminaries at Cambridge University when C. P. SNOW was doing his graduate work there. He came within the radiance of the great man, and there were sparks on both sides from their early encounters. In mid-career Snow, now Sir Charles, turned away from science to embark on the novels which have since made him famous.

IN 1923, at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in Liverpool, Lord Rutherford announced, at the top of his enormous voice: "We are living in the heroic age of physics." He went on saying the same thing, loudly and exuberantly, until he died, fourteen years later.

The curious thing was, all he said was absolutely true. There had never been such a time. The year 1932 was the most spectacular year in the history of science. Living in Cambridge, one could not help picking up the human, as well as the intellectual, excitement in the air. Sir James Chadwick, gray-faced after a fortnight of work with three hours' sleep a night, telling the Kapitza Club how he had discovered the neutron; P. M. S. Blackett, the most handsome of men, not quite

so authoritative as usual, because it seemed too good to be true, showing plates which demonstrated the existence of the positive electron; Sir John Cockcroft, normally about as given to emotional display as the Duke of Wellington, skimming down King's Parade and saying to anyone whose face he recognized: "We've split the atom! We've split the atom!"

It meant an intellectual climate different in kind from anything else in England at the time. The tone of science was the tone of Rutherford: magniloquently boastful — boastful because the major discoveries were being made — creatively confident, generous, argumentative, lavish, and full of hope. The tone differed from the tone of literary England as much as Rutherford's personality differed from that of T. S. Eliot or F. R. Leavis. During the twenties and thirties, Cambridge was the metropolis of physics for the entire world. Even in the late nineteenth century, during the professorships of Clerk Maxwell and J. J. Thomson, it had never quite been that. "You're always at the crest of the wave," someone said to Rutherford. "Well, after all, I made the wave, didn't I?" Rutherford replied.

I remember seeing him a good many times before I first spoke to him. I was working on the periphery of physics at the time, and so didn't come directly under him. I already knew that I wanted to write novels, and that that was how I

Portrait of Lord Rutherford by Oswald Birley, courtesy of The Royal Society, London.

should finish, and this gave me a kind of ambivalent attitude to the scientific world; but, even so, I could not avoid feeling some sort of excitement, or enhancement of interest, whenever I saw Rutherford walking down Free School Lane.

He was a big, rather clumsy man, with a substantial bay window that started in the middle of the chest. I should guess that he was less muscular than at first sight he looked. He had large staring blue eyes and a damp and pendulous lower lip. He didn't look in the least like an intellectual. Creative people of his abundant kind never do, of course, but all the talk of Rutherford looking like a farmer was unperceptive nonsense. His was really the kind of face and physique that often goes with great weight of character and gifts. It could easily have been the soma of a great writer. As he talked to his companions in the street, his voice was three times as loud as any of theirs, and his accent was bizarre. In fact, he came from the very poor: his father was an odd-job man in New Zealand and the son of a Scottish emigrant. But there was nothing Antipodean or Scottish about Rutherford's accent; it sounded more like a mixture of West Country and Cockney.

In my first actual meeting with him, perhaps I could be excused for not observing with precision. It was early in 1930; I had not yet been elected a Fellow of my own college, and so had put in for the Stokes studentship at Pembroke. One Saturday afternoon I was summoned to an interview. When I arrived at Pembroke, I found that the short list was only two, Philip Dee and I. Dee was called in first; as he was being interviewed, I was reflecting without pleasure that he was one of the brightest of Rutherford's young men.

Then came my turn. As I went in, the first person I saw, sitting on the right hand of the Master, was Rutherford himself. While the Master was taking me through my career, Rutherford drew at his pipe, not displaying any excessive interest in the proceedings. The Master came to the end of his questions, and said: "Professor Rutherford?"

Rutherford took out his pipe and turned onto me an eye which was blue, cold, and bored. He was the most spontaneous of men; when he felt bored, he showed it. That afternoon he felt distinctly bored. Wasn't his man, and a very good man, in for this job? What was this other fellow doing there? Why were we all wasting our time?

He asked me one or two indifferent questions, in an irritated, impatient voice. What was my present piece of work? What could spectroscopy tell us anyway? Wasn't it just "putting things into boxes"?

I thought that was a bit rough. Perhaps I

realized that I had nothing to lose. Anyway, as cheerfully as I could manage, I asked if he couldn't put up with a few of us not doing nuclear physics. I went on, putting a case for my kind of subject.

A note was brought round to my lodgings that evening. Dee had got the job. The electors wished to say that either candidate could properly have been elected. That sounded like a bit of politeness, and I felt depressed. I cheered up a day or two later when I heard that Rutherford was trumpeting that I was a young man of spirit. Within a few months he backed me for another studentship. Incidentally, Dee was a far better scientist than I was or could have been, and neither Rutherford nor anyone else had been unjust.

FROM that time until he died, I had some opportunities of watching Rutherford at close quarters. Several of my friends knew him intimately, which I never did. It is a great pity that Tizard has not written about him at length. But I belonged to a dining club which he attended, and I think I had serious conversations with him three times, the two of us alone together.

The difficulty is to separate the inner man from the Rutherfordiana, much of which is quite genuine. From behind a screen in a Cambridge tailor's, a friend and I heard a reverberating voice: "That shirt's too tight round the neck. Every day I grow in girth. *And in mentality.*" Yet his physical make-up was more nervous than it seemed. In the same way, his temperament, which seemed exuberantly, powerfully, massively simple, rejoicing with childish satisfaction in creation and fame, was not quite so simple as all that. His was a personality of Johnsonian scale. As with Johnson, the façade was overbearing and unbroken. But there were fissures within.

No one could have enjoyed himself more, either in creative work or the honors it brought him. He worked hard, but with immense gusto; he got pleasure not only from the high moments, but also from the hours of what to others would be drudgery, sitting in the dark counting the alpha particle scintillations on the screen. His insight was direct, his intuition, with one curious exception, infallible. No scientist has made less mistakes. In the corpus of his published work, one of the largest in scientific history, there was nothing he had to correct afterwards. By thirty, he had already set going the science of nuclear physics — single-handed, as a professor on five hundred pounds a year, in the isolation of late-Victorian Montreal. By forty, now in Manchester, he had found the structure of the atom on which all modern nuclear physics depends.

It was not done without noise; it was done with anger and storms — but also with an overflow of creative energy, with abundance and generosity, as though research were the easiest and most natural avocation in the world. He had deep sympathy with the creative arts, particularly literature; he read more novels than most literary people manage to do. He had no use for critics of any kind. He felt both suspicion and dislike of the people who invested scientific research or any other branch of creation with an aura of difficulty, who used long, methodological words to explain things which he did perfectly by instinct. “Those fellows,” he used to call them. “Those fellows” were the logicians, the critics, the metaphysicians. They were clever; they were usually more lucid than he was; in argument against them he often felt at a disadvantage. Yet somehow they never produced a serious piece of work, whereas he was the greatest experimental scientist of the age.

I have heard greater claims made for him. I remember one discussion in particular, a few years after his death, by half a dozen men, all of whom had international reputations in science. Was Rutherford the greatest experimental scientist since Michael Faraday? Without any doubt. Greater than Faraday? Almost certainly so. And then — it is interesting, as it shows the anonymous Tolstoyan nature of organized science — how many years difference would it have made if he had never lived? How much longer before the nucleus would have been understood as we now understand it? Perhaps ten years. More likely only five.

Rutherford’s intellect was so strong that he would, in the long run, have accepted that judgment. But he would not have liked it. His estimate of his own powers was realistic, but if it erred at all, it did not err on the modest side. “There is no room for this particle in the atom as designed by *me*,” I once heard him assure a large audience. It was part of his nature that, stupendous as his work was, he should consider it 10 per cent more so. It was also part of his nature that, quite without acting, he should behave constantly as though he were 10 per cent larger than life. Worldly success? He loved every minute of it: flattery, titles, the company of the high official world. He said in a speech: “As I was standing in the drawing room at Trinity, a *clergyman* came in. And I said to him: ‘I’m Lord Rutherford.’ And he said to me: ‘I’m the Archbishop of York.’ And I don’t suppose either of us believed the other.”

He was a great man, a very great man, by any standards which we can apply. He was clever as well as creatively gifted, magnanimous (within

the human limits) as well as hearty. He was also superbly and magnificently vain as well as wise — the combination is commoner than we think when we are young. He enjoyed a life of miraculous success. On the whole he enjoyed his own personality. But I am sure that, even quite late in his life, he felt stabs of a sickening insecurity.

Somewhere at the roots of that abundant and creative nature there was a painful, shrinking nerve. One has only to read his letters as a young man to discern it. There are passages of self-doubt which are not to be explained completely by a humble colonial childhood and youth. He was uncertain in secret, abnormally so for a young man of his gifts. He kept the secret as his personality flowered and hid it. But there was a mysterious diffidence behind it all. He hated the faintest suspicion of being patronized, even when he was a world figure. Archbishop Lang was once tactless enough to suggest that he supposed a famous scientist had no time for reading. Rutherford immediately felt that he was being regarded as an ignorant roughneck. He produced a formidable list of his last month’s reading. Then, half innocently, half malevolently: “And what do you manage to read, your Grice?” “I am afraid,” said the Archbishop, somewhat out of his depth, “that a man in my position really doesn’t have the leisure . . .” “Ah, yes, your Grice,” said Rutherford in triumph, “it must be a dog’s life! It must be a dog’s life!”

Once I had an opportunity of seeing that diffidence face to face. In the autumn of 1934 I published my first novel, which was called *The Search* and the background of which was the scientific world. Not long after it came out, Rutherford met me in King’s Parade. “What have you been doing to us, young man?” he asked vociferously. I began to describe the novel, but it was not necessary; he announced that he had read it with care. He went on to invite, or rather command, me to take a stroll with him round the Backs. Like most of my scientific friends, he was good-natured about the book, which has some descriptions of the scientific experience which are probably somewhere near the truth. He praised it. I was gratified. It was a sunny October afternoon. Suddenly he said: “I didn’t like the erotic bits. I suppose it’s because we belong to different generations.”

The book, I thought, was reticent enough. I did not know how to reply.

In complete seriousness and simplicity, he made another suggestion. He hoped that I was not going to write all my novels about scientists. I assured him that I was not — certainly not another for a long time.

He nodded. He was looking gentler than usual,

and thoughtful. "It's a small world, you know," he said. He meant the world of science. "Keep off us as much as you can. People are bound to think that you are getting at some of us. And I suppose we've all got things that we don't want anyone to see."

I MENTIONED that his intuitive foresight went wrong just once. As a rule, he was dead right about the practical applications of science just as much as about the nucleus. But his single boss shot sounds ironic now. In 1933 he said, in another address to the British Association, "These transformations of the atom are of extraordinary interest to scientists, but we cannot control atomic energy to an extent which would be of any value commercially, and I believe we are not likely ever to be able to do so. A lot of nonsense has been talked about transmutations. Our interest in the matter is purely scientific."

That statement, which was made only nine years before the first pile worked, was not intended to be either optimistic or pessimistic. It was just a forecast, and it was wrong.

That judgment apart, people outside the scientific world often felt that Rutherford and his kind were optimistic — optimistic right against the current of the twentieth-century literary-intellectual mood, offensively and brazenly optimistic. This feeling was not quite unjustified, but the difference between the scientists and the nonscientists was subtler than that. When the scientists talked of the individual human condition, they did not find it any more hopeful than the rest of us. Does anyone really imagine that Bertrand Russell, G. H. Hardy, Rutherford, Blackett, and the rest were bemused by cheerfulness as they faced their own individual state? Very few of them had any of the consolations of religion: they believed, with the same certainty that they believed in Rutherford's atom, that they were going, after the loneliness of this mortal life, into annihilation. Intellectually they had an unqualified comprehension, without any cushions at all, of the tragic condition of individual man.

Nevertheless it is true that, of the kinds of people I have lived among, the scientists were much the happiest. Somehow scientists were buoyant at a time when other intellectuals could not keep away despair. The reasons for this are complex. Partly, the nature of scientific activity, its complete success on its own terms, is itself a source of happiness; partly, people who are drawn to scientific activity tend to be happier in temperament than other clever men. By the nature of their vocation and also by the nature of their own tem-

perament, the scientists did not think constantly of the individual human predicament. Since they could not alter it, they let it alone. When they thought about people, they thought most of what could be altered, not what couldn't. So they gave their minds not to the individual condition but to the social one.

There, science itself was the greatest single force for change. The scientists were themselves part of the deepest revolution in human affairs since the discovery of agriculture. They could accept what was happening, while other intellectuals shrank away. They not only accepted it, they rejoiced in it. It was difficult to find a scientist who did not believe that the scientific-technical-industrial revolution, accelerating under his eyes, was not doing incomparably more good than harm.

This was the characteristic optimism of scientists in the twenties and thirties. It still is. In some ways it was too easy an optimism, but the counterattitude of the nonscientific intellectuals was too easy a pessimism. Between Rutherford and Blackett on the one hand, and, say, Wyndham Lewis and Ezra Pound on the other, who are on the side of their fellow human beings? The only people who would have any doubt about the answer are those who dislike the human race.

So, in Rutherford's scientific world, the liberal decencies were taken for granted. It was a society singularly free from class or national or racial prejudice. Rutherford called himself alternatively conservative or nonpolitical, but the men he wanted to have jobs were those who could do physics. Niels Bohr, Otto Hahn, Georg von Hevesy, Hans Geiger were men and brothers, whether they were Jews, Germans, Hungarians — men and brothers whom he would much rather have near him than the Archbishop of Canterbury or one of "those fellows" or any damned English philosopher. It was Rutherford who, after 1933, took the lead in opening English academic life to Jewish refugees. In fact, scientific society was wide open, as it may not be again for many years. There was coming and going among laboratories all over the world, including Russia. Peter Kapitza, Rutherford's favorite pupil, contrived to be in good grace with the Soviet authorities and at the same time a star of the Cavendish. With a touch of genius and of the inspired Russian clown, he backed both horses for fifteen years until, on one of his holiday trips to Russia, the Soviet bosses blandly told him that they now wanted his services full time.

Kapitza flattered Rutherford outrageously, and Rutherford loved it. Kapitza was as impudent as Peter Lebedev; he had great daring and scientific insight. He once asked a friend of mine whether a foreigner could become an English peer; we strongly suspected that his ideal career would see

him established simultaneously in the Soviet Academy of Sciences and as Rutherford's successor in the House of Lords.

Between Leningrad and Cambridge, Kapitza oscillated. Between Copenhagen and Cambridge, there was a stream of travelers, all the nuclear physicists of the world. Copenhagen had become the second scientific metropolis on account of the personal influence of one man, Niels Bohr, who was complementary to Rutherford as a person — patient, reflective, any thought hedged with Proustian qualifications — just as the theoretical quantum physics of which he was the master was complementary to Rutherford's experimental physics. He had been a pupil of Rutherford's, and they loved and esteemed each other like father and son. (Rutherford was a paterfamilias born, and the death of his only daughter seems to have been the greatest sorrow of his personal life. In his relations with Bohr and Kapitza and others, there was a strong vein of paternal emotion diverted from the son he never had.) But, strong as Rutherford's liking for Bohr was, it was not strong enough to put up with Bohr's idea of a suitable length for a lecture. In the Cavendish lecture room, Bohr went past the hour; Rutherford began to stir. Bohr went past the hour and a half; Rutherford began plucking at his sleeve and muttering in a stage whisper about "another five minutes." Blandly, patiently, determined not to leave a qualification unsaid, Bohr went past the two hours; Rutherford was beginning to trumpet about "bringing the lecture to a close." Soon they were both on their feet at once.

THROUGHOUT the twenties and thirties, the quantum physics seemed as exciting as the experiments of the Rutherford school. At times it seemed more so. Looking at young Paul Dirac, in his middle twenties, pale and black-mustached like the bridegroom in an Italian wedding photograph, walking with his arms behind him along the Backs, people wondered if he had not written down the fundamental laws of physics and chemistry forever. Thirty years later, the revolution in theory still seems wonderful, but not quite so final as it did then. At the time, it was part, and in some ways the most dramatic part, of the general air of intellectual triumph which spread, of course, much further than physics — it touched almost all natural science. In physics the triumph was clearest and most dramatic, that was all.

Thus the climate in which English scientists went about their work was crammed full of confidence, socially well-intentioned and, in a serious working sense, international. But coming upon

them was the distress of the thirties, the emergence of National Socialism, and the prospect of a war.

People outside the scientific world got the impression that, as soon as the trouble broke, the scientists moved to the Left as one man. That is not true, and yet the impression is not wholly false. More unanimously than any other intellectual group, the scientists were anti-Nazi. There were none of the ambiguous relations with Fascism into which Yeats and T. S. Eliot found themselves entering, none of those uncapitalized references to "the jew." Rutherford and his contemporaries mostly voted Conservative, but they regarded that kind of utterance as intellectually and morally contemptible. In fact, the literary neo-classics, the "men of 1914," made scientists think all the worse of the aesthetic world; in some ways, unfairly so. The social attitudes of Pound, Lewis, and T. E. Hulme are not, of course, representative of all artists. Their importance is symbolic, not statistical. This was a moral debasement the scientists did not know; many of them have not forgotten, and it has widened the gap between the cultures.

In his political attitudes, Rutherford was typical of a large fraction of scientists. He welcomed the Jewish refugees and put himself out for them; he presumably went on voting Conservative but was getting restive and sympathetic to the Churchill wing. He did not dislike Russia nearly as much as a nonscientific Conservative would have done. Like all scientists, conservative or radical, he had, almost without thinking what it meant, the future in his bones. In all those ways the respectable older scientists felt and acted with him. Some of them were already active in preparing for war, such as Tizard, perhaps the ablest scientist who ever devoted himself to military affairs; more than any other man he was responsible for the scientific thinking which lay behind the Battle of Britain.

But an overwhelming majority of the younger scientists had committed themselves to the Left. This was partly due to the social crisis; it was partly that science itself, in its new triumphant phase, was working inside young men's minds. Like their seniors, the young scientists also had the future in their bones. Unlike their seniors, they found it natural to look for a political correlative. By the mid-thirties, it was very rare to find a physicist under forty whose sympathies were not on the Left.

This process of political crystallization had begun years before, when the leaders of the young radical scientists had already emerged: J. D. Bernal, Blackett, J. B. S. Haldane. All three were men of tough character and immense intellectual ability. The two Communists, Bernal and Haldane, suffered from the vagaries of the party line

and were as late as 1935 leading a pacifist movement among scientists which they shortly after put into reverse. Nevertheless, Bernal, through charm, courage, and more learning than anyone else in England, became the most powerful intellectual force on the extreme Left; more than anyone else, he made Communism intellectually respectable. It was, however, rare for scientists, even the most radical, to enter the party. For most of them, Blackett — firmly planted on the Left but not a Communist, and a scientist of much greater achievement than Bernal or Haldane — was the chosen symbol. In fact, he spoke for the younger generation of scientists in the thirties very much as Rutherford spoke for the older.

My guess is that if one had taken a poll of the two hundred brightest physicists under the age of forty in 1936, about five would have been Communists, ten fellow travelers, fifty somewhere near the Blackett position, a hundred passively sympathetic to the Left. The rest would have been politically null, with perhaps five (or possibly six) oddities on the Right.

Of those two hundred, a number have since occupied positions of eminence. It is interesting that none of them has drastically altered his political judgment. There has just been a slight stagger, a place and a half to the Right, no more. The

scientists who got under the shadow of the Communist Party have come out but have stayed (like Haldane) on the extreme Left. A few who were vaguely Left in the thirties would now be vaguely sympathetic to R. A. Butler. The changes have not been any more dramatic than that. There have not been any renunciations or swings to religious faith, such as a number of writers of the same age, once Left Wing, have gone in for. The scientists' radicalism had deeper roots.

Before Rutherford's death, a number of the younger scientists were already preparing for the war. Blackett, as usual giving them the lead, had been getting himself used to military problems for some years before. He had been put on the Air Defence Council by Tizard, who wanted talent regardless of politics and who was a specially good judge of talent when it came his way. It was for such reasons — and because England had just gone through its greatest age of physics — that the English scientists were by and large more effective than those of any other country throughout the war with Hitler.

That was one of the legacies of the age of Rutherford. The other legacy was that, after the war, some of the same scientists took Britain into the atomic age and got her a standing there which will retain her as a major power, if anything can.

ROCK-AND-ROLL SESSION

BY PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

For this the primal reed was cloven.
For this did Berlioz break his ease
And Schubert starve and deaf Beethoven
Bend silence into symphonies.

For this the little Mozart fiddled
Beyond his bedtime, Bach was born,
And Guido got the scale unriddled,
That, paced by an hysteric horn,

The pimpled heirs of Orpheus, beating
Damp palms, might sway (agape like fish)
To four notes endlessly repeating
Thirty-two bars of gibberish.

An Atlantic Serial

SIGH FOR A STRANGE LAND

BY MONICA STIRLING

An English writer who spent most of her girlhood in France, MONICA STIRLING represented the ATLANTIC in Paris in the months immediately after the Liberation. We have published her short stories and her first novel, LOVERS AREN'T COMPANY, and have saluted with respect her biography of Ouida which appeared earlier this year. Now we are happy to present in serial form her tender, valiant novel which was sparked by the Hungarian Revolution.

THE day the revolution started my Aunt Natasha was drunk. Not that I realized this at first. She'd gone to a name-day party the previous evening, and I hadn't heard her come in. But there was nothing unusual about this. Aunt Natasha is very dignified when drunk, and therefore quiet. She is also dignified when sober. I love Aunt Natasha. She adopted me after the death of my parents, whom I can't remember, although no one would have blamed her had she shifted the responsibility. My other blood relative, Uncle Matthias, cans caviar for exportation and owns a television set; but he was determined not to own me.

Aunt Natasha is not young, and her husband, the general, died before the war. I can't remember him; nor, I sometimes think, can she. Unless he was a very odd general: gentleness, according to her, was his dominant characteristic. Almost aggressively gentle herself, Aunt Natasha had lately taken to vegetarianism — although we made an exception whenever Uncle Matthias sent us caviar, which he didn't do often, luckily for Aunt Natasha's principles. Because she never cheated, maintaining that to say "fishes' eggs don't count" would be adding hypocrisy to wrongdoing, the thought of which made her scatter hairpins.

These hairpins often served as barometers. For example, when strewn over the floor of her room

in the morning, they indicated that Aunt Natasha had been drunk the night before. We never discussed this, not because the matter embarrassed her, but because it didn't, so there was nothing to discuss. It was behavior of this kind that made Uncle Matthias say Aunt Natasha was merely a child in his I-am-a-man-of-the-world-and-you-can't-fool-me voice. But he isn't and you can. He meant that despite hairpins he considered Aunt Natasha fundamentally simple and good. But having recently been a child myself, I know that children are not necessarily either simple or good.

This morning was a school holiday, but I got up at the usual time because I'd made a date to have my first permanent wave at eight o'clock, and the hairdresser lived way over on the other side of town. I'd been saving my chess winnings for this permanent. In several contemporary novels recommended by the library committee the heroines' natural hair and freedom from cosmetics are particularly admired by the heroes. Here I think the authors are deviating from the truth — except when they prevaricate by making the natural hair consist of rebellious curls. Anyway, mine being rebelliously straight, I was longing for this permanent. Longing makes me hungry, so I hurried out of bed and across the room to the tin safe where we keep food.

In it were a bowl of bean soup, half a baked potato, and some stale *hornashen*. I put half the soup in a saucepan, but the gas was so low the soup was barely tepid when I wanted it. Eating half the half potato, I daydreamed of other kinds of food. My deskmate, Elsa, whose father is a porter at the American Embassy, once gave me a magazine full of big, colored advertisements: hamburgers, hot dogs, avocado pears, waffles with maple syrup, lemon meringue pie, and steaks bigger than my hand. Most of all I should have liked to try a layer cake that looked as snow does at the pole just after penguins have hobbled across it. Meanwhile I ate the potato slowly, so as to make it last. It was somewhat moldy, but I enjoyed the burned part.

While eating I stood beside the dressmaking dummy and looked out the window. It is mainly because some of Boris' jobs with horses have enabled him to win friends and influence people in one or two government offices that Aunt Natasha can carry on private dressmaking without being molested. In general, former property owners can operate only on sufferance; and in the case of shopkeepers it's not long before they're accused of sabotage. At this time of the morning there was usually a procession of people going by to work. They would hurry along in dark clothes, few ever looking right or left, their movements staccato as those of extras in the early Charlie Chaplin films shown at the Cinema Museum. But this morning the street was empty, except for a cat. It advanced prudently, stopping now and again to examine the gutter. Once it jumped on a leaf. It was an orange cat. Wondering uninterestedly where everyone had gone, I finished dressing. I didn't wash as, the tap being in Aunt Natasha's room, this would have meant disturbing her. There is a shower on the landing, but seldom any water, and never any hot water except when the janitor's wife wants to take a bath, a rare event.

As I was about to leave I suddenly remembered that Elsa had given me a glass tube of Alka-Seltzer tablets in exchange for my doing her French translation. Her father had picked them out of an embassy trash basket, a place in which he often found objects of interest. Aunt Natasha had appreciated the last lot, so would be glad to see these. I managed to turn the handle soundlessly, and was about to tiptoe in when I saw that her bed was empty.

Fear broke out over me like sweat. Worrying as she did over me — in case I might be run over, for example, although there is very little traffic to be run over by — Aunt Natasha rightly assumed I worried over her, and she never slept away from home without warning me, even at curfew periods. My hand sticking to the door knob, I guessed at

friends she might have felt like visiting after the party: old Nina, who is a masseuse but has no telephone and lives on the other side of town, between the Powder Tower and the deserted canal; Olga, who is officially a bad typist and unofficially an excellent fortuneteller; Boris, who is Aunt Natasha's oldest friend and now trains circus horses — and at this point there was a loud hammering on the front door. The bell had been out of order for several months, and the electrician's waiting list was longer than a bus queue on a wet night. If nagged, the electrician would fly into a rage and announce he had only one pair of hands. Sometimes he even accused the impatient of being bourgeois.

"Coming," I shouted, thinking with relief that Aunt Natasha had merely lost her key, "coming, darling," then I stopped. Outside stood not Aunt Natasha, but a policeman. I felt as if there were a large cold stone in my stomach. But I tried to look pleasant. They can make trouble, not theoretically but in practice, if one doesn't. After giving me a disapproving stare, he asked, in that smoothly dire voice that so often goes with a uniform, did Aunt Natasha live here? Yes, I said, swallowing "of course" just in time. Oh, he said, sneerily, then I'd better know she was at the Racnik hospital, having been taken ill in a public thoroughfare. The stone pressed deeper into my stomach, but I just managed to control myself. If one shows distress they are apt to think one has reprehensible motives for this. Which is often the case, from their viewpoint. Instead of trying "My aunt is inclined to be delicate," which might have led to their sending her to a Home, I said, "Thanks very much, I'll come right away." Then something odd happened. The policeman smiled sympathetically, so I smiled back, and for a few seconds it was as if there were no uniform making a third person in the doorway.

WHEN I got to the end of the street I realized I hadn't asked the policeman the Racnik's address. But he'd bicycled out of sight, so I turned back and across the big square to the post office. At this hour the square usually belongs to the men in dark blue, with peaked caps, who sweep up the leaves. Children on their way to school often annoy the men by shuffling their feet in the piled-up leaves, and when the sweepers brandish their brooms the twigs make angry crackling sounds. But today no one was touching the leaves, which lay where they had fallen, in heaps almost as bright as the orange cat. There was a faint smell of burning.

To my surprise, the post office was closed. There was no one outside but a speckled cat, caressing

itself against a grating, and when I looked back across the square the only living creature in sight was another cat. There was no queue outside the bookstore, though there had been one all day yesterday, owing to the arrival of copies of two French books, *Cyrano de Bergerac* and a novel by Gilbert Cesbron.

Behind the post office I ran into one of the sweepers, his peaked cap on backwards. When I asked the way to the Racnik he looked annoyed and turned his back. When I tried to insist, he shooed me off with his broom. Next I tried the baker's. The baker was outside, pulling down the iron shutters. All he would say, out of the side of his mouth, was "You don't want to go there now." On the railway embankment three children were playing marbles with pebbles. They'd never heard of the Racnik. In front of the closed gymnasium some young men in raincoats were running, their elbows close to their sides, their knees high. A small boy held the side door of the church of the Knights of the Cross open so that a man wearing a crash helmet could wheel his motorcycle inside. Far down the arcaded street that leads to tall old houses with high-pitched gabled roofs, there was a small detonation. Today, looking back on all this, I realize nothing was quite as usual that morning; but at the time I was thinking only of Aunt Natasha. Sometimes, when one is called to the hospital, there has been an accident.

I crossed the river — dark-green as magnolia leaves this morning, with here and there coffee-colored streaks of alluvial mud — by the bridge of statues. The wind was tugging frantically at the flag over the castle. At the end of February 11th Avenue, there was a smell of gasoline. It came from a straggling crowd of people carrying jugs and making for the war memorial. This consists mainly of an old tank the color of dried mustard, and it is only time that has transformed it into a memorial. Tanks fill me with terror. Bombs and bullets can kill unexpectedly, quickly, almost painlessly; but no one could see a tank coming nearer and nearer without knowing what to expect. After seeing that old film about the siege of Berlin, I used to have nightmares in which I was slowly chased by an army of giant tortoises, their soft heads gently swaying outside their hard shells, their necks looking like crumpled wrapping paper.

Running from the crowd, I found myself in a street I didn't know. At the end of it stood a gray statue of a liberator, speckled white by pigeons' droppings. An old woman was sitting on the steps at the liberator's feet, mending the cane seat of a chair. She had no front teeth and smelled of garlic. When I asked her the way to the Racnik she made growling noises. I just managed to make

out that I'd better be careful, it was one thing to get in but quite another to get out, they're devils in them hospitals, also that the Racnik was second on the left from the Victory Arch. I've forgotten who was victorious there, but many people were killed and some of their names are carved on the arch. Whenever we are advised to think of posterity, it strikes me that we are someone's posterity. This is not altogether an encouraging thought.

Beyond the arch people were running to and fro, shouting. I try to acquire courage, but doubt I ever shall. Shouts, waving arms, and people gnashing as if their teeth were secret weapons make me tremble. I was beginning to fear I would never find the hospital when there it was, just past the statue of a reformer who was burned several hundreds of years ago: a big handsome building with windows, some of them paneless, surmounted by fragments of carved coats of arms. Immediately inside was a desk marked "Inquiries." A man in a grayish overall said Aunt Natasha certainly wasn't there, speaking as if my suggesting she might be were an insult. But another man, who was filling in forms, suddenly looked over his spectacles and said oh yes she was, on the second floor. He even accompanied me to the elevator, which had a placard on it saying "Temporarily out of order." In our apartment block the elevator wore a similar placard for eighteen months, after which Aunt Natasha stole it. She said the information had grown stale, not to say monotonous. Sometimes, when just a little drunk, she used to hang this placard round her neck.

THE hospital stairs were painted a mustard color like that of the memorial tank. I tried unsuccessfully to imagine anyone's going into a paint store and exclaiming, "Ah, that's just the color I'd like." There were smells of anesthetics, frying, and lavatories. The first ward I entered contained about twenty beds, close together, in each an old woman with tangled gray or white hair, and several front teeth missing. Looking at the hairs, each distinct as twisted wire, strewn over the battered scalps, I thought of the last ballet Aunt Natasha and I went to — and of how lucky Juliet was to die young, beautiful, and still expecting something from life.

Aunt Natasha wasn't there, so I ran out, and into a nurse with a dirty apron, who said she'd never heard of Aunt Natasha, and I'd no business wandering around as if I owned the place. So I said placatingly that I was just going, and went down the passage and hid behind a wardrobe until she was out of sight. The second ward contained

the same kind of old women as the first, inanimate as objects washed up after a storm, except for an occasional flicker in their eyes, such as one sees in the eyes of animals behind bars. Immediately I entered the third ward, a hand rose from the furthest bed, and with it a faint but jaunty cry. So relieved that I was almost prepared to scold, I ran and clutched Aunt Natasha. All her hairpins were gone, and her soft moth-colored hair floated round her shoulders, giving her the look of an elderly actress miscast as Desdemona.

"Look, Resi darling," she pointed at her black eye, "wouldn't you know I'd go and fall on my face. You'll have to conceal me, in the unlikely event of Matthias calling." She gave a deep infectious laugh. Uncle Matthias is not related to Aunt Natasha by blood, only by law, and distantly.

"How . . ." Then I stopped. In such circumstances, Aunt Natasha never remembers recent happenings. "What about coming home?"

"An excellent idea. So good of you to come, my darling. They were being quite tiresome about letting me out. Forms," she waved her long beautiful grubby hands, "filling in f-o-r-m-s, the great twentieth-century vocation. You'd think that . . ." Suddenly bored by this topic, she turned to the bed nearest hers. "Mrs. Wieder has kindly suggested that her husband might be able to do us a favor now and again. He's a butcher, and devoted to the circus."

This was the first I'd heard of our vegetarian period being over, and I looked with interest at Mrs. Wieder, who was mumbling what sounded like an apology.

"By all means," said Aunt Natasha graciously and, as if she'd been waiting for this signal, Mrs. Wieder popped a set of large false teeth into her mouth. They didn't altogether improve her appearance, but they did alter it. "You're very welcome," she said, distinctly, and she bowed, in as far as one can bow lying in bed. Aunt Natasha bowed back, on the same lines, but with different effect. The difference between Aunt Natasha and Mrs. Wieder was like that between bombed baroque and a prefabricated house that has collapsed because it wasn't put together properly in the first place.

Getting drunk must give pleasure or so many people wouldn't do it. In Aunt Natasha's case I think it reminds her of when she was young and beautiful, since at that time many of her friends drank a lot. It was part of the way they lived, like keeping tame bears, going to hear gypsies sing, having the kind of love affairs that go with tiaras, and never getting up from the table feeling one could immediately eat as much again. Yet she did not exactly regret that life, having thought

it wrong even when living it. As a young bride, an admirer of Peter Stolypin, she assembled all the peasants on her country estate and announced she meant to share her land with them. She was amazed when they replied they needed time to consider her offer, and very hurt when they refused it on the grounds that she wouldn't be giving property away if there weren't something wrong with it. But although Aunt Natasha disapproved of that old life, it had left traces in her, like creases in a piece of cloth that only a hot iron can smooth out — and, now and again, one of these traces would get us into worse trouble than we were in at the Racnik.

When at last I found the nurse in charge of dehospitalization, she grumbled and thrust a handful of printed forms at me. I have known many shortages, but never one of forms. Aunt Natasha won't use them for lavatory paper, she says one must draw the line somewhere, and that in any case they would be just as nefarious in this capacity as in that for which they were intended. On the forms in question Aunt Natasha was required to certify that all her personal belongings had been returned to her in good and due form. In fact they were returned in a sackcloth bag with a list pinned to it: "one beret, one coat, one skirt (torn), one pair of boots, one purse (empty), one glove (left hand), one key, one packet of cigarettes (squashed)."

Greeting these elatedly, Aunt Natasha climbed out of bed. With her hair drifting over the shoulders of the grubby white cotton hospital night-shirt that stuck out around her legs, thin as a flamingo's, in their wrinkled pinkish-beige stockings, she looked more than ever like a miscast actress. One of her stockings was torn. I knotted my handkerchief, to remind me to buy thread.

Before leaving, Aunt Natasha bowed enthusiastically to so many people that I was afraid we were in for a busy week socially. She likes few things better than having our two rooms crammed with people all talking at the tops of their voices, while she adds cabbage to the pot of slowly cooking soup. At school we're often told to remember that older people find it hard to adjust themselves to modern life, but Aunt Natasha is in many respects better adjusted to it than I am. The facts of life don't shock her.

WHEN at last we got away into the street, I saw that, for all her buoyancy, Aunt Natasha wasn't feeling her best. For one thing, she made a fuss about lacking an umbrella, insisting she'd had one on arrival, therefore the hospital must have stolen it. She became very agitated, connecting this

imaginary theft with some of the executions she saw during the last war. The lampposts to which these particular people were strung are just around the corner from us. Her black eye was more apparent now than it had been indoors, and her hastily rolled-up hair made bulges in her dusty old beret.

Luckily there was no one about except a scurrying hunchback at whom Aunt Natasha looked longingly. Although she disapproved theoretically of superstition, she liked to touch a hunchback's hump but was too considerate to do so except in a crowded streetcar, where no one noticed. Similarly, she disliked seeing people break up the still burning remains of fagots with a poker, thus sending their dead relatives to hell. When taxed with this, she would deny it, adding that in the first place the relatives were probably in hell anyway, and in the second that hell didn't exist. Then she would go right on touching humps, restraining pokers and, when very slightly drunk, tossing glasses over her left shoulder. Luckily, most of our glasses were in fact plastic cups.

We waited for about fifteen minutes, and still no streetcar came. The wind tugged at our clothes and made our teeth chatter. Somewhere in an upper room a radio was turned on. A large voice orated angrily, then was interrupted by a passage from *The Bartered Bride*. When this stopped abruptly, there was silence except for the wind.

"We really must get our radio mended," said Aunt Natasha apologetically.

"We will." But I knew we couldn't afford to just now. Suddenly exhausted by the thought of all we couldn't afford, I said: "Look, it's cold, and we're tired, so let's try and find a taxi in Government Square, and then" — I put my hand in my pocket and made sure the money was there — "then let's stop at the delicatessen downstairs and get some salami." Aunt Natasha had loved salami before vegetarianism set in.

"Do you think we could manage a bottle of beer, too?" She tried to make the question sound casual.

"I guess so." I touched the coins again.

"I could do with a glass of beer."

The way she spoke brought tears to my eyes, partly because it was she, partly because certain kinds of small greediness seem to me beautiful: on the side of life.

"Of course," I said warmly, "of course. You shall have —" and it was then that the tank came down the street.

As it crashed along, wobbling slightly, like the giant tortoises in my nightmare, Aunt Natasha pulled me behind a lamppost. I don't know what good we thought a lamppost would do us. There

was a man standing up in the middle of the tank, only his head and shoulders visible above the manhole, and on his face a ferociously constipated look. I made my stare respectful enough for two — one cannot look respectful with a black eye — and at last the tank turned a corner.

AT THE crossroads, between the remains of the synagogue burned by the Germans and the Roman Catholic Church shelled by the Russians, we saw a young man with a camera running as if pursued. He was going so fast that when he suddenly stopped we both jumped. He stood as if hypnotized, just across the street from us. We could see he was unusually handsome, and looked friendly. Suddenly he raised his arms, slowly and gracefully and purposefully, like a conductor during slow music. A dreamy smile spread over his face, and the camera hanging around his neck swayed like a pendulum. Moving nearer, we saw a surprised look come into his eyes, which were light gray and very clear. His arms were still uplifted when, all at once, he crumpled and fell.

Kneeling beside him, I turned to Aunt Natasha. Her face had a greenish tinge. Closing his eyes, she said, "Even the young may be glad to rest." I nodded. But the idea that he would never open them again was so disturbing that I began to cry. One hand on his shoulder, one arm round me, Aunt Natasha looked hesitantly around the crossroads, empty except for the three of us, and said, "Something unusual's happening, don't you think?" A press card in the young man's pocket showed him to have been a foreign journalist, aged twenty-five. Underneath him a bloodstain spread, like ink in blotting paper. Distant rat-tat-tat sounds came nearer.

"Better go through the park," I said. Riots usually took place near the shoe factories or university, at the other end of town. Aunt Natasha took my hand. Like hers it was clammy. From the corner we looked back at the young man, lying as if asleep, alone with his camera. Suddenly half a dozen men in raincoats jumped out of a doorway and ran past us, yelling. We couldn't hear what they said, but their tone made us run too. They were carrying machine guns. As we ran, I prayed that the delicatessen would be open. Aunt Natasha looked ill, and I knew she'd not eaten in the hospital, because whenever one of us eats out she saves a bit for the other.

The park gates were shut, but not locked. Two men wearing armlets were carrying a loaded stretcher up the bandstand steps, while a girl with her hair tied up in a yellow scarf tossed music stands over the balustrade. As the metal landed

on the grass it made small thudding sounds. We did not talk much. Once Aunt Natasha said, "It'll be all right" for my benefit, and I said, "I'm sure it will" for hers.

On the other side of the park most of the streets were empty. Our footsteps sounded abnormally loud, and a sensation of being followed made us break into a run every now and again. Once we were brought up short by small clashes overhead and, looking up, saw a woman frantically closing shutters. We realized then that many of the houses we'd passed had had drawn shutters, although it was not yet midmorning. When we reached the post office square we saw why the nearby streets were empty. It was seething with people, some of them tugging at the grille over the post office door and yelling.

By flattening ourselves against the wall, we managed to slide into the Avenue of the Revolution and down Neruda Street to our block. But it was no longer ours. It was burning. People zigzagged crazily to and fro, like ants from an overturned heap. For a second Aunt Natasha and I stood still. Everything suddenly seemed to me shifty and treacherous. I've never understood why anyone finds it difficult to believe chairs and tables are made of constantly moving atoms. Nothing is reliable in this moving world but love, and the loved die as easily as the unloved.

All at once the rushing to and fro stopped. Everyone began streaming in the same direction, old people with bundles, women with babies, children with guns and toys, many of them crying or shouting, others staring blankly ahead, their shoulders hunched up. Tearing round a corner, the janitor's child butted into us. He carried a jug smelling of gasoline and shouted breathlessly: "Boris — looking for you — delicatessen."

Running through the smoke clouds, past the crumbling buildings and crazed people, we felt a horrid kind of relief: something we'd dreaded had happened, so there was that much less need for dread. Reliable as ever, Boris was standing on the delicatessen doorstep, peering into the smoke, his white hair on end, his face and riding boots the same reddish-brown. When I noticed the salami sticking out of his pocket, I nearly cried. It was so like him to have just what Aunt Natasha wanted at this minute.

"Natasha! Resi! My darlings! Where were you? Never mind now! Thank heaven you're here," and he tugged us out of the sea of smoke, round the corner, and down by the used canal, where he'd parked his horse box. In it were nine people and three horses. The driver started the engine as we climbed inside.

While we rumbled alongside the canal and, later, between snow-powdered stretches of fur-

rowed brown land, everyone began discussing what was happening, not realizing what was, so that the talk was like a collective effort to do a huge jigsaw puzzle no one had ever seen completed. Aunt Natasha's black eye didn't look out of place here, as she sat up very straight, congratulating Boris on having brought the horses along. She seemed to be feeling much better, and when Boris asked with anguish what would have happened if he hadn't found us, she replied with satisfaction, "Just as well I wasn't home this morning, in the circumstances, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Boris and I chorused, "yes, darling, it was." We would have said "yes, darling" to whatever she pronounced, so glad were we to have her here, black eye and all, all including the look of effrontery induced in her by a successfully overcome hangover. Watching Boris pat her shoulder in the fond way he keeps for her and horses, it struck me that one of his reasons for loving Aunt Natasha was the same as one of mine, namely he had never done anything to make him wish later that he'd been nicer to her. So where she was concerned, he felt no remorse, only undiluted love.

When it grew dark, my head began to nod. Presently I fell asleep and, dreaming fitfully of the young man with a camera, was jolted through the darkness and across my first frontier, into another country.

WHEN the rear flap of the horse box crashed down, gusts of cold damp air swirled in and a crowd of people pressed forward, some in uniform, some armed. After an instant's silence, they all began talking at once and continued, with increasing volume, until interrupted by Boris, who jumped out, his usually ruddy face pale in the moonlight, and caught their questions as a seal catches fish. We couldn't hear all the debate, but it wasn't long before Boris' expression changed to one of sly pleasure, as if he had pulled off an unexpected deal. Then he vaulted up, drew the flap after him, and on we went.

Presently we left the dirt track and began rumbling over stones. Edging round, I looked out front through a grating. We were in the middle of a city — or so I thought, seeing the shadowy outlines of twisted old houses with overhanging upper stories. Then we turned into a wider street of palatial buildings with carved grilles over their windows and escutcheons over their doors. A brilliant river of moonlight flowed down the middle of it, deepened here and there by golden squares reflected from lit-up shop windows. At home there are so few street lights that visitors and drunks often fall over the sidewalk after dark.

In one of these shop windows I could just see clusters of jewels like petrified flowers. I was wishing we could get hold of one — jewelry is so easy to hide, transport, and sell, though Aunt Natasha says one should place no reliance on pearls — when it struck me that these were probably only display goods, like the pink cardboard pig with a wax apple in its mouth that has been in our butcher's window for as long as I can remember.

All at once, the lights went out. The transparent golden windows became darkly opaque, reflecting moonlit fragments of buildings and gliding movements like those of fish in an aquarium. Lights going out usually signify trouble, so I turned to see if Aunt Natasha looked as frightened as I felt. A ray of moonlight swept, like the hand of a demented clock, from one side of her face to the other, making her absent-minded smile look like a smile in what we were encouraged to call decadent modern abstract painting. Later, I discovered that she had been preoccupied just then by the problem of Sasha, Boris' recently lamed horse. When in great trouble, Aunt Natasha is apt to select a minor vexation and concentrate on this. Last time there was an abortive rising, a lion got sick in Boris' circus, and Aunt Natasha spoke so feelingly of noble animals pining, far from their natural habitat, that she almost convinced us the lion's predicament was worse than ours, and more interesting. By the time I'd discovered that this particular lion had been born and bred in a circus, the animal had recovered and there was no more street fighting in our district. Boris says this habit of Aunt Natasha's shouldn't be discouraged, as it is her form of mental therapy and doesn't prevent her from meeting disaster with courage.

The minute our horse box jolted to a standstill, more uniforms appeared, but mostly on women, unarmed. While I was thinking "officials" and seeing some of the sickening pictures that word conjures up, Boris said, "Ah, the Red Cross," sounding gratified and as if it were up to him to put everyone at ease. It has been said that if the devil showed up at his front door, Boris' first thought would be that the poor fellow must be tired after his long journey. Flickering torchlight and shifting shadows made every gesture mysterious as a conjurer's. Suddenly hands were clapped, and a peremptory voice asked what languages we possessed. When I said I knew some French, English, and German, the old woman from our delicatessen shop inquired so indignantly, "And how did you learn them?" that, instead of saying Aunt Natasha had taught me, I muttered "at school," which was plausible.

"Splendid," said the peremptory voice. "We shall have to enroll you as a helper."

My heart gave a thump. I didn't want to be enrolled in any capacity, anywhere. Just then Aunt Natasha winked at me and, looking round the big cobbled square, I noticed a fountain decorated by statues of caracoling horses. Thinking of Boris' horses, I felt this to be a good omen, and remembered, too, that last time Olga told our fortunes she'd said we would shortly be going on a journey that would provide a solution for many problems.

MEANWHILE Boris was talking to a Red Cross man, gesticulating like a juggler, as if this were the only way to keep the foreign words flying. Before Aunt Natasha and I realized what was happening, he had hugged us, said, "Must see to the horses first — separate sleeping quarters for the men — will be round early tomorrow," climbed back into the horse box accompanied by the Red Cross man, and driven away. As he vanished, my knees began to tremble. Perhaps Boris was being trapped into prison.

"Come on, my darling," said Aunt Natasha, in her whistling-in-the-dark voice. Keeping close to her, I followed the crowd into a large house with pale-yellow light coming through its open front door. In the hall three Red Cross workers sat writing at tables covered with papers. As we shuffled past them we were each given a square of cardboard with the word "refugee" written on it in capitals and, underneath, the date and a number.

When Anna from the delicatessen received her card, she held it up until it almost touched the tip of her big snub nose, and burst into noisy sobs. The woman who'd given her the piece of cardboard looked puzzled and exasperated as she asked what was the matter.

"The matter?" cried Anna indignantly. "It's this!" She stubbed her fat forefinger against the card just as she does when inspecting children's shopping lists in order to cry out at the exorbitance of their parents' demands. "This, this, this! To think I should live to hear myself called a *refugee*."

"But there's nothing dishonorable about being a refugee —"

"That only shows how little you know about refugees." Anna was shouting now. Like most shopkeepers never allotted enough goods to satisfy their customers, she always had raging self-defense ready to combat the slightest hint of adverse criticism. "Refugees! Dirty, nine times out of ten, prefer their own outlandish habits to ours, ungrateful like as not — *and* not above thieving. Refugees! My family's an honorable one, I'll have you know, my grandfather founded our store, built it up from nothing, and it's been in the fam-

ily ever since — wars, risings, strikes, upsets, nothing's been able to dislodge *us*. And now . . .” Suddenly her rage subsided, she looked down at the piece of cardboard, gave a hiccup-like sob and said, as if to herself, “I always thought refugees were other people.”

“Who would have thought the old woman had so much blood in her?” whispered Aunt Natasha.

“What's that?”

“A misquotation from Shakespeare.”

We had been reading Shakespeare's historical plays at school, and although he wrote over three centuries ago, in another country, and about royalty, his plots seemed full of actuality and perhaps for that reason were frightening. “How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes deeds ill done,” for example, covers any police informer or persons officially paid for being wicked.

At the end of the passage was a door, its upper part made of colored glass lozenges through which light came faintly, with sinister effect. In the huge room behind it, shadowy figures were lighting candles stuck into bottles. Now and again a uniform button caught the light and sparkled. Someone whispered that the electricity had fused. Later, I found this had been true; at the time I wondered why the speaker bothered to lie: so far as we were concerned it was too late for reassurance. Drafts kept the candle flames in motion, so that the mobile shadows made the room seem like a tent of billowing tapestries. The floor was scattered with straw, on which about thirty women and children, and several dogs, huddled asleep.

When we trooped in, a baby wailed and then stopped as if a hand had been clapped over its mouth, a dog growled softly, and from a tripped-over basket came indignant cluckings. This suddenly reminded me of a school debate on the subject of incubators. Ilona, a star pupil, had spoken in favor of incubators, saying that hens who have never laid in so-called natural conditions don't know the difference, and that even if they did it would be criminally irresponsible to attribute more importance to the putative suffering of hens than to egg production. Then, to everyone's surprise, Ladislaus, a handsome, well-liked boy who sincerely believed almost everything we were told officially, declared himself in opposition and said it was wicked to keep hens shut up in boxes, with harsh light always in their eyes and electric shocks to provoke them to lay: an egg wasn't just something to eat, but the result of a hen's wandering in a barnyard with other creatures, stirring up dust just for the pleasure of it, enjoying the sun's warmth on its feathers, pecking officiously at nothings, communing with itself in small burping sounds; in other words, an egg was the result of a certain amount of hen's happiness. It was a

good speech. But Ilona won. Afterwards, although he and I weren't in the same grade, Ladislaus suggested that we walk home together; I should have liked this, but it turned out that we lived in opposite directions. All this happened two years ago. Now, listening to the refugee hen's soft querulousness, I wondered what had happened to Ladislaus.

HAVING pushed two heaps of straw together, Aunt Natasha and I did what we call making spoons — that is, each lying on the right side, me in front, and Aunt Natasha's arms round my waist. We started this that winter when all the pipes froze and there was only black market fuel. By spreading both coats over us, we built a kind of tent. As we settled down, Aunt Natasha made a sign of the cross over me, which was unusual. The straw smelled pleasant, and as drowsiness spread through me I reflected that, whatever the truth of the matter, Mary and Joseph would surely have been astonished had anyone told them, when they were in that stable, that nearly two thousand years later people in distant countries would make the sign of the cross in remembrance of that baby and feel safer for having done so. I was half asleep when I suddenly became aware of Aunt Natasha's crying. Twisting round I whispered: “What is it? Oh, darling, don't . . .”

“Go to sleep, my pet, I wanted not to wake you.”

“You didn't. I was thinking. Please tell me.”

“You can't do anything, darling.”

“I can sympathize.”

Aunt Natasha's arms tightened around me. After a pause she said quietly, but with a despair that alarmed me, “Boris . . .”

Had Boris yearned for Aunt Natasha, I should have thought this natural, in keeping with his general attitude toward her; but she had always seemed to me to take him not exactly for granted — I knew that old and true affection united them — but with some of the detachment that marked her relations with everyone but me, for whom she felt the particular love one has for someone one has protected. When the Chinese want to wish anyone harm, they say, “May you live at an interesting period of history.” Aunt Natasha had already lived through several interesting periods, and I think it was this that had developed detachment in her, the only alternative being bitterness, which wouldn't have suited her nature.

“He promised to come for us in the morning,” I said. “He always keeps his promises.”

“When he can . . . but suppose they won't let him?”

The fears that had kept after me ever since I was a child in nursery school, determined to follow Aunt Natasha's advice — *never tell anyone a lie, but don't tell everyone the truth* — pressed closer to me. Pushing back the tent, I leaned up on my elbow. In the pale flickering light Aunt Natasha's tear-ravaged face looked older than I'd ever seen it before. There were deep ash-colored hollows under her eyes, deep folds in her thin neck.

"Suppose they won't let him," she repeated as if hypnotized. "Oh, I can't . . . I cannot bear to live through that again."

In the past Aunt Natasha and I had often spent hours in conversations beginning "Tell me something about you I don't know." Thanks to lack of false modesty, she was very good at this: she loved hearing stories about anyone — if I hadn't wanted to supply her with fresh material, I should have paid far less attention to people at school — and she assumed that her own stories would be equally well received. So I knew a good deal about her, and although I realized her life contained much of which I was ignorant, I had assumed that this ignorance concerned only persons sealed up in her past — not Boris, who was part of our shared present.

This discovery of the strange in the familiar disturbed me more than anything else had since we crossed the frontier, and I worried about it until suddenly checked by the thought that I might have forgotten to turn the gas off before going to the Racnik. Presently I realized that, as our house was now rubble, a little more or less gas was of no importance. This stopped my worrying and almost immediately I fell asleep.

IN MY dream I was standing beside a lake, trying to lace my skating boots. The sound of the Skaters' Waltz increased my feverish longing to be on the ice, but suddenly my fingers refused to move. The music grew louder, became deafening, and I woke to hear the Skaters' Waltz blaring overhead. Turning, I found my eyes exactly level with a pair of large yellow boots.

These belonged to a big man in a purplish-gray suit, with thick black mustaches, the left one of which kept brushing against the violin he was strenuously playing. Dazed, I sat up and picked the straw out of my hair. Noticing me, the violinist grimaced a smile and bowed, without stopping playing. All round the room people were picking straw out of their hair, and standing among us were a score of performers, each equipped with a music stand and all playing fortissimo.

When the music stopped, I asked the man with the mustaches what was happening. After another

grimace-smile he said that he and his colleagues from a small town just this side of the frontier had been temporarily evacuated, as a precautionary measure. They had in any case been due to give a concert here today, and as this was — here he coughed apologetically — this was in fact the municipal room used for rehearsals, they had been advised to carry on as usual.

"I suppose you don't smoke?" he asked, his head tilted as if playing the violin had given him a permanent crick in the neck.

"No, but my aunt, here, does."

"Would you like —"

"Yes, please."

He offered me a yellow cigarette with a cardboard filter, then said I could keep the whole pack. I accepted half, which amounted to six cigarettes, three for Aunt Natasha, three for Boris. Looking sad and guilty, the violinist asked where were we from? Before I could tell him, three metallic taps made him look away. The conductor raised his baton, and the William Tell Overture began thumping over us. This is music Aunt Natasha particularly dislikes, and she woke immediately, looking indignant even before her eyes were completely open.

"Deplorable! A really deplorable noise . . . Ah, there you are, darling." Smiling at me, she sat up, gently shaking straw from her hair. She didn't seem in the least surprised at being roused by an orchestra, only by that orchestra's choice of music.

"Why William Tell?" she asked. "Not that I've anything against him as a man, on the contrary, but this music would be an insult to an oppressor, let alone a liberator."

During a crescendo our Red Cross woman came in, looking distraught. She spoke to the conductor, who tapped his music stand, then stood still, glowering. The din had just ceased when a trombone player scattered a few last notes. Several people frowned at him, and he looked as embarrassed as if he'd belched on a platform during a speech by someone more important than himself. A few seconds later the musicians piled their stands and left.

Immediately afterwards a horde of women, children, babies, and some animals pressed into the room. They looked as we had last night, but more so. The first arrivals flung themselves on any unoccupied straw, and a foxy-looking dog rushed at the clucking basket and, after a preliminary sniff, began barking. The old woman who owned the basket screamed; so did two babies; and another dog, with a deep mournful bark, attacked the foxy one. Everyone began talking at once. One could hear truncated remarks. "What I always say is . . . it's disgraceful

. . . enough trouble without . . . what I always say is . . . no better than savages . . . some dogs are better citizens than . . . what I always say is . . .” Presently two Red Cross workers rushed in, separated the dogs, calmed the old woman, and, clapping their hands, proclaimed: “If you’ll all sit down, rations will be served.” As if by magic, everyone was seated and every face looked at the doorway, through which came the smell of food.

Slices of black bread and mugs of hot soup were distributed, and Aunt Natasha and I were lucky, each getting a big lump of potato in her share. We drank the soup and saved the bread. I showed Aunt Natasha the cigarettes. Delighted, she opened her coat, displaying a bottle of schnapps tucked inside. Boris had produced it in the horse box. “Let’s go and find him.” She seemed to have jumped over her nocturnal grief, perhaps because day is a less fearful time than night.

But the Red Cross people wouldn’t let us out the front door. Not just yet, they said, apologetically at first, then irritated — all the more so because they clearly felt they ought not to be — by Aunt Natasha’s insistence. “We know how you feel,” they chorused, “we do indeed, and as soon as we’ve got everyone listed . . . but with so many pouring in . . . there’s the medical aspect too . . . so if you’ll just wait . . .”

“Wait!” said Aunt Natasha, and I realized she hadn’t surmounted last night’s grief. Waiting has always been as much a part of our life as rationing, queuing, or filling in forms, and Aunt Natasha is generally calmer about this than I am.

As soon as Aunt Natasha was sure no one was watching us, she started down a passage leading to the back of the house. It was a wide but twisty passage, scattered with disparate objects: a billiard table with a hole in its green baize, a broken-nosed plaster cherub, a coat stand with deer’s antlers supporting a couple of *Pickelhaube* helmets, a stuffed peacock with a dusty Tyrolese hat over its head and neck, a bronze figure of a man playing a violin, and several pairs of skis. Presently we found a cupboard underneath a staircase. It contained brooms, brushes, cloths, and pails, and also room for us. We upturned two pails and sat down behind the bamboo curtain that served as a door. With one of the cloths I cleaned our boots, while Aunt Natasha put the bread and schnapps on a third upended pail. Then she lit a cigarette. We felt triumphant at having achieved privacy.

“We shall hear Boris,” said Aunt Natasha confidently. “When he doesn’t find us in that *dormitorium*, he’ll examine the rest of the house.” She

raised the bottle and poured some schnapps down her throat.

“Darling, why did you say ‘again’ last night about Boris not being with us? Were you thinking of that time when he was on tour with the circus?” I asked.

“Oh no, long before that. You weren’t born then, my darling.”

“Oh . . .” Aunt Natasha had not talked of the far-off past for a long time and, as she sounded melancholy, I said uncertainly, “Well, at least that’s over and done with now.”

Aunt Natasha shook her head. “Nothing’s ever over.” She held the bottle of schnapps to the light and squinted at it. “Because everything has prolongations in time. Repercussions. There’s no escaping continuity. If I’d married Boris when I ought to have, for example, we wouldn’t be here now.”

“Where would we be?”

“Russia, Italy, America, maybe dead — but not here. Incidentally, darling, did you keep that bit of cardboard they gave you last night?”

I nodded.

“No idea what I did with mine. Do you think it matters?”

“Probably not,” I said, although in my experience anything to do with papers always matters more than the papers’ owners do. I fully expect to be ordered to fill in a form when I come to die. Not wishing to dwell on this, I asked, “When should you have married Boris? And why didn’t you?”

“Because when I was your age I had no sense of proportion. Injustice repelled me, and the least exhibition of unkindness made me deeply melancholy. Yet whenever a handsome young man complimented me, life ceased to be a vale of tears, and I was beside myself with joy. My French governess used to say that I was *pas sérieuse*, and she was justified that winter in Petersburg when my brother Yakov unexpectedly came on leave.”

“You never told me you’d had a brother,” I said, taken aback. Perhaps because I had so few relatives, a brother still seemed to me more important than a lover; and even today I tend to overestimate love’s fraternal elements.

“Yakov’s been dead a long while, and until now Uncle Matthias was a safer connection for you.” Here she peered through the bamboo curtain to make sure no one could overhear us. It did not take much alcohol to make Aunt Natasha scent conspiracies all around us. But on more than one occasion she had been proved right, as when she declared that the janitor’s cousin was a police informer and not long afterwards he was found stabbed to death in an alley behind the

wartime Thief Market. In some respects Aunt Natasha was more clairvoyant than Olga. "Please go on about your brother," I said anxiously.

"Yakov was one of the most charming human beings I've ever known — good-looking, good-hearted, no fool. A typical young officer at a time when war was still rather more the concern of soldiers than of scientists."

Depression seized me. This was the kind of antiscientific remark often made by older people, but never until now by Aunt Natasha. I didn't mind her being antiscientific, nor anti-anything else she wanted to be, but her showing signs of age upset me. As if sensing this, she quickly added, "Of course, war was just as wicked then as now; being killed by a bomb, whatever its formula, is neither physically nor morally worse than having a bayonet thrust in one's stomach."

"Or a tank."

"Or a tank. But there used to be more scope for individual exploits. Well, it was near the feast of Saint Nicholas when Yakov arrived. The cold took one's breath away; hats froze on people's heads; and once the Christmas market on the Neva started — a mile of booths either side; oh, how pretty it looked — then great expanses of the river were reserved for skating. Yakov was a wonderful skater — how we two skated!"

Something in her tone made me shiver. I tried to look through Aunt Natasha as she was now — tired, creased, witchlike on a pail, a broom in one hand, a bottle of schnapps in the other — to that young girl skimming between the festive booths on the Neva. Trying to exorcise distress by concentrating on something practical, I asked, "Did you buy things at the market booths?"

Aunt Natasha shook her head. "I didn't need things in those days."

"I see." But it was easier to imagine a mile of glittering shops on a frozen river than a state in which one didn't need things.

"What Yakov and I liked was to get away from the crowds, past the washerwomen kneeling beside holes in the ice —"

"Didn't the washerwomen freeze?"

"No. They used to say they were accustomed to it. But they had a poor reputation as washers. Rich people sent their laundry to London."

They sent their laundry to London? School and reading had given me a rough idea of the errors of the old regime, but no account of justly revenged oppression had made the difference between then and now as vivid to me as did the notion of dirty clothes crossing a continent.

"Yakov and I used to make friends with the washerwomen because we were fascinated by their holes in the ice. It was rumored that murderers used them for dumping bodies, and murder still

seemed unusual to girls raised as I had been. Well, soon after Benediction —"

"What was that?"

"Benediction of the Waters, in front of the Winter Palace, on January sixth, in memory of the baptism of Christ. Soon after that Yakov invited home a younger friend, a brother officer: Boris."

"Was that the first time you met him?"

"No, oh no, that was just the trouble."

"How do you mean?"

"I was so ready to admire Yakov's friends that had I met Boris for the first time then I should undoubtedly have fallen in love with him. But unfortunately he was the son of old friends of my parents, and I'd known him as a shy adolescent in civilian clothes. My pacifism didn't prevent my admiring soldiers."

"You didn't like Boris?" Feeling betrayed, I squeezed Aunt Natasha's hand to show her I felt nothing of the sort.

"Yes indeed, we were devoted to each other, rather as you and I are."

"What could be better?"

"Nothing, my pet. As you realize, being young, and as I realize, being old; but in between there are stages at which devotion does not suffice. Boris was like a brother, and I didn't need another brother just then. I needed to tremble, to yearn, to feel myself part of a *drama*, you understand."

With my mind I understood, but with nothing else. I had never wanted to be part of a drama. On the contrary. Drama alarms me, except in art, safely framed, between covers.

"Go on," I said.

"Gradually I realized my parents intended me to marry Boris. I discovered later that Boris' parents had for years wanted him to marry me, but my parents had thought his fortune inadequate. Now his older brothers had been killed in a railway accident, so Boris was well off, and both our parents were in agreement."

"I suppose Boris loved you then just as he does now?" As usual I longed for evidence of stability.

"Not as he does now." Her laugh was mischievous, indulgent. Aunt Natasha and I laughed a great deal together, and I liked all her ways of laughing — even her drunken one had a kind of joyous gusto — but it hadn't struck me before, as it did now, that no woman could laugh as she laughed without having once been sure of arousing admiration, bestowing pleasure.

"Whenever I spoke to other young men," she continued, her words soaked in laughter, "or danced with them, Boris became pale and furious and despairing —"

"Then why did you?"

"Because I liked him to look pale and furious and despairing. What I cared about then was not

him, but his effect on me, mine on him. I was still at the stage of wanting to try life as a boy tries the edge of a new pocket knife."

Melancholy swept over me like cold air. I had never wanted anyone to look pale and furious and despairing on my account, and couldn't imagine doing so. Usually I felt quite proud of the common sense developed in me by the fact that a household must contain one person who can mend fuses; but now this common sense seemed to me something poor and makeshift, shockingly inferior to the emotions common to Aunt Natasha and the older ballets.

"I felt so sure," she added, "that no matter how badly I behaved he would understand that it meant nothing. But of course he didn't."

"Why of course?" Had Boris too been very unlike his present self?

"Because he had his own feelings to grapple with. When one's very young and in love, one's so dazzled by one's own feelings that one has in fact very little eyesight to spare for the other person. It's the time of egotistical love."

SO FAR I hadn't thought much about love, other than domestic love. Schoolwork and my share of the housekeeping kept me busy, and Aunt Natasha and I were so contented together that I had very little unemployed imagination. I expected to marry, just as I expected to grow a centimeter or two more; but, perhaps because I also expected marriage to involve housing and other problems not mentioned in connection with love by Pushkin or Shakespeare, I had never felt drawn to soft ruminations on the subject. My sexual instincts were still unaroused, and to me, love meant Aunt Natasha.

"What happened then?"

"Something dreadful."

Immediately thinking of fatal accidents, I felt a great weariness. People sometimes speak of the monotony of life, but this seems to me negligible compared with the monotony of death. In the Middle Ages artists often painted allegorical pictures representing the Dance of Death; but if I were a painter now I would paint a nonallegorical picture with naked men, women, and children, their ribs showing clearly under their grimy skin, all packed close as pickled herrings in a gas chamber, waiting for death from unnatural causes. As always when I thought of concentration camps, I trembled internally, partly from anger and partly from fear, each emotion increasing the other.

"It started harmlessly enough," admitted Aunt Natasha. "Always beware, my darling, of things that start harmlessly. It started by our going to

the theater to see a visiting French company play Racine's *Bérénice*."

"The Emperor Titus gives up Queen Bérénice, whom he loves, because he puts his duty to his country first?"

"That's right." Aunt Natasha's tone suggested that she saw nothing right about it. "The actor who played Titus was the handsomest man I'd ever seen, and he had something I was not then equipped to recognize as animal magnetism. I was, however, equipped to *feel* it. Unfortunately, he was of quite a good upper-class family in spite of being an actor — that was the way my family talked, and so did everyone we knew — so we met him socially and, naturally, I fell madly in love with him. I use the word madly advisedly," said Aunt Natasha, pausing, a long nicotine-stained forefinger upraised, "because the unreality of the situation kept my feelings flying the way a balloon is kept up by air. Beware of passions for actors unless you're an actress. When Bérénice said:

*Dans un mois dans un an comment souffrirons nous
Seigneur que tant de mers me sépare de vous*

I sobbed aloud, to the gratification of my French governess. Not even my mother realized what this signified; having made up her mind I was to marry Boris, she thought I was no more in need of surveillance than a pie safely out of the oven. So when we met socially I was able to talk to Titus without arousing unfavorable comment at home."

"His name wasn't really Titus?"

"No, but, do you know, I can't remember exactly what it was. Let me see . . ."

This gave me a shock. Knowing the goodness of Aunt Natasha's heart, I could not but think her memory must be failing. Then she relieved me by adding: "Yes; I can. It's just come back to me; his Christian name was Louis. I remember it well, because I used to call him Alexis. And I ran away with him."

"Where to?"

"Paris. That, at least, was our intention. But don't get the idea poor Alexis was a scheming seducer. Someone once said that in such cases the victim is nearly always the culprit, and I certainly was. Alexis really meant to marry me in Paris. Like many successful actors, he was deeply bourgeois and behaved in a most respectful manner once my maid and I were settled in the sleeping car for Königsberg."

"Your maid?"

"That's the kind of thing I meant when I said I was very foolish at your age. I could imagine running away from home, crossing Europe with a stranger, breaking Boris' heart, upsetting my family, but it hadn't occurred to me that I might manage to dress myself without a maid."

As I nodded, thinking of the laundry sent to London, Aunt Natasha glanced at her clothes and at mine — our coarse straw-bedizened sweaters, rumpled skirts, thread stockings, heavy boots — and suddenly burst out laughing. Without knowing why, I joined in. We laughed and laughed, tears pouring down our cheeks. Whenever one of us managed to stop for a few minutes, the other was overcome by a wild uncontrollable laughter.

"I think we're growing hysterical," said Aunt Natasha with interest.

"Go on. So there you were in the Königsberg sleeper —"

"So delighted with my compartment that I almost forgot Alexis. It had such a neat plump sofa that turned into a bed with a spring mattress. I'd never had one to myself before, only shared with a cousin who kicked in her sleep. We had about thirty hours' worth of cornfields and fir woods, stopping occasionally at little stations where we were given glasses of tea and lemon. At night I looked out of the window for bears and wolves, which seemed to me essential to an elopement, but all I saw was my own misty reflection in the glass. We got to Wierzbolow, at the frontier, without trouble, and I jumped out in a mood of the greatest exhilaration. Everything seemed to me delightful, delicious; not only Alexis and the life we would lead in Paris, but the faint winter sunlight making the snow sparkle, the porters with their long white aprons, scarlet shirts, and huge jack boots, until the stationmaster appeared, flanked by local officials, and respectfully announced he had orders I was to return to Petersburg, and Alexis to leave Russia at once."

"Oh darling!"

"Yes. No need to invent bears and wolves on the return journey. Next time I saw Alexis — oh, years later that was — I remembered his having told me in the train that when making one's face up for an old part one must draw a line from the inner corner of the eyebrow to the outer corner of the eye, to create the illusion of sagging flesh." For a second Aunt Natasha laid her fingers on the place where her own flesh now sagged. "By that time poor Alexis didn't need grease paint to create an illusion of age."

"What happened when you got home?"

"Well, there was no suggestion, as I had hoped there might be, that a treasure had almost been lost. Once the family doctor had declared I was as good as new where my matrimonial prospects were concerned, my father treated me to embarrassed silence, my mother to irony and contempt. Even Yakov was angry, on Boris' account."

"Were you very unhappy?"

"Very? No. Despite all the unpleasantness, I

couldn't take my disgrace altogether seriously. I was very immature for my age, so none of my actions seemed to me *final*, and I thought it odd of other people to behave as if they were."

"What about Boris?"

"He was away on duty, and I wasn't allowed to write or receive letters until some months later, when I was told that in order that I should not bring further disgrace on my family whom God knows had done nothing to deserve it, I was being given an undeserved opportunity to marry a friend of my father's. I was in no mood to appreciate a middle-aged man with an old name, a passion for hunting, and what people like us used to call 'no money.'" Here she laughed and shook her head. "But I saw no alternative and did like the idea of being a married woman. Besides, I thought Boris would rue the day when he came back and found me married."

"You still wanted to make him despair?"

"Yes, but now I intended to make it up to him. I had grown up a little. I didn't expect my future husband to occupy much of my time, and for once I was right. When he wasn't hunting, he was shooting or fishing, which meant he came home so sleepy that he was barely capable of climbing into his own bed. Poor fellow, I grew very fond of him. He gave me a pet raccoon."

"But I thought he was a general."

"Oh no. It was my second husband who was a general."

"Your *second* husband? But what about Boris?"

"What about him indeed," boomed Boris' voice, as he flung aside fistfuls of bamboo curtain. "And what are you two doing here? I was quite distracted when I couldn't find you. I've been prowling all over the house, and a very odd place it is, there's a room upstairs full of stuffed owls and Nuremberg musical boxes. What were you doing, darlings?"

"Talking of the past," said Aunt Natasha.

Boris groaned. "Your sense of timing has always been arbitrary, but . . ."

"Have some schnapps, my dear, and this," she handed him bread, "is for you."

"And I'd brought this for you." He produced a slice of pumpernickel. "Excellent stabling they've given us. Come on, let's get out of here."

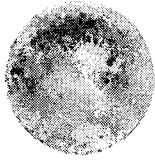
"No good trying the front door just now," I warned him.

"I know. I've been investigating the position. There's a lavatory down the passage with a large low window overlooking a quiet back street. No snoopers."

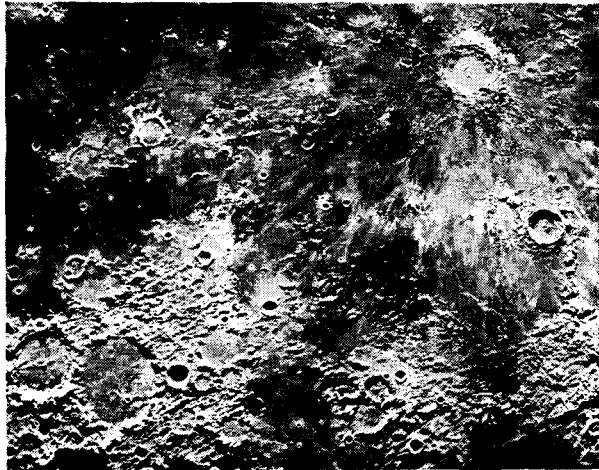
"You're so thorough," said Aunt Natasha.

A few minutes later we were all three walking cautiously down Boris' snoopers' street.

Miss Stirling's novel will be continued in the December ATLANTIC.



The Astronomer's Stake in Outer Space



Photograph courtesy of Lick Observatory.

BY DONALD H. MENZEL

WE ARE living in a new age, the age of outer space. Satellites are a fact, and the term "shoot the moon," once an expression of the highly improbable, now denotes an impending reality. Unmanned laboratories will soon reach the moon and may even go on to Venus and Mars, relaying back to us information about the atmospheres of these planets and about physical conditions in the space around them. In the near future, man himself will achieve space flight, going into orbit and — what is more significant — returning safely to earth. As a final achievement, man will actually land on the moon and establish there an outpost for scientific exploration. These are not imaginative fancies. They constitute a modern program for man's conquest of outer space, a program now being seriously discussed throughout the world by scientists, by leaders of industry, and by military leaders.

New rocket techniques and new fuels have

An astronomer who has been Director of the Harvard Observatory since 1952, DONALD H. MENZEL is a specialist in astrophysics and the author of a number of books for both scientists and laymen. He predicts that man will be commuting to Mars within the decade, and he tells us in this article about some of the arrangements that must first be made.

greatly simplified space exploration. The cost of space expeditions is rapidly being lowered. One of my Harvard Observatory colleagues, Professor Theodore Sterne, recently estimated that a manned round trip to Venus would cost between 2 and 3 billion dollars, a fraction of our annual military budget. Furthermore, it is interesting to note that only four years ago the trip would have cost about a thousand times that figure. So great a reduction in cost, which came mainly from a significant advance in rocket fuels, is not likely to happen again. Incidentally, the cost would be only one fiftieth as much if the explorers abandoned the luxury of a round trip and planned to remain on Venus permanently.

The Pyramids are supposed to represent an investment of perhaps 10 per cent of the gross national product over a period of twenty years. If we wanted to make a similar investment, as Dr. Fred Whipple, my Harvard-Smithsonian colleague, and I have calculated, we could put the Pyramids into orbit. Or, for a figure somewhat less than the annual military budget, we could put the recently moth-balled battleship *Wisconsin* into orbit.

I do not, of course, recommend such projects. I give the figures to show that we can build and launch space craft and indulge in space research without imperiling our democracy.

It takes vision and courage to put money into basic research, which often represents long-term investment. And yet most of our great industries owe their existence to discoveries in the field of pure science. Radio, television, electrical power, atomic power, electronics, plastics, even automobiles could not exist without basic research. I cannot think of a single major industrial field which does not have a beginning in contributions from pure science.

The chief ingredient of basic research is imagination. Imagination and understanding, coupled with curiosity. The scientist knows very well what he is looking for and relies on his ingenuity to find it. Although nature may supply an occasional extra dividend in the form of an entirely unexpected result, most basic research is an orderly progression of study.

And so it has been with investigations of outer space. More than a dozen small telescopes have rocketed momentarily to heights of a hundred miles or so, to collect important data about solar radiation in the far ultraviolet—energy that is trapped by the upper reaches of the earth's atmosphere. Rockets have also carried probes to measure the density and temperature of gases in the immediate vicinity of the earth. They have given information about the number and distribution of "micrometeorites," fine dust particles in outer space.

Enormous balloons have lifted much more powerful telescopes to altitudes of from sixteen to twenty miles for special studies of the sun and planets. These heights are insignificant compared with those attainable from rockets or satellites, but they are great enough to elevate the equipment above those atmospheric layers where turbulence and air circulation cause the images to tremble or twinkle.

From such airborne telescopes, astronomers hope to obtain clearer views of Mars and the sun than from ground-based instruments. Further, the problems of controlling the gondola and pointing the telescope are similar to those we shall later encounter in our satellites. Thus balloon research constitutes a significant step toward our ultimate goal: the telescope in space.

Astronomers are definitely planning such instrumentation. They visualize a satellite whose characteristic spinning and tumbling can be reduced to zero by a system of control jets. A telescope in a static shell would remain pointed in a selected direction until moved by remote radio control. Miniature television systems would relay to earth information about the heavens. In all probability some auxiliary device would store up information for periods of an hour or more, releasing it on signal as the satellite came in range of

the vast network of tracking stations sprinkled over the surface of the earth.

ONE of the first studies to be made will be an exploration of the starry sky pattern as it appears in the far ultraviolet—say in the region of the principal radiation of atomic hydrogen, the most abundant atom in the universe. And very different the sky will look, too, in this short-wave energy, which is completely absorbed by the atmospheric layers above fifty miles. Some of the brightest stars in the sky—especially red ones, like Antares or Betelgeuse—will be extremely faint. The planets, shining by reflected sunlight, will likewise be almost invisible, because the sun is relatively deficient in this region. In certain regions of the Milky Way, the stars themselves are likely to be lost in the diffuse glow of billowing gas clouds in interstellar space. Although we have a broad idea concerning the revelations of satellite telescopes, the details will enable the scientist to perfect his concepts of the structure of the universe, its origin and evolution.

Ultraviolet, X rays, and infrared radiation, all of the energy now stopped by the earth's atmosphere, will become accessible for study. The mysterious cosmic rays, some produced by the sun in a paroxysm of explosive action and others coming from the depths of space or the distant stars, may disclose to us the secret of their origin. Such knowledge will, in turn, contribute to our understanding of atoms and perhaps enable us to build more effective nuclear power plants.

Scientists have recently found that the sun, the hydrogen atoms of interstellar space, and various other astronomical objects are sending out radio waves, which provide a new tool for studying the structure of the universe. The largest collector of radio waves built to date is the 250-foot "dish" at Manchester, England. Astronomers visualize much larger dishes, sent aloft in collapsed form in rockets. Once ejected they expand or unfold like a giant Japanese parasol to form a receptor for detection and measurement of radio waves much too long to penetrate the electrified zones of the earth's upper atmosphere.

Space between the stars is not a complete void. It contains both gas and dust. The quantities are minute, to be sure. We should have to sweep up a volume of space as large as the earth to collect enough matter to fill a small flowerpot. But space itself is so vast that the total amount of dust, in certain directions, is great enough to obscure the most distant stars. Anyone who wishes may see how a vast dust cloud splits the summer Milky Way in two.

Our sun continually spouts great jets of hot gas into space. Some of these occasionally penetrate the earth's magnetic umbrella, to produce the aurora borealis and make the compass needle tremble. The more violent impacts of solar gas clouds tend to disrupt long-range radio communication. Recent studies indicate that the sun's outermost layer, the corona, is heated and swollen by the violent explosions near the sun's visible surface. Indeed, the earth and perhaps even Jupiter and Saturn probably lie within the distended solar envelope. Theory indicates that the temperature of the corona, immediately beyond the earth's atmosphere, is about 700,000 degrees absolute centigrade, 1.2 million degrees Fahrenheit.

It is disturbing, almost frightening, to realize that a mere five hundred miles or so overhead lies a region where the temperature approaches a million degrees. Does not this hot region constitute a serious hazard to space flight? Will it not melt and consume any solid object passing through it? A careful study proves that the heating-burning effect of the hot space gas is negligible. So few atoms are present that the total available energy is much less than that from ordinary sunlight. Man himself could enter the medium without fear of being burned. Satellites and interplanetary probes will provide us with important data about radiation, matter, and magnetic fields in interplanetary space. And this information, in turn, will lead to a better understanding of the interaction of the earth with its space environment.

Our own Explorer satellites have already disclosed the existence, near the earth, of a zone of cosmic radiation of far greater intensity than we had expected. Whether or not these rays constitute a serious hazard to space travel depends largely on how thick the layer actually is. Further satellite studies are expected to furnish this information, so that we can judge the possibility of shielding against its lethal effects.

Satellites can be used for study of such solar features as sunspots. I believe these objects to be islands of calm in a stormy ocean of seething gas. The observations will help us understand solar activity.

Satellites, equipped with TV cameras and transmitters, will look earthward and televise pictures of clouds, storm areas, and atmospheric circulation on a world-wide basis. This program should lead not only to improved weather forecasting but to a better understanding of the whole science of meteorology.

In my opinion the military value of space vehicles has been considerably overestimated. Except for weather reconnaissance, the satellite would be essentially useless as a weapon. People seem to have magnified the potential menace of a

satellite, manned or unmanned. An aviator flying a plane could release a bomb that would fall to earth in a predetermined area and cause great damage. Many persons have therefore imagined that an observer in a satellite could similarly drop a bomb on some spot beneath him. They forget that the bomb is also in orbit and that it will follow along beside the satellite until air resistance or some other force separates them. To make such a bomb return to earth, we should have to supply it with a system of guiding rockets — used in reverse, of course — similar to those that put the satellite into orbit. The problems of launching and guiding from a satellite base would be immeasurably greater than those from a base on earth. The intercontinental ballistic missile is a much simpler answer to any question of attack.

FOR some years to come, man will conduct most of his spatial exploration by proxy, sending robots into space to do his work for him. Most of these devices are simple, designed to perform over and over again some elementary function, like measuring the intensity of a specific kind of radiation, the temperature or density of the environment, or the character of a magnetic field. Ingeniously, they encode the information and store it electronically for release on command or on some schedule.

For exploration of the moon or the surface of some planet, man will require a more versatile type of robot — one that can move about, handle objects, and make decisions. Even the most advanced computing machines are morons. They perform a limited number of functions efficiently and often rapidly. But they are no substitute for a man when it comes to making decisions. Man's mechanical representative on the moon must be a sort of tele-robot, a worker controlled by man himself who sees what the machine views through his television eyes. A small tank with caterpillar traction will provide mobility. The device will possess mechanical arms and hands that can be controlled by man, 250,000 miles away. Such manipulative appendages are currently used inside atomic power plants where man himself cannot go because of the dangerous radiation. One of these tele-manipulators, which visitors can operate to construct toy block houses, is perhaps the most popular exhibit in the U.S. building of the Brussels World's Fair.

When the space vehicle, decelerated by rockets in reverse, finally lands on the moon, the scientist on earth will push the controls that release the tele-robot from its shell and initiate its exploring mission. As directed, the robot will move in any chosen direction, rotating its television head to

survey the rugged lunar terrain. On command, it will pause to dig a hole, measure the thickness or temperature of the dust layer, pick up a rock and subject it to analysis, and so on. A group of such tele-robots might even assemble complex devices or build a base station that man could employ if he were to land on the moon at some later date.

Robots will continue to operate only if they can be supplied with power, presumably electrical. Even though the demands of a machine are far simpler than those of man, the problem of a power source is still not fully solved. Small batteries operated by sunlight supply energy for radio transmitters in some of the Explorer satellites. More complex solar engines are possible. For a permanent station on the lunar surface, these would be ideal. The Russians have recently announced a pocket-sized atomic power plant for use in a satellite, and it seems reasonable to assume that such an engine would be most economical.

Although the currently planned series of lunar probes will not employ mobile tele-robots, they should give significant information about the moon. The flash of a bomb, exploding on impact, would do more than confirm the arrival of the probe. Analysis of light from the flash would tell us something about the chemical nature of the surface layers, the elements comprising the body of the moon. But let us use TNT or other chemical explosives, not H- or A-bombs, whose detonation, however spectacular, would permanently contaminate the lunar surface with artificial radio-activity.

The behavior of the material blasted out would give us a clue as to the depth and extent of the vast dust layers that some astronomers have postulated to account for the appearance of the moon. Here and there on the lunar surface vast relatively smooth areas have all but obliterated mountain chains and craters, of which only peaks and ruined fragments remain. Most astronomers, including myself, have supposed that extensive lava flows have covered the once rugged terrain. But if the blanketing layer consists of dust, it must be a mile or more in depth. And what a hazard such a layer would constitute for lunar exploration — a trap, worse than quicksand, into which man and equipment would helplessly sink!

We know that the moon is an airless, waterless world, with extremes of temperature ranging from that of boiling water at its daytime maximum to that of liquid air at nighttime minimum. Some evidence already suggests that these extremes exist in a layer that may be only a fraction of an inch deep. If so, the danger of injury from walking on the superheated or supercooled surface may not be serious.

The moon turns on its axis at exactly the same rate it goes around the earth. Hence we see only one side of the moon. A probing rocket, circumnavigating the moon, should presently televise to us a view of the unknown, invisible face. We expect to see the same sort of mountains, craters, and plains as we do on the earthward side. But the details will be of absorbing scientific interest.

By some means we should eventually find a definite answer to the question of the origin of the thousands of craters that pockmark the lunar surface. Astronomers generally believe that collisions of large meteorites — rocks or even small planets — formed the craters, as they have occasionally done on the earth's surface. But some of the chains of crater pits must have their origin in a type of volcanism, perhaps in lava flows of matter liquefied by the impact. These and hundreds of other questions will be answered when space exploration becomes a reality.

ROBOT probes of Venus and Mars should quickly follow those to the moon. Man needs to know more about the atmosphere and the general character of the surfaces of these planets before venturing there himself. Astronomers are currently arguing about the nature of the silvery clouds that perpetually screen the solid surface of Venus from our view. Are they dust or water droplets? If the latter, Venus may be entirely covered with oceans. No land at all. And since the atmosphere contains large quantities of carbon dioxide, the oceans would be a natural source of soda water.

Photographs of Mars taken through the earth's tremulous atmosphere are never perfectly sharp. However, we have seen and verified the existence of the famous Martian "canals," which are not canals at all in the sense of being artificial waterways. In my opinion they are fertile river valleys in a region that has otherwise reverted to desert. Water is scarce but definitely present. The white button of a polar cap is a region covered thinly with hoar frost rather than heavily laden with ice and snow. The cap completely disappears during the course of a Martian summer.

Photographs taken at different times show changes in color and in shading that go with the Martian seasons. Although other possible explanations exist, I believe that some form of vegetation is responsible for these effects. Whether Mars has animal life, intelligent or not, will be revealed only by direct exploration. In my opinion the complete absence of radio signals from Mars suggests that any hypothetical inhabitants would be less advanced than we are.

The nearest of the Martian satellites would probably be the best location from which space travelers could view the planet. The problem of return from a small satellite would be much simpler than return from Mars, because the satellite's gravitational pull is negligible.

It will be some time before we can expect to send vehicles out farther than Venus or Mars. Jupiter would be most interesting. Ten times bigger than the earth, it is the largest planet in our solar system. Its atmosphere contains such gases as methane and ammonia, at temperatures not very different from that of liquid air.

Saturn has an atmosphere of similar composition. The flattened ring girdling Saturn consists of small particles of rock. One wonders whether our earth may not also eventually acquire a ring, just from the debris tossed from space vehicles. If so, let us hope that it will consist of material other than vodka bottles and caviar tins.

The growing demands of space research will require tele-robots of increasing complexity. Eventually it will prove more economical to send man himself into space, fully supplied with everything necessary for survival: air and means of regenerating air in an enclosure, capsule-type food, water, and miscellaneous protective devices. I am in no sense urging a crash program of space exploration. We have to proceed in orderly fashion from light to heavy satellites. And the final, exciting step of manned space exploration will be a logical development based on information gained from unmanned flight.

The Department of Defense is already thinking in terms of man in space. Some months ago, in a simulated flight to the moon executed by the air force, a man spent a week sealed in a tin can. The submerged crossing of the polar icecap by the atomic-powered submarine, the *Nautilus*, even more realistically represented the problem of manned space flight under actual operating conditions. These experiments have demonstrated that man can overcome the physical discomforts and psychological problems of space flight.

The age of outer space is already upon us. Manned flight to the moon and planets is less than a decade away. And science fiction of space exploration will become as much of a reality as has Jules Verne's famous submarine, the *Nautilus*. The real question is: Whose program have I just outlined? Ours or the Russians'?

In the field of missiles and satellites, the United States has clearly fallen behind Soviet Russia. The reason for our inferiority is simple and well known throughout the scientific and industrial world. High officials in the Defense Department have opposed pure research, especially in the

missile and satellite fields. Active antagonism, especially from Secretary of Defense Wilson, stymied the efforts of scientists to develop a progressive program of missiles and space research. No enemy-planned sabotage could have been more effective or more devastating. Arbitrary budget cuts forced cancellation of vital programs not only of basic research but of engineering and development as well.

The facts speak for themselves. The first successful Russian attempt placed into orbit a 185-pound sphere, in addition to the 50-foot, 3-ton rocket that comprised the third stage. The most recent Sputnik weighs a ton and a half, and the final rocket stage, also in orbit, must weigh at least twice as much. Small wonder that foreigners almost universally sneer at the U.S. miniature satellites, weighing only 3 pounds and having dimensions of the order of a softball. The Russians have a standard joke. "The trouble with American satellites," they declare, "is that no one can find a dog small enough to go up in one."

The Sputniks, in their way, were probably the best thing that could have happened to America. They shocked us out of our complacency and revealed our vulnerability. Basic science began to live again.

Despite the inadequacies of our satellite development, we have reason to be hopeful. The satellite launched by the United States in July weighed 31 pounds, and plans call for early launching of satellites with pay loads between 200 and 500 pounds. These figures indicate substantial progress. The program needs more funds, issued without stifling restrictions. And the support must be given in an atmosphere of intelligent, friendly consideration. There is no reason why the U.S. satellite program should continue to be as inferior as it is today. Space research is vital to our future.

If we are to draw a parallel between space flight and any of man's past achievements, the great explorations of our earth furnish us with a standard of comparison: exploration of the Americas, of the heart of Africa, or of the polar regions. The hardy frontiersmen could not possibly have foreseen the great developments that would follow from their pioneering. Is colonization of Venus, Mars, or even of the moon sheer fancy? Only time will tell.

Meanwhile, the American people should give wholehearted support to a full-scale space program. We can be sure that the scientific discoveries and new inventions made in the course of our efforts to attain space flight will more than pay the cost. Success is within our view. Our scientists merely need the respect, confidence, and support of governmental leaders to make the greatest adventure of all history a reality.

THE TACOPATLI PASSION PLAY

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

American novelist and short-story writer, MARTHA GELLHORN made her early reputation as a war correspondent. Last summer she and her husband, T. S. Matthews, spent considerable time in Mexico, and they will return to the United States early in 1959 to gather source material for a book about America. Her new novel dealing with the face of war is soon to be published.

It was Holy Week.

Mrs. Calthorp, snipping withered buds from her hollyhocks, said, "Someone must complain about that Archbishop. Being a Protestant, I am not in a position to, but I should think that you, Zaza . . ."

"Yes, yes," Countess Volenska said. She shifted her weight in one of Mrs. Calthorp's rustic chairs.

"Hummingbird," said Mrs. Calthorp.

"How pretty," Countess Volenska said. By narrowing her eyes, which were anyhow very small, she saw a blur of emerald green and purple, moving so fast that it became light itself.

"I went to the Cathedral this morning for the Foot Washing," Mrs. Calthorp said, "and it is a scandal. In Taxco they pick up charming old men in the street, to be the Apostles, and dress them in lovely colored robes, long cotton things, and put crowns of leaves on their heads, and the priest really washes their feet, nicely, and it does give you the proper feeling. But this Archbishop, Zaza, I can't tell you, I was enraged. In the first place they choose twelve theological students or whatever Catholics call them, in eyeglasses and black soutanes, and they all look absolutely terrorized, and one feels sure they have been soaking their feet in disinfectant for weeks. Then that repellent Archbishop waddles over in all his lace and doesn't kneel but simply stoops, and they have to take off their own shoes and socks, and

they stick out one foot as if they were going to get a pedicure, I never saw such a performance. The Archbishop pours water from a silver teapot, which is too absurd, into a white enamel bowl, they certainly could find something less hideous and unsuitable. Then a rather cringing priest produces a cake of Palmolive and the Archbishop, with the tips of his fingers and his nose positively wrinkled in disgust, makes little dabs at their feet. When he has finished, he waddles back to his throne and a swarm of acolytes hover around and they bring him a huge silver ewer and a huge silver bowl, and you can see the water for *him* steaming, and my dear, he sets to work to wash his own hands as though he'd caught something infectious. No wonder religion means nothing to the Indians."

"Yes, yes," Countess Volenska said.

Mrs. Calthorp took off her gardening gloves and surveyed her work with satisfaction. No flower native to Mexico grew here; it was a triumph to have re-created New England in this uncivilized place. There was nothing left in the iced pitcher on the rustic table. If she were not so fond of Zaza and so sorry for her, she would be forced to speak to Zaza about this; clearly Zaza was damaging her health.

"I shall have to call Luz," Mrs. Calthorp said.

"By all means," Countess Volenska said.

Mrs. Calthorp walked up the cobbled path which led to the house and shouted, "Luz! Luz!"

Then she held out the empty pitcher; after twelve years in San Ignacio del Tule, Mrs. Calthorp was unable most days to remember the Spanish words for anything.

"Mrs. Birch told me," Mrs. Calthorp said, settling herself to wait for the drink, "that she literally heard Geoffrey Markham *chewing* the wafer at Communion, and gulping the wine, you know, making sounds when he swallowed. As if Communion were breakfast; she spoke to our vicar about it. She says it's blasphemous but I feel Geoffrey has fallen so low that he doesn't notice what he's doing. I can't get over him. I mean to say, I knew his grandmother in Boston, and he smells, it's a very unpleasant thing to mention, but he does; I cannot have him here for meals any more. He doesn't wash, that's all, he's lost his standards, it is extraordinary the way people let themselves go."

"Are you going to the Passion Play at Tacopatlí?" Countess Volenska asked.

Vexed by Zaza's well-known habit of not thinking, Mrs. Calthorp said, "Certainly not. All those drunken Indians."

It was one of Mrs. Calthorp's cross snobbish days, but it hardly mattered what was said to Zaza since she so seldom understood conversation, possibly a language barrier. The other residents would have disapproved Mrs. Calthorp's attitude to the Tacopatlí Passion Play. The white residents of Tule always took a great interest in Indian fiestas, providing they were not too hard to get to, or too uncomfortable.

"Lucius asked me to go in his car." Countess Volenska had no car and enjoyed outings.

"Lucius is too funny about those new Englebachs. Dear Lucius, he cannot help being fascinated by rich people."

"Yes, yes. The Englebachs are coming too."

"Ah Luz, *gracias*. Another drink, Zaza?" Mrs. Calthorp said.

"With pleasure, dear."

"Zaza, you will remember to complain about that Archbishop? I am sure the Mayor or someone would listen to you."

Listen to what, Countess Volenska wondered. Oh the lovely little bird, the sweet lovely little bird, drinking from the flowers. So beautiful, so gentle, and the sun coming through the ciruela tree and the borders of pale flowers. It reminded her of Poland. There must surely have been hummingbirds in Poland.

THE church at Tacopatlí was ancient and innocent; it might have been built by children. A small door flanked by pillars, like twisted candy

sticks, and ornamented by odd crouched tentative animals, broke the façade. There was no other decoration. Three arches, placed for no reason off to the right on the roof, protected the bells. The church was honey-colored plaster, and flowering weeds and floating vines grew from every crack in the walls. The churchyard was large, walled, and filled with Indians. Out of respect, the vendors of ice cream and chemical soft drinks and delicious varying intestines and fried pigskin and stuffed tortillas set up their wooden tables on the dirt road before the gate. As it was very hot, a crowd of Indians — eating, playing with their children, dreaming, sleeping — gathered in the shade of the great laurel tree, which was perfectly round, enormously high, and so thick it looked black. Above the wall which blocked off the graveyard, a jacaranda tree moved softly in the sun, waving hyacinth-blue flowers against the pale bright sky.

Mrs. Ashford and Abe Harris and Sarah Kent and her small son John sat on the low wall beneath this tree, swinging their feet. These three, with John as an occasional fourth, were inseparable, to the constant bafflement of the white residents of San Ignacio del Tule. Mrs. Ashford had managed to live in Tule for twenty years without giving a party. She looked after an invalid husband, in a calm beautiful house behind high walls. The residents blamed her husband for her cloistered life and often said, "poor thing, how lonely for her," since none of them understood Mrs. Ashford. Sarah Kent, when she arrived three years ago, made polite elaborate excuses for accepting no invitations, and finally no one asked her. Perhaps, the residents thought, she had so little money that she could not return hospitality, although such neat reckonings were absurd in Tule. Later, the residents decided that Sarah was obsessed by motherhood and thus tied to her home. The newcomer, Abe Harris, who had been in Tule for nine or ten months, was more easily tolerated as unsociable if not surly, because he was a painter. Painters were known to be queer. The Tule residents talked and talked and could find no way to explain the peaceful permanent bond between a formal white-haired lady in her late sixties, a medium-young war widow from Vermont, and a younger lame Jewish painter from God knows where.

Lucius Negley, the oldest resident of Tule, a founding father and the accredited local oracle, said — in his amiable moods — that Mrs. Ashford and Sarah Kent and Abe Harris were attracted to each other because they were all handsome and did not play cards. When feeling spiteful, he said no doubt they read Browning aloud and so would naturally form an exclusive club.

Mrs. Ashford, who had fragile white skin, carried a parasol; she spent much of her time reading about England, where gray skies and rain were guaranteed. The others wore wide-brimmed straw hats from the market; it was the sunstroke season, now at the end of the dry months. They waited, as patient as Indians, only rousing themselves to answer, in turn, John's endless questions. They had arrived at the Tacopatli churchyard two hours late, on purpose, but a placid confusion still prevailed. Tacopatli seemed taken by surprise, as if the inhabitants could hardly believe it was already Good Friday.

The two thieves, looking remarkably small and guilty, were in place in their pen, a square enclosure built of wood slats and partially roofed with leaves. They wore white underpants, sparse week-old beards, and were guarded by an inexplicable personage dressed as a witch with a tall pointed hat and a yellow wig. If anyone came near the thieves, the witch made snarling noises from behind his mask, and waved his arms. Few Indians dared go close to the pen, but sidled past, glancing the way Indians can, without seeming to turn their heads or eyes. There was a general feeling that the thieves were in bad trouble, and were ashamed, and everyone joined in this shame for them.

At one end of the churchyard was a raised canopied platform, quite grand, with a table covered by a white cloth, bearing a bunch of flowers in a glass and a water carafe. Two kitchen chairs stood behind the table. A small hand-printed card, tacked to the side of the platform, said: Pilate. At the opposite end of the yard, a similar platform, but smaller and without flowers or water on the table, was marked: Caiaphas. A third platform in the middle of the churchyard remained mysterious: although Mrs. Ashford and Sarah had often inquired of Indians what went on there and who the actors represented, no sensible answer was given. It seemed to be an incident in the life of Jesus which had been invented at Tacopatli. Various figures, masked and strangely costumed, mingled with the crowd. Sarah and Mrs. Ashford recognized them with delight. John was a nuisance; every time Sarah explained which were Roman soldiers and which were Jews, he said, "Why?"

The Roman soldiers wore a sort of old-fashioned white combing jacket, loose sleeved, floating and feminine, and masks of terrific good humor, very large, very pink and white, with Norse horned headdresses or silver pot helmets; their painted canvas mustaches and beards and their long straight rope locks were blond. The Jews wore the same costume, but carried no spears, and their masks were dark brown (on other occasions these

masks served for the Moors) and looked both earnest and sinister, and their wigs were black. There was also a band of gnomes, of unknown historical origin, boys dressed in many-colored rags and robes, and with masks showing a twisted mouth, a bulging eye, a leer, enormous menacing teeth. At the present moment they were busy scaring children. They ran and sported throughout the Passion Play, another Tacopatli addition to the story of the Crucifixion. The main actors, the Herald, the Procurator, Caiaphas, the mysterious people from the center platform, Pilate, and his wife had not yet appeared.

"There's Zaza," Mrs. Ashford said. "I'd go and speak to her but I don't think I could get back up here again. How nice that she's out in the morning."

Sarah waved.

From near the gate a large shapeless black figure waved back. Nancy Englebach, after some time given to private speculation, had asked whether Countess Volenska was in mourning for Poland or for someone. But no one knew; also no one knew for sure whether it was always the same voluminous black dress. The black had turned a little green from much exposure to the sun. Countess Volenska, prepared for the occasion, wore a hard-brimmed man's straw hat which was banded with hanging strips of red flannel. People always helped Zaza around: this tendency to show her where to step and to offer her an arm to lean on was instinctive. She was not very old, perhaps sixty, and although extremely fat, she was strong and agile. She could also see perfectly well, despite everyone's feeling that she was about to trip on something. She was of course vague, it might have been that. Nancy Englebach, although she thought Zaza disappointing and unlikely as a Countess, found herself compelled to treat Zaza the way everyone else did, with courteous care. Zaza was really nothing but an untidy old woman who certainly drank too much, never said anything amusing, and was poor without discretion or concealment. She might have been important in Poland, but no one could say, since Zaza did not mention her past.

"I think you'll be best over there in the shade, Zaza," Lucius Negley said.

"So? Good." Countess Volenska began to make her own way through the crowd until Lucius sprang to open a path. The Englebachs followed. Nancy liked local color more than Harry did, but he was willing to try anything the residents went in for, once. The culture clique of the Tule residents was out in force, Harry Englebach noticed, seeing Mrs. Ashford and Sarah Kent and Abe Harris on top of the wall across the churchyard. All the residents ever said about that

cool, prim old lady, Mrs. Ashford, was "such a nice woman." They wouldn't even suggest that Sarah Kent was having an affair with the young Jewish painter, Abe Something-or-other. They said there was a sympathy between the two because Abe had lost his leg or his foot in the war, and Sarah had lost her husband in it. These locals understood nothing; it was just those serene, smooth-haired women, like Sarah Kent, who really went for a man, once they got started. Tule is full of boobies, Harry thought, led by that old booby-in-chief, Lucius Negley. He was already bored with this fiesta. If he'd had enough brains to stay in Tule, instead of trailing after Nancy as usual, he could be drinking a long cold rum Collins by the pool, this minute. Why did Nancy want to come to Mexico anyhow; they had a pool in California.

"It's begun," Abe Harris said.

A horse of startling emaciation and antiquity stumbled in through another small gate; it bore a splendid figure dressed in a somewhat Elizabethan costume of red satin topped by a plumed hat. Notes, resembling nothing previously heard, now blared and squeaked from a trumpet; the horse drooped its head and stopped. The Herald, blowing his trumpet, spurred his horse, and the gnome figures, the Roman soldiers, and the Jews fell into a huddled procession behind. This group circled the churchyard once, and halted; a consultation started. The audience ate a little more, murmured together, babies cried and had their pants changed, voices could be heard from the road strongly urging ice cream, tortillas. The Passion Play was hung up.

"Don't let's get down until Caiaphas," Sarah said. "I've never been able to understand a word of the Procurator's."

"It's very good and legal," Mrs. Ashford said. "They copied it from the police court. If only he didn't read it so fast. Do you think Zaza could see better up here?"

"Don't let's spoil it with the Englebachs," Abe said. "If things keep up like this, Tule will be ruined by California and Texas."

Mrs. Ashford and Sarah laughed; Abe had the convert's protective passion for Tule. Every time he saw another vulgar expensive house being built on the green outskirts of the village, he raged against destruction. Cars, notably the giant American ones, must be forbidden. If people wore clothes which were nasty to look at or immodest, they should be requested to leave town. Nancy and Harry Englebach particularly infuriated him because they had nasal commanding voices, and when they wanted Indians, in the post office, the cafés, the shops, the market, to understand their rudimentary Spanish, they shouted.

Abe loved the Indians, who never shouted and ought not to be shouted at. He also did not like the unemployed rich. Mrs. Ashford was the only person he had ever known who had enough money not to think about it, and yet remained an excellent human being.

"Where can Mrs. Calthorp be?" Mrs. Ashford asked. "She's always very religious during Holy Week. She never misses the Passion Play."

"I'm afraid Lucius didn't ask her," Sarah said. "He drops her whenever there are new people to dazzle. And Mrs. Calthorp does depend on his car; she says he's the only safe driver in Tule. I believe she thinks everyone else is semi-drunk all the time."

"Gossip," Abe said. "You're losing your grip, Sarah."

"The Englebachs will leave soon," Mrs. Ashford said. "And then Lucius will drive Mrs. Calthorp again. It always works out."

"Mommy, look! Who's that?"

The Passion Play had imperceptibly resumed. Four men bore the statue of Christ from the church, and were now carrying it in its shafted stand across the ragged grass to a booth, near them, where the Procurator waited, with his speech held in shaking hands, for the first scene of the drama.

"He has *such* stage fright every year," Sarah said. "I hope they have the same nice little man to speak for Christ."

John became quiet, his eyes fixed on the figure of Christ, which was the pride of Tacopatlí. Mrs. Ashford and Sarah were accustomed to this statue and Abe, though shocked by it, said nothing. Three little agnostics sitting in a row, Abe thought, and tried not to feel superior because no image, hideous or otherwise, had ever been made of the God he doubted.

Although so near, they heard only the rapid chant of the Procurator's voice. But already the tight attention of the actors and the audience had accomplished the annual miracle; the pitiful plaster figure of Jesus seemed to be listening. Slightly stooped, dressed in what looked like a purple velvet negligee, with lace ruffles at the sleeves, the black hair ratty now from age, the face painted liverish yellow with an expression of acute ill health, the ugly badly-made hands stretched out in wooden benediction or supplication, the marks of blood on forehead and hands garishly touched up, this image dominated the crowd, and clearly the Procurator was terrified of it. Every year he hurried through his lines, knowing he was doing wrong.

The bells on the roof began to ring wildly.

"What's that?" Nancy Englebach asked. "What does that mean?"

Lucius Negley shaded his eyes against the sun, and said, "Nothing. Some boys climbed up to the roof and evidently decided to ring the bells."

"But isn't there a priest or someone to make them behave?"

"The great good fortune of Tacopatli is poverty, they cannot afford a priest. Thus they are truly devout and also abandoned to art. Their celebration of Christmas Eve is superb."

"With confetti and firecrackers in the church," Countess Volenska said dreamily, "and those nice dances of the men before the altar and the little Virgin looking so hopeful and pretty in her wedding dress."

Mrs. Englebach stared at them as if they were not responsible. The exaggeration that goes on, she thought, you'd imagine this was Oberammergau. Who are they pretending for? She looked at Harry, to share her disdain, but Harry was watching three Indian girls, quiet under their dark-blue *rebozos*, with still doe-eyed faces. Delicious, he was thinking, soft as water, delicious; American women are all too white and too assertive.

The crowd, with the foreigners tagging along at the edges, had moved to Caiaphas' platform. Abe steadied his aluminum leg carefully, gave his cane to Sarah to hold for a moment, and lifted John to his shoulder.

Caiaphas was considered to be the finest actor. His enormous mask dwarfed his body; the hair and beard were fire-red, the skin was dead-white, while protuberant eyes stuck out from it like large ominous blue marbles. He spoke from memory, his voice rose and fell with emotion, he made sudden fierce gestures and paced his platform like a tiger, stopping only to hurl questions at Jesus.

"What's your name?" Caiaphas was shouting. "Answer me! Are you deaf? They say you call yourself the King of the Jews." Caiaphas roared with hideous mirth behind his sneering blue-eyed mask, and the crowd rustled in anxiety; one could feel them all suffering for the lonely figure who had no friends.

From time to time, the humble voice of the man who stood behind the figure of Jesus and spoke for Him could be heard murmuring gently. "I have done no wrong. I have talked to the people and told them to be kind."

"You have caused trouble," Caiaphas shouted back, in fury. "You go around talking. You talk too much. You have made the people excited. Who asked you to come here and talk and cause trouble? We were very well before you came."

The crowd seemed to pull closer together; there was no help, they could see it, the authorities were against the Son of God. Who could do anything against the authorities?

"This is not my business," Caiaphas finally said, in disgust. "You will have to see the Señor Presidente. Go and see if he will believe you. A beggar. A nobody. He says he is the King of the Jews!" And with a gesture of contemptuous dismissal, Caiaphas turned from the crowd and the stooping shape before him. The crowd shuffled away; the four bareheaded sweating Indians backed the figure of Christ from Caiaphas' platform and started to move toward the center of the churchyard, where the special Tacopatli event which nobody understood would now be acted.

John was whimpering, tears dripped on his cheeks.

"Get down, get down," he said.

"Darling," said Sarah. "What's the matter?"

She lifted the child from Abe's shoulder. "Do you feel sick, baby?" The sun, she thought, oh heaven, I hope not.

"I want to go home," John said, hiding his face in her skirt.

"Yes John, I'll take you home right now. Have you got a headache?"

"Oh dear," Mrs. Ashford said.

Sarah led John to the car; once inside he crept close to her and sobbed; she held him in her arms, feeling his forehead for fever. She had let him keep his hat on, the Indians would know it was not intended disrespect.

"Why he be so bad to that man?" John cried. "Why that man got blood on him? Why he can't say something? Why the big man with the bad face talk so loud to him? I don't want him to talk so loud. I want to go home."

"My darling, you were frightened?"

"I want to go home," John wept.

How could I be so stupid, Sarah thought, he's only four. All the Indians, knowing this tragedy as they knew no other story, waited in the sun with growing fear and pity for the ending. All of them understood it, all were bound together in their helpless sorrow for the figure of the brave good man, unjustly accused, and without friends to speak for Him. Perhaps each year they hoped some help would come to save Him; and one could always feel their grief. Why did she think John would be blind, when no one else was, or careless?

"John, listen," Sarah said, holding the child quietly against her. "It is an old story, a very old story. It is about a great teacher and the frightened people who wanted to hurt him."

"What they do to him?" John asked, in a small scared voice.

"He is all right," Sarah said, firmly avoiding the facts. "He was so good they couldn't hurt him, not really."

She thought of the cry for water and the pain,

and the uninterrupted course of human cruelty. Must one always lie optimistically to a child?

JOHN was safe, happy and forgetful, playing with his little Indian nurse in the sandbox, so Sarah told him to eat a good lunch, have a nice nap, and she drove back to the Passion Play. She parked her car behind Lucius' dusty sedan and saw Countess Volenska struggling out of it.

"I've been having a tiny rest," Zaza observed. "One's legs get so tired. It's all over except the Crucifixion."

Several rests, or a very long one, Sarah thought, noticing the faint blur in Zaza's speech and the increased vagueness of her small blue eyes. Zaza wandered away, peering before her at the dusty road, the worn stone steps by the gate. Sarah brought out the picnic basket and carried it across the churchyard to the shade of the jacaranda tree.

"Is John all right?" Mrs. Ashford asked.

"Yes. It wasn't the sun. He was frightened."

"We were quite wrong to bring him."

"Yes."

"One forgets how frightening it is."

Abe seemed subdued and weary. He reached for the basket and lifted it to the wall, but no one had the energy to open it.

At this point there was always a long delay in the drama, and a curious change came over the crowd. Even those who did not follow the actors but preferred to rest on the grass, and see without hearing, had remained quietly attentive. But after Pilate, known in Tacopatlí as El Señor Presidente, asked his final question, the audience lost some quality which had kept them in order. Now there was nothing to hope for; now they knew there was only the terrible death to come. Either they hated this scene or it poisoned them; they became loud and restless, it was evident that many men were getting drunk, and there was much of the mindless high laughter which always marked street accidents or the announcement of disastrous news. Sarah wondered why the Indians laughed when they were shocked or afraid; Mrs. Ashford said that after twenty years in Mexico she had given up trying to understand many things. This depression, which seized the Indians so oddly, affected the three Americans like a darkening of the day; they felt physically weighed down, and somehow trapped.

"Couldn't we go?" Abe asked.

"Yes," Sarah said immediately.

"What a fine idea," Mrs. Ashford said. "We can take our lunch to the river. I really cannot bear the Crucifixion."

"I am not crazy about it myself," Abe said.

They skirted the crowd, which had broken up into noisy groups, laughing, drinking, arguing. From the other side of the laurel tree came shouted orders and the sound of hammering; the three crucifixes were always a frantic last-minute problem.

They did not speak in the car, but felt a shared relief. I would have had the sense to take John away now, Sarah told herself, I'd have had that much sense at least.

COUNTRESS VOLENSKA hung on Lucius' arm, her legs and her head felt heavy, she wiped her face continually with a wadded handkerchief. The two thieves were in the act of being crucified, which was extremely difficult, owing to the lack of handhold on the poles and the weight of the men. Eight or nine Indians tried to raise each crucifix; the thieves stood on small wooden pegs nailed to the upright and their hands were roped to the crossbars. Everyone near them screamed instructions; the thieves said nothing; their faces were blank with fear. Children howled and were spanked and howled louder. A woman seized a man's arm to stop him from drinking out of a bottle and he slapped her, backhanded, across the face. "Don't let it fall, shameless ones!" a voice called in anger. Slowly, with much slipping and cursing, the crucifixes were forced erect in their sockets.

It was easier to raise the center crucifix since the plaster figure of Christ was light. When the crucifix was in place, a sigh or groan rose from the crowd, which suddenly became silent except for that wordless sound. Men and women crossed themselves; women pulled their *rebozos* over the faces of the babies they were carrying.

Countess Volenska made the sign of the cross while tears slowly coursed down her thick gray cheeks. "It is too sad," she said, "too sad. We must love one another. It is all we can do. We must love one another."

"Quite right," Lucius said absent-mindedly. He was thinking that if he were not rotten with laziness he could write a magnificent book about native theater, including all the Indian dances and with this Passion Play as the brilliant middle section. Also he felt queasy and had trouble breathing; the heat, he told himself, and standing around for hours. He could not look at the two thieves, this barbaric copy of an old violence made him sick.

"There is no love," Countess Volenska mourned. "Mrs. Calthorp says poor Geoffrey smells in church and the Archbishop eats the wafers. Mrs. Delaunay is afraid of growing old and afraid because no one ever loved her, so she tells lies about

everyone. Mrs. Clewer laughs at the Englebachs, it is not good to laugh, we are all the same. The Indians are very nice and kind, it is wrong to say they don't care for religion."

Lucius, recalled from willed concentration on a possible book and grudging attention to his nausea, listened with alarm. Zaza was delirious, it seemed, or what: Mrs. Calthorp had once reported that Zaza was sometimes taken by Slavic fits of weeping. Good God, he thought, not now, not here, as if it isn't bad enough.

"Zaza, we could go now, there really isn't much to see."

"We must love one another," Countess Volenska insisted. "We have let it all happen for nothing. We have done nothing to help or repay. We can only love one another, to apologize to Him."

"Certainly," Lucius said rather wildly. "Zaza dear, come along, it's deathly hot, let's find the car."

Nancy Englebach had gone in search of Harry; she did not know what he could do, but he had to do something. She found him talking to the three Indian girls.

"*Mucho calor*," he had said experimentally.

Dove laughter rippled from them.

"*Donde vive?*" he had said, and their eyelashes swept their cheeks, their delicate bare feet stirred the dust, and they coquetted behind their *rebozos*. How do you get started, he thought in desperation; he could not let them go without some way of finding them again. They were what he wanted; any one of them, all of them; they were the secret unknown grace he was looking for.

Nancy took his arm. "I am going mad!" she said. "I am going absolutely mad! You have to do something, Harry! Make that old fool Lucius take us home. Oh God, why didn't we bring our own car?"

The three girls melted into the crowd. Harry Englebach stared at his wife with hatred, having heard nothing.

"I've got a flea!" Nancy said. "I know I have. I can feel the damned thing creeping around me. I itch all over. I must have picked it up from this horrible crowd. I feel filthy, I can't stand it. Harry, for God's sake, get me out of here!"

"Harry!" Lucius called from the gate. Harry Englebach took Nancy's arm roughly and pulled her toward the road. They were gone now; he would never see three like them again; Nancy, big and white and shouting, imperious with her money, had spoiled this too; he would never be anything, what he wanted always escaped him.

Lucius was unlocking the door of his sedan. He crossed in back to open the other door for Zaza, who stood in a dream, forming silent words with her lips. He saw that the cap of his gasoline tank had been stolen. "Again!" he shouted and kicked the rear tire so hard that he hurt his foot. "Damn them to hell, what do they want with the things!" The third time in a month; he would like to kill someone.

"Zaza, come here, get in," he called.

Three Indians, with bloodshot eyes and black thatched hair hanging over their foreheads, approached Zaza. They looked apelike and unsteady and seemed to be keeping their balance by swinging their hands below their knees.

"*Gringa*," one of them said. "*Dame dinero*."

"Zaza!" Lucius called.

"Poor things," Zaza murmured. She opened her enormous scarred black leather handbag and saw the old letters and bits of pencil and the flashlight and the medicine bottle she always carried and mussed handkerchiefs and an oozing tube of Vaseline. No money: perhaps she had left her money at home, perhaps she had no money just now. She found some copper coins and two crumbled cigarettes; these she gave to the man who had spoken. He looked at them with bleary loathing, spat at her feet, and threw the coins and the cigarettes in the dust. The sharp smell of marijuana floated from a group of boys who were watching the gringos; they laughed shrilly. One of the unsteady men came nearer to Zaza. "*Gringa, hija de puta*," he said, looking at her through the one eye he was able to keep open.

"Zaza!" Lucius shouted. He hurried around the car and pushed her before him; the Tacopatl Indians were known to hate foreigners; hadn't they refused to sell any of their land to white people; a riot might be starting; though God knows how they could get home, with the gasoline bouncing out of the tank; accursed people, savages, fools, murderers.

"Hurry, Nancy," Harry said, having seen what was going on. "In the car."

Lucius drove off with uncontrolled jerks, to the sound of mocking laughter; the three drunks in the road made obscene gestures.

"Oh God!" Nancy said and suddenly clawed at her left shoulder blade; she could feel it, moving, there. I will burn my clothes, she thought; if I don't get a bath right now I'll start screaming.

"I shall tell them all," Zaza was saying sleepily to herself, "I will explain. We are here together. We must love one another."

NOTES ON *Translation*

by ARTHUR WALEY

ARTHUR WALEY is an English scholar whose studies and translations of Chinese literature established him as one of the foremost Sinologists of our time. His translations of Chinese poetry, so impeccably published by Alfred Knopf in the 1920s, opened the gates of imagination for thousands of Americans, and his translation of *THE TALE OF GENJI*, the Japanese classic, is the best that was ever attempted. He speaks from experience and with authority.

I SHALL begin by saying something that seems obvious, but that cannot really be so obvious or it would not be so often ignored and even contradicted. Different kinds of translation are needed for different purposes. If one is translating a legal document all one needs to do is to convey the meaning; but if one is translating literature one has to convey feeling as well as grammatical sense. The author puts his feelings — exasperation, pity, delight — into the original. They are there in his rhythm, his emphasis, his exact choice of words, and if the translator does not *feel* while he reads, and simply gives a series of rhythmless dictionary meanings, he may think he is being “faithful,” but in fact he is totally misrepresenting the original.

Almost at the end of the *Bhagavad Gita* there is a passage of great power and beauty in which, instructed by the God, the warrior Arjuna at last overcomes all his scruples. There is a war on, he is a soldier and must fight even though the enemy are his friends and kinsmen. This is what various standard translations make him say:

1. O Unfallen One! By your favour has my ignorance been destroyed, and I have gained memory (of my duties); I am (now) free from doubt; I shall now do (fight) as told by you!

2. Destroyed is my delusion; through Thy grace, O Achutya, knowledge is gained by me. I stand forth free from doubt. I will act according to Thy word.
3. My bewilderment has vanished away; I have gotten remembrance by Thy Grace, O Never-Falling. I stand free from doubt. I will do Thy word.
4. My bewilderment is destroyed; I have gained memory through thy favour, O stable one. I am established; my doubt is gone; I will do thy word.

In addition to being totally without rhythm No. 1 has the disadvantage of a pointless inversion of word order and of quite unnecessary explanations in brackets. If any reader has got as far as this in the poem and yet still needs to be told what it is that Arjuna now remembers and what it is that he proposes to do, he must be so exceptionally inattentive as not to be worth catering for. No. 2 is better; but as the title Achutya will convey nothing to the mind of the reader, it seems better to translate it, as the other three translators have done. And is there any point in trying to preserve, as all the translators do, the Sanskrit idiom “get memory” for “to remember”? In No. 3 the rhythm would be better without the “away” after “vanished,” and “away” adds nothing to the sense. But I think No. 3 (by Professor Barnett)

is the best of the four. No. 4 is spoiled by "I am established," which, though a correct etymological gloss on the original, is not a possible way of saying "I have taken my stand" — that is to say, "I am resolved."

I suggest something of this kind:

You, god imperishable,
Have broken my illusion;
By your grace I have remembered.
I take my stand, I doubt no longer.
I will do your bidding.

I don't pretend that this is more than a pale echo of the original; but I think it has a shade more force and rhythm than the four other versions. No doubt all four translators were aware that they were tackling the finest moment of a fine poem, but this feeling does not seem to me to come through in their translations.

There are indeed in anything one translates certain key passages or lines about which one feels from the start that it is going to be of vital importance to get them exactly right. No makeshift or approximation will do. Such a passage comes at the end of the chapter "Ukifune" in *The Tale of Genji*. Ukifune, unable to decide between her two lovers, has made up her mind to throw herself into the river. Her maid Ukon pesters her with good advice.

Literally translated the passage runs: "Ukon, space-nearly lying, that doing: 'Thus only when one thinks about things, because the soul of the person who thinks about things goes astray there are indeed likely to be frightening dreams. Having decided one way or the other, oh that you may somehow get on!' So she sighed. [Ukifune] pressing the soft clothes against her face, lay; that indeed." The dream referred to is evidently (as commentators have recognized) the dream "too terrible to mention" which Ukifune's mother had had the night before. I translated the passage: "Ukon now came to sit with her for a little. 'When a person goes on tormenting herself as you are doing, we all know what happens: the soul gets loose from the body and goes wandering about by itself. That's why your mother has been having these bad dreams. There's nothing to worry about. Just make up your mind one way or the other, and it will be all right. At least I hope so,' she said with a sigh.

"Ukifune lay with the soft bed clothes pressed tight against her face."

Ukon, of course, is not a peasant. But she is on an infinitely lower rung of the social scale than Ukifune, and this (though I have not attempted to bring it out even in my literal translation) is expressed in the verb forms that she uses. One must make her talk as a maid might conceivably

talk to a mistress, but remember that she is the daughter of Ukifune's old nurse and is an intimate as well as a servant. Then one must make it clear that she is being aggravating and that it is just this continual flow of well-meant and quite useless advice that is driving Ukifune to desperation. Have I elaborated too much, to the point of spoiling the poignancy of the passage? I don't think so; looking at it some twenty-five years later I do not want to alter it, and even feel that if Ukon had been speaking English, this is more or less what she would have said.

There is not any other translation of the passage with which I can compare mine. If there were, I might suddenly feel that I did, after all, make rather a mess of it. In saying this I have in mind a passage in the No play *Sotoba Komachi*:

Oh how fell she from splendour,
How came the white of winter
To crown her head?
Where are gone the lovely locks, double-twined,
The coils of jet?
Lank wisps, scant curls wither now
On wilted flesh,
And twin-arches, moth-brows, tinge no more
With the hue of far hills.

That was the way I translated it in 1921, and it is not bad verse. But I must confess that when recently I read Sam Houston Brock's translation of *Sotoba Komachi* in Donald Keene's anthology, I was rather shaken. His translation of this passage is:

How was ever such loveliness lost?
When did she change?
Her hair a tangle of frosted grass
Where the black curls lay in her neck
And the color lost from the twin arched peaks
Of her brow.

I felt at once that my translation was hopelessly overlaid and wordy and that it tried in a quite unwarrantable way to improve upon the original. Not that I am altogether satisfied with Mr. Brock's. If mine is too poetical, his I think is a shade too prosy, and nothing will convince me that "Of her brow" makes a very good line of verse.

There is a wonderful passage in the Chinese novel *Monkey* where Tripitaka after his Illumination sees his discarded earthly body drifting downstream: "Tripitaka stared at it in consternation. Monkey laughed. 'Don't be frightened, Master,' he said, 'that's you.' And Piggy said, 'It's you, it's you.' Sandy clapped his hands. 'It's you, it's you,' he cried. The ferryman too joined in the chorus. 'There you go,' he cried. 'My best congratulations.'" In her paraphrase of the book (1930) Helen Hayes says, "A dead body

drifted by them, and the Master saw it with fear. But the Monkey, ever before him, said: 'Master, do not be alarmed. It is none other than your own!' The Pilot also rejoiced as he turned to say 'This body was your own! May you know joy!' "

Vital (in the original) is the repetition of the two simple words *shih ni*, "It's you," and if one gets bored with the repetition and represents the words as only having been spoken by two people, it seems to me that one spoils the whole passage. The second thing to note is that when the ferryman says "My best congratulations" (*k'o ho*) he is using the ordinary everyday formula of congratulation that one would use if one met an official who had had a rise, and that it is with whimsical intention that it is applied to Tripitaka's advance from ordinary human status to Buddhahood. Helen Hayes's "May you know joy!" so far from being a banal formula (which is what is required) is something that no one has ever said to anybody.

THIS brings us to the question of voices. When translating prose dialogue one ought to make the characters say things that people talking English could conceivably say. One ought to hear them talking, just as a novelist hears his characters talk. That sounds obvious and undeniable. But it does not seem to be the principle upon which translators, whether from Far Eastern or European languages, generally work.

Take for example Beatrice Lane's translation of the No play *Tsuchigumo*. A concubine called Kocho (Butterfly) is made to say "Bearing medicine given by the doctor, I, Kocho, have come. Pray tell him so." Can you hear anyone saying that? A literal translation would be "Please tell his Honour that Butterfly has come with some medicine for him from the Chief Physician."

One does not have to be a literary genius in order to avoid translator's pidgin of the kind I have just quoted. One simply has to develop the habit of hearing voices talk. The reader who cannot consult the original will of course tend to think that "queer" English is the result of a praiseworthy fidelity to the author's idiom and may have a comforting sense that he is getting right inside the author's mind. I have even been told that translations which read well cannot possibly give a true idea of the original. But as a matter of fact when, as in the case quoted above, one compares bits of queer translation with the text, one generally finds that the oddity is completely arbitrary and represents no native idiom at all. People, in fact, who write very well when expressing their own ideas tend (unless they have been to some extent schooled in translation) to lose all

power of normal expression when faced with a foreign text. I once edited a volume in which a number of archaeologists, all of them excellent writers when expressing their own ideas, undertook to translate articles by German colleagues. The matter of the articles was purely technical and concrete; the translators knew exactly what had to be said. But one and all they were unable to produce anything but the most abject translator's pidgin. The sight of German sentences put them completely out of their stride.

I HAVE used the expression "schooled in translation" because I believe that even if it is a question of translating literature (and not merely technical information) there is a lot that could be learned. It is not, after all, as though a translator has to be or even had better be a creative genius. His role is rather like that of the executant in music, as contrasted with the composer. He must start with a certain degree of sensibility to words and rhythm. But I am sure that this sensibility could be enormously stimulated and increased, just as musical sensibility obviously can be.

A French scholar (whom I greatly admire) wrote recently with regard to translators: "Qu'ils s'effacent derrière les textes et ceux-ci, s'ils ont été vraiment compris, parleront d'eux-mêmes." Except in the rather rare case of plain concrete statements such as "The cat chases the mouse" there are seldom sentences that have exact word-for-word equivalents in another language. It becomes a question of choosing between various approximations. One can't, for example, say in English "Let them efface themselves behind the texts." One has to say something like "They should efface themselves, leaving it to the texts to speak," and so on. I have always found that it was I, not the texts, that had to do the talking. Hundreds of times I have sat for hours in front of texts the meaning of which I understood perfectly, and yet been unable to see how they ought to be put into English in such a way as to embody not merely a series of correct dictionary meanings, but also the emphasis, the tone, the eloquence of the original.

"Toute recherche esthétique," the French scholar continues, "va contre la bonne foi du traducteur." I would rather say that the true work of the translator begins with "recherche esthétique." What comes before that — knowledge of the foreign language — is of course essential as a foundation, but it is a matter of linguistics and has nothing to do with the art that I am discussing. There do of course exist texts in which

only logical meaning, and not feeling, is expressed. But particularly in the Far East they are exceedingly rare. The appeal, even in philosophical texts, has always been to emotion rather than to logic.

When I had been translating Chinese poetry for about six years, guided metrically by instinct alone, I discovered that I had been unconsciously obeying a certain rule. This was: to have one stress to each Chinese syllable. The stressed syllables could come side by side, as in

On the high hills nó créature stírs

or they could be separated by anything up to three unstressed syllables, as in

I have stíll to trável in my sólitáry bóat.

This gave something which Gerard Manley Hopkins (whom I had not then read) called, I think, "sprung rhythm." I did not use rhyme because I found that to do so carries one too far away from the original. But exactly what sounds one uses at the end of a line is as important if one is not rhyming as it is if one is using rhyme, and a proper rhythmical relation between the lines is as important in free verse as it is in standard, traditional meters. It is true, however, that the tangles into which rhymers get themselves are sometimes almost incredible. A translator who shall be nameless has the two lines:

This little grandchild, five years short of twelve,
As yet can neither spin nor deeply delve.

Believe it or not, all that the original says is

The little children cannot yet help with the
plowing or weaving.

At the same time, though he has made such a mess here, I don't question that the translator was right in using rhyme, because all his experience and practice had been in writing rhymed poetry. The translator must use the tools that he knows best how to handle. And this reflection reminds me at once of what Lin Shu, the great early nineteenth-century translator of European fiction into Chinese, said when he was asked why he translated Dickens into ancient Chinese instead of into modern colloquial. His reply was: "Because ancient Chinese is what I am good at."

There are indeed so many lessons about translation to be learned from the story of this extraordinary man that I want to devote quite a bit of space to him. Let me introduce him to you by quoting from the preface to his translation of *The Old Curiosity Shop*:

"I once went into retreat, shutting myself up in one room for weeks on end. All day the people of the house passed to and fro outside, and al-

though I could not see them I was soon able to distinguish their footsteps and know infallibly who was passing my door.

"I have a number of friends who from time to time bring me Western books. I cannot read any Western language, but these friends translate them aloud to me and I have come to be able to distinguish between the different styles of writing as surely as I recognized the footsteps of the people in my house."

LIN SHU (1852-1924) was already famous as a writer of essays and criticism in a terse, clear, and vigorous style of literary Chinese when, more or less accidentally, his career as a translator began. In 1893 a young friend called Wang Tzu-jen, who had just returned from studying in France, brought him a copy of Dumas's novel *La Dame aux Camélias* and translated it to him viva voce, in ordinary Chinese colloquial. Lin Shu began turning this translation into literary Chinese. It was rather an odd thing to do because, although short stories were sometimes written in literary Chinese, no Chinese novel had ever been in anything but colloquial. The translation was published, and was an immense success.

During the next twenty-five years he published about 160 translations. Wang Tzu-jen, to whom he was deeply devoted, was never again available as a collaborator, and seems to have died rather young. But two of Wang's nephews knew French and collaborated in various works. One of them, twenty years later, helped Lin Shu to translate Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's *Paul et Virginie*. During the twenty-five years or so when he was translating he used at least sixteen different collaborators. Most of them were gifted and highly educated young men who had been sent abroad to study practical subjects, such as naval engineering. They soon became engrossed in their careers, diplomatic or governmental, and it was natural that they were not available as collaborators in translation for very long.

There were, of course, great disadvantages in Lin Shu's method of work. Knowing no foreign language he was, as he more or less confesses in his analogy about footsteps, rather in the position of a blind man at a picture gallery, whose friends are able to tell him everything about the pictures except what they actually look like. Naturally the method led to numerous small mistakes, and he continually received lists of errata from readers all over China. What made him so remarkable as a translator was the immense force and vivacity of his style and the intensity with which he *felt* the stories that were communicated to him.

"People in a book," he writes in the preface to Charlotte Yonge's *The Eagle and the Dove*, "at once become my nearest and dearest relations. When they are in difficulties I fall into despair; when they are successful, I am triumphant. I am no longer a human being, but a puppet whom the author dangles on his strings."

He worked with immense rapidity. In 1907 alone he published translations of Scott's *The Talisman* and *The Betrothed*, Dickens' *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Nicholas Nickleby*, Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, Arthur Morrison's *The Hole in the Wall*, and a number of stories by Conan Doyle and other popular writers.

It is perhaps by his translation of Dickens that he is best known. He translated all the principal Dickens novels, and I have compared a number of passages with the original. To put Dickens into classical Chinese would on the face of it seem to be a grotesque undertaking. But the results are not at all grotesque. Dickens, inevitably, becomes a rather different and to my mind a better writer. All the overelaboration, the overstatement and uncurbed garrulity disappear. The humor is there, but is transmuted by a precise, economical style; every point that Dickens spoils by uncontrolled exuberance, Lin Shu makes quietly and efficiently.

You may question at this point whether it is right to call him a translator at all. But at any rate in the case of the Dickens novels it would be misleading, I think, to use such terms as "paraphrase" or "adaptation." In any case he was the transmitter, on the grandest possible scale, of European fiction to China, and through him Chinese fiction (which had been tied down to ancient storyteller's conventions that no longer fitted what the contemporary novelist wanted to say) was revitalized when it was at its last gasp.

I HAVE spoken of the lessons that can be drawn from Lin Shu's achievement. First, then, what matters most is that the translator, whether working at first or at second hand, should be someone who delights in handling words. As another example of what a difference this makes I would cite the *Four Cautionary Tales* by Harold Acton and Lee Yi-hsieh, who worked together in much the same way as Lin Shu worked with his collaborators.

Whether the translator's style is contemporary or archaic does not matter. Some writers have been brought up on the Bible and handle a Biblical style with vigor and ease. I would cite as an instance Gordon Luce's *The Glass Palace Chronicle of the Kings of Burma*. There is all the difference in

the world between the deliberate, consistent archaism of this translation and the pointless occasional Biblicisms (such as "these twain" for "these two") of unskillful translators.

The second point concerns the selection of books to translate. About 1910 the novelist and translator Tseng P'u called on Lin Shu at Peking and explained to him that all he was doing was to add to the already vast number of T'ang stories a whole series of new T'ang stories that differed from their predecessors only in the fact that their material was taken from foreign sources. Such a procedure, said Tseng P'u, could have no influence on the future course of Chinese literature. He advised him, among other things, to draw up a list of masterpieces, arranged according to period, country, and literary school, and then work through it in an orderly and systematic way. Lin Shu explained that as he knew no foreign language he was not in a position to draw up such a list, and that he saw no alternative to his present method. The books that his friends brought him were all well-known works, and there would be no point in translating them in a prearranged order.

If Tseng P'u had known anything about Lin Shu's temperament (and it does not appear that he had ever met him before) he would have known how inconceivable it was that Lin should ever work to schedule. Moreover, though Lin Shu translated chiefly because he like translating and did not, so far as I know, ever aim consciously at "influencing the future course of Chinese literature," the effect of his prodigious life-work was in fact to revolutionize Chinese fiction.

As to the desirability of programs and schedules, the question is one which has again come conspicuously to the fore. As part of a new preoccupation with cultural propaganda, various government-sponsored organizations are busy drawing up lists of works that ought to be translated. Young men with linguistic knowledge but often without any literary gifts are roped in to translate, without any particular enthusiasm, works whose only claim to attention is that they have got into an officially compiled list of "masterpieces." I have a feeling that this system is not going to work very well. What matters is that a translator should have been excited by the work he translates, should be haunted day and night by the feeling that he *must* put it into his own language, and should be in a state of restlessness and fret till he has done so. "Masterpieces" were not always masterpieces and may at any minute cease to be so. Many of them owe their place on the list to all sorts of extrinsic and relatively ephemeral causes. Even so comparatively short a time ago as my own childhood a poem the title of

which I pronounced "Cassaby Anchor" was a "masterpiece," and I had to learn it by heart. Perhaps one day it will come into its own again; but meanwhile let the translator read widely and choose the things that excite him and that he itches to put into English. If they are not scheduled as "masterpieces" today, very likely they will be tomorrow.

THE Japanese pin their faith to translation by committee. Twenty people (with one exception all Japanese) seem to have taken part in the translation of the *Manyoshu* (the earliest Japanese anthology) published in 1940. The results were excellent, but this was due, I am sure, to the fact that the one Westerner concerned was Ralph Hodgson, and it seems clear that he was, in the final stage of the work, given a free hand. The next number in the series was *Japanese Noh Drama* (1954). Here eighteen people seem to have been involved; but it is clear that no Western poet took the bit between his teeth as I believe Ralph Hodgson to have done in the previous case. The result was that the lyric parts of the plays are simply prose, arbitrarily printed as though it were verse, as in the lines

In recent years
I have lived a country life.

The Japanese committee finds it "regrettable" that Japanese literature has hitherto been chiefly translated by foreigners. I believe, on the contrary, that it is almost always better for the translator to be writing in his own language. It is in the highest degree improbable that a writer will command all the resources of a foreign language even as regards vocabulary, and when it comes to rhythm he is almost certain to be completely floored.

These scattered notes on translation deal principally with the Far East, because that is where my own experience lies. But almost all that I have said would apply equally to translation from European languages. I am afraid I may be felt to have taken rather an Only Tailor in the Street line. I have found fault with a good many other people's translations and in some cases have implied that I preferred my own. But I think it is natural that anyone should prefer his own translations. After all, he has made them to the measure of his own tastes and sensibilities, and it is as natural that he should prefer them to other people's as it is that he should prefer to walk in his own shoes.

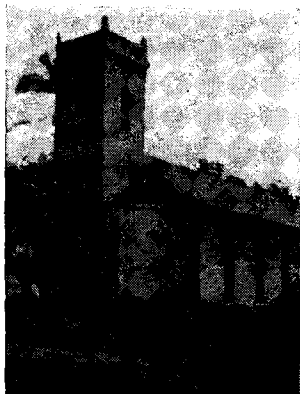
ALASTAIR REID

A MORNING IN SPAIN

Up early, out of a dream
of tall perplexing women.
Warm on the terrace, with sun
staining the clumsy town.
Spanish, in children's voices,
and olive trees and sea
fasten the day down
and tell me where I am.

A cock crows my alarm.
Turkeys cluck in the rubble.
The children, drowsed and warm,
trail to the breakfast table,
to grapes and figs in season.
The dream dies down,
and I wonder in the sun
what to make of the morning.

To see if I am the same,
I speak, in my own voice,
an answer which satisfies
something the children ask,
and go to my blank desk,
balancing day and dream,
to see what light will come
with the help of a lucky rhyme
or a word in the right quarter.



FATHER DAMIEN'S VILLAGE

BY KATHRYN HULME

The author of THE NUN'S STORY, KATHRYN HULME interrupted the preparation of her new book long enough to pay a flying visit to Honolulu and to Molokai, the isolated leper colony which, thanks to the new drugs, is now a more hopeful settlement than was ever possible in the days of Father Damien.

WHEN I first flew over Molokai, the old battleground of Father Damien, and heard the airline stewardess say, "The Hansen's disease settlement," as she pointed down to the peninsula of Kalaupapa, I thought she was showing off her medical vocabulary. Most of the passengers gazing momentarily at the surf-fringed peninsula never realized they were flying over the most famous and once most isolated sick colony in the Pacific. Nor did the stewardess explain that Hansen's disease means leprosy. Seen from aloft, the Kalaupapa peninsula on Molokai, home of the lepers since 1865, looked like a scarred thumb thrust into the creamy line of smashing surf.

Although medical opinion now generally concurs in the belief that the Biblical scourge described in the Old Testament is not the Hansen's disease which we know today, it is nevertheless certain that man's first fear of leprosy was crystallized by the thirteenth chapter of Leviticus, wherein the Lord spoke to Moses and Aaron, telling them what to do when "a man shall have in the skin of his flesh a rising, a scab or a bright spot." Segregation was made the law for lepers from that time onward. More than twenty centuries had to wear away before the causative

bacillus of the disease was found, in 1874, by a young Norwegian physician named Gerhard Armauer Hansen. Some seventy years later, in the early 1940s, the sulfone drugs were discovered, along with their peculiar properties of clearing up the leper's visible skin ulcerations and, eventually, rendering him noncontagious, therefore free to return to society. In 1949, the Territory of Hawaii, by legislative act, changed the name of leprosy to Hansen's disease, as the medical profession had long been calling it.

I had not planned to visit Molokai when I flew to the Hawaiian Islands. But a letter of introduction which I carried made my detour to Molokai compelling. It was addressed to a noted doctor, scholar, and writer, resident of the islands for more than thirty-five years, who was stationed in the Molokai settlement in the 1920s and knew all of its history before and since. As soon as he learned that I and my traveling companion, a nurse, were interested in leprosy, he fired us up for an immediate trip. He loaned us out-of-print books on leprosy, missionary and medical diaries, memoirs and current pamphlets. Finally he urged us to visit the Hansen's disease institution on the outskirts of Honolulu, Hale Mohalu. There since 1949, when the Navy released this extensive WAVES barracks to the territory, newly discovered cases have been sent for treatment with the new sulfones and for rehabilitation training to prepare them for their certain return to society. They will return after an average stay of five years; less when the disease is detected early.

I read avidly, beginning with Dr. A. A. Mou-

ritz's first great study of the disease in the Pacific, entitled *The Path of the Destroyer*; I read Ernie Pyle's letters written for the Honolulu *Advertiser* in 1937, and Robert Louis Stevenson's letters from his eight-day stay in the settlement and his famous white-heat defense of Father Damien after the ill-judged, inaccurate defamation by the Rev. Dr. McEwen Hyde. I read cool medical pamphlets, Brother Dutton's memoirs and letters, Edward Clifford's account of his long friendship with Father Damien, Charles W. Stoddard's *Diary of a Visit to Molokai in 1884*.

Ernie Pyle wrote in a mood of pity and hopelessness. "Kalaupapa," he said in his first article, "has been dramatized and fictionalized until it is known all over the world today as a spot of veiled mysticism, a cursed place where men are banished to await death and a place where martyrs sacrifice their lives in a beautiful attenuation of human suffering." But Kalaupapa is no longer "a cursed place." In the Hansen's disease institution of Hale Mohalu, a half hour by bus from the center of Honolulu, out where the winds from Pearl Harbor blow fresh in your face, we saw in a small rubber-capped bottle an average daily dose of Promin, the derivative of the sulfone drug that is injected intravenously, and in other small bottles the sulfone tablets, Diasone and Promizole, which are taken by mouth. We were looking at substances, tea-yellow in liquid form, snow-white in tablet form, which have made obsolete such literary expressions as "walking sepulchers."

THE medical director of Hale Mohalu is a woman, slight in stature, with blue eyes, wavy brown hair, and serious mouth which pushes dimples into her cheeks when she smiles. She takes up each small bottle and tells you how the medicine is administered daily to every patient, how most respond better to the tablet than to the intravenous form, how within several weeks to six months after a new case is started on the daily dosage the clinical response to it may be seen with your own eyes. Open sores and red spots disappear; lepromatous lumps start to subside. The doctor shows you pictures taken before and after. She talks in the quiet uninflected voice of the dedicated worker, making all this magic sound not only believable but commonplace.

She escorts you through her extensive domain: operating, dental, and X-ray rooms (during the years while patients are under treatment for Hansen's disease, their other maladies must be cared for as well); through hospital wards and club-rooms, a new movie theater, the kitchens and dining rooms with tables seating four to six per-

sons, each table with its central cluster of sugar, catsup, and mustard containers, all neat as a pin. On one table is a small object folded in a twist of paper. The doctor explains that some patient probably forgot to take his daily tablet during the preceding meal; the patient-waitress has left it at his place where he will find it next time he comes to table. They help each other not to forget.

Vegetable and flower gardens maintained by patients with gardening experience surround the barracks with rows of lettuce, an orchard of papayas, flaming red ti leaves, and taro for their basic poi food. There are workshops to encourage vocational interests: automotive repair, sewing, ceramics, weaving, electrical repair. The habit of working must not be lost during the years of isolation. Every patient in this place will eventually be returned to society to earn his living and pay his taxes. Unless, as the doctor explains, the patient finds the prejudices of "outside" too tough to buck and the baseless skepticism about his noncontagious state too unbearable. This is still a major problem — to educate the outside to receive the permanently released and give them jobs.

The younger released find their way back into normal society more easily than the old. They still have family connections to aid them and, more importantly, they are less blemished when released because the disease was caught early. The disfigured nose, the contracted fingers, or a hand with one or more fingers gone are recognized all through the islands for what they once signified, and the age-old recoil works in the beholder like an involuntary reflex. But another modern miracle, the doctor explains, is coming more and more into use to eradicate the telltale signs of the disease — plastic surgery.

The doctor leads you to a visitors' washroom after you have toured her establishment. You wash your hands thoroughly and dry them on paper towels. Decades of research have proved that leprosy is acquired by direct contact either with the diseased person or with the things he has touched, but only after long and intimate contact. "We call it a household disease," the doctor says. The common sleeping mats, the common poi bowl of the Hawaiians were ideal transmitters. We ask her, as she scrubs beside us, if she ever worries about her daily contact with active cases. She gives us a calm glance.

"If I showed fear, I could do nothing with my nurses. No, I'm not afraid. But I have a very healthy respect for *any* disease. I take every reasonable precaution and urge them to do the same." Unobtrusively she teaches you to do likewise. "Please let me open the doors for you on your way out," she says. You don't notice until

you have passed through several swinging doors that she has a piece of Kleenex covering the fingers that push them open for you. She accompanies you to the gate which is never locked, remarking in passing that the patients could walk out into the town at any moment, but they never do.

To the left of the unlocked gate was a long porchlike enclosure, roofed, open on the street side and screened on the side facing the isolation grounds. On a table running the length of it five or six fat brown babies were lying on their backs, gurgling over their milk bottles or simply gurgling with contentment as the women beside them patted their stomachs. The women talked with the fathers of the babies who were on the isolation side of the screen. The babies had been removed from the contagion at birth and were being raised outside by their own mothers or by foster mothers if both parents were inside. This is another aspect of Hansen's disease, perhaps the strangest. (Even Father Damien in his time could not believe it possible.) Children born of leprous parents never contract the disease if removed at birth, a positive indication that it is not hereditary.

We had chanced upon the visiting hours when the isolated fathers could view their offspring. Not a finger poked or wagged through the screen as the infants were held up to be admired. The give-and-take from both sides of the screen was light and easy, sometimes laced with laughter. The multiple vowels of the Hawaiian tongue made it sound a bit like song.

"Don't forget what you have seen here when you fly to Molokai," the doctor said at parting. "Remember — over there we have many of our older cases, unfortunates whose malady was far advanced before the era of the sulfones. You will see some disfiguring, crippling, blindness, quite different from the average of our patients here."

THE plane for Molokai takes off daily at noon from Honolulu airport, flying time twenty-eight minutes. Our pilot was a young man in a flowered sport shirt. He had that day one other passenger besides us, a released patient who sat in the rear seat of the small cabin among stacked cartons of perishables being flown over to Kalaupapa. We passed over Waikiki beach, then Diamond Head, and in no time saw the western tip of Molokai across the channel, flat as its surrounding ocean and discernible, at first, only for the fringe of surf that outlined it. Around the point, on Molokai's northern side, the pali which becomes a two-thousand-foot isolation wall behind the settlement at Kalaupapa began its rise. Back of it we saw the

pineapple fields sloping southward to the tourist spots of Molokai: the Halawa Valley waterfalls, the famous stone fish ponds of Hawaiian kings, and Kaunakai, home of Kamehameha V. Then Kalaupapa was beneath our wings, a finger of brown and green land outlined in black and white by its lava-stone beaches edged with foam.

"I'll be back for you around four thirty," said the pilot. "You'll have a longer visit than the regular tour. There's your car for you at the airport. It takes about two hours to drive around the peninsula, then you'll have the rest of the time for visiting." A church was below us. "Father Damien's," said our pilot. "That's Kalawao below, the first settlement. Nobody living there now." He swung out to sea to come in for the landing. "We're flying right over a basking whale," he said. "Look out my side."

But we were looking at the grassy airstrip below, at the small open-fronted terminal coming so quickly into focus that we could see the rail running down its middle and read the signs to right and left — "Visitors" on one side, "Patients" on the other. Two lonely-looking figures waited for the plane to taxi back to where they stood — Father Gustave, whom we had asked to meet, and a young Hawaiian man, our driver for the day, a permanently discharged patient who had chosen to remain in the settlement to help sightseers such as ourselves.

On the Father's advice we decided to take the ride around the peninsula first. After lunch we would rejoin him at his house to visit the Franciscan sisters in the infirmary and in the Bishop Home for female patients. Our driver ushered us into a polished blue sedan which, he informed us, was never used to transport patients but was for visitors only. He owned a second car that he used for driving his friends about. The majority of the inhabitants, he said, were car owners and, as we could see, they were also owners of TV sets. Imposing TV aerials were visible among the trees shading the small village of Kalaupapa ahead of us.

Our driver heard our exclamation of surprise. "Oh, we have some radio hams here too," he said. "We go often to their homes to listen to them talking to hams all over the world. Surprising the things you hear. Our hams often handle last-minute communications between the division's medical in Honolulu and here."

"Here" had become abruptly a village street, such as you might expect to find in New England, with small white cottages set back in gardens behind white picket fences, and the sound of the sea just a step away. Only the tropical trees and flowering shrubs in the well-tended gardens — hibiscus, plumeria, oleander, jasmine — belied the New England atmosphere. There were the

same tidy appearance of grassy lawns beneath shade trees, the same somnolence undisturbed by children's voices, the same feeling that only old or ill folk lived here now, drowsing behind their shutters while their innumerable cats and dogs drowsed amid the orchid pots on their small private porches. This is the palimpsest. Layers of heartbreak history lie beneath the pleasant surface story, so effectively buried now that only with great force of imagination can you see that Kalaupapa landing as it was in 1873, when Father Damien came to the treeless peninsula.

We drove through the sleepy streets of Kalaupapa to register in the administration building, a verandaed cottage like all the other dwellings of the settlement. Inside was a business office, large and efficient-looking, whose smiling employees were patients. The register showed few visitors from the outside; a public health nurse from Chicago had signed in the day before. A blackboard gave the population figures of the settlement for that day:

Registered at Kalaupapa:	226
Active patients:	male 49, female 28
Arrested cases:	male 95, female 54
In home and infirmary:	67
In outcottages:	136
Total present:	203
Total absent:	23

Some of the absentees we had seen at Hale Mohalu, reporting there for special surgery, optical or dental work. The others, arrested cases, were probably visiting friends on other islands or had "gone topside," our driver informed us. "Topside" was the way the Kalaupapans referred to the plateau of Molokai which lay above their rock-walled pali.

The two-thousand-foot cliff, blue-green with its dense vegetation, dominates every view from the settlement unless you turn your back to it deliberately and look seaward. A perilous foot trail slants up it to where there used to be a locked gate at the top. Clouds seem to spring directly from just behind its stony crest, as if manufactured there in some colossal caldron. The primeval cliff stops all thought of exit from the base of the peninsula as effectively as does the surf breaking against black lava beaches around its other three sides.

IN TEN minutes you can drive through just about every street in Kalaupapa, but we took it more slowly, stopping often to photograph beautiful little private gardens or public greenswards under curving coco palms. There were so few figures in the landscape that we did not have to worry about the official request that no pictures be taken of

patients. The few patients we saw were either working in offices or gardens or motoring about on mysterious errands which could be guessed at only when you saw fish nets hanging from the car windows.

Our driver chatted about the advantages of marrying in the town. Then you could sign up for a cottage of your own and get it, eventually, when its present tenants died or departed. You could do your own housekeeping and cooking instead of living in the unit homes and eating in community dining rooms. Many patients had married, since admission to Kalaupapa, in order to qualify for a private dwelling. He showed us the newest married couples' homes near the foot of the pali — trim small tract-type houses, each with its own front gate and garden, each with its own landscaping touch. One had brightly painted coconuts suspended all around its view porch, a variation of the painted-gourd decoration popular in certain southern California bungalow sections.

Around the unit homes which house unmarried men and women and the more disabled patients, the number of dogs and cats multiply. "They take the place of children with our people," said our driver. "You know we have no children here."

The dogs and cats slept side by side, their ancient grudge forgotten in this village of no visible strife where every need of its slowly diminishing population is taken care of. The driver tells us that deaths are far-spaced nowadays, what with the care the people are receiving. Old age or illnesses natural to old age are the most frequent causes of death. They toll a bell when one of the patients dies, as they used to do in Father Damien's time, when death was a daily visitor.

The driver went slowly past England's rose marble column in memory of Father Damien and past the white marble memoriam to Mother Marianne, who came with her Franciscan nuns to help Father Damien in his last days and to continue the work for another thirty years until her death in the settlement in 1918. We stopped to look at the government store. Several cars were parked in front of its veranda. The customers — housekeeping patients who may draw ten dollars' worth of provisions each week — came out laughing just like any bargain-happy shoppers from any community store. The illusion of normal living is so pervasive everywhere that it takes a few moments to comprehend an occasional fact the driver gives — as, for example, passing the post office, he tells you that all mail is fumigated before transmission to the outside world.

Work, we learned, was optional for those physically fit; for services to the community, they were

paid wages ranging from fifty to seventy cents an hour on jobs averaging from four to six hours daily. The driver estimated that about one hundred were employed at the time of our visit — a bit better than half the total patient population. Considering that all patients are paid a small monthly allowance during their compulsory isolation in Kalaupapa and that they are housed, fed, and clothed at government expense, whether they choose to work or not, these statistics of employment are a triumphant sign of the will of the people to be like other men, able to buy radios, cars, and TV sets if they wish, or better clothing than charity provides. Many are saving against the day when they will be declared medically free of contagion, able to return to normal society.

"We can average about sixty dollars a month," said the driver. "Some of our workers have saved up quite a little sock over the years." He detoured to show us the house of a patient who owns a thousand chickens and supplies the settlement with eggs and fowls. The chickens, I noted, were housed off the ground in wire-floored runs with roofs over them, just as they are in any modern big chicken business. Patients also own the cattle, several hundred head of them, which provide the beef for the settlement. At roundup time all the able-bodied men pitch in to help the cattlemen. The driver then turned into the rural road leading across the peninsula to Kalawao, three miles distant from Kalaupapa.

Kalawao, the site of the first leper settlement on the peninsula, is a name to reckon with. It was the dateline address of Dr. Mouritz's first official medical reports to the Board of Health in Honolulu on the situation of the leprous outcasts of Molokai and of Father Damien's voluminous letters to the Honolulu authorities. Charitable societies all over the world began to hear of his voluntary exile with his leprous "children" after the Queen Regent of the islands, Liliuokalani, decorated him as a Knight of the Royal Order of Kalakaua in September, 1881, eight years after his arrival on Molokai and eight years before his death from the disease whose devastation he was trying to alleviate.

Kalawao is now uninhabited, a place of remembrance. Yellow day lilies grow rampant beside the low lava-stone walls that once marked the roadway's entrance to the original settlement. Brown cattle graze in the meadows around the Protestant church of Siloam, built in 1871, with its gabled porch and pointed white wood spire diminutive against the rearing background of the pali. Father Damien's church of St. Philomena lies a few paces nearer to the sea. Its square stone bell tower is silent these days except twice a year, when memorial Masses are celebrated there. Beside the

black marble cross marking Damien's original grave to the right of his church are a dozen or so gray sepulchers with headstones all facing out to sea. Here lie his first helpers in the task that confronted him after his arrival in May, 1873.

The lava subsoil in which he helped to hack their graves is covered with lawn now, and coco palms bend over it to make arched frames for the view of the blue Pacific beyond. The greensward continues unbroken to the edge of rugged lava cliffs that drop in rough black chunks to the creaming surf below. This wide sloping greensward beyond the two churches is named Baldwin Park. The ambulatory patients of Kalaupapa come here often on Sundays for special festivals and barbecues. Church services are held in the small pavilion erected on the highest point, where Catholic, Protestant, and Mormon clergy take their turns on the festival days.

The trade winds drive hard upon you as you stand gazing at the wild and lonely seascape. Imagination strives to revive, and cannot, the terrible scenes that took place on this land's end when a thousand hopeless sufferers peopled it. It is all so quiet now, so exceedingly beautiful with its flowered meadows running down to the sea. In the wooded folds of the towering cliffs live the only creatures continuous since Father Damien's time — the wild goats. Nowadays, says our driver, the livelier citizens of Kalaupapa sometimes climb those cliffs and capture a baby goat, which they bring back to the settlement and domesticate.

THE village of Kalaupapa seemed somehow much busier when we returned to it from the memory garden of Kalawao. A maintenance crew of stalwart patients was trimming palm trees in a shady street. We ate our lunch of hard-boiled eggs and bananas on the porch of a visitors' cottage near the landing. There was a noonday hum in the air, and occasionally we heard the sound of dishes. Behind the screened windows of nearby cottages the more helpless patients were being fed by their housemates.

It was wise to leave the visit to the infirmary and the Bishop Home until the last. Father Gustave received us in his cottage and told us, by way of introduction, that he was the first Belgian priest to be assigned to Kalaupapa since 1897. He had been just two months in his new post and was still learning his way around the parish, which, apart from its singular location, had certain health restrictions; he was not, for instance, permitted to enter into any active patient's house. He did, however, visit every Catholic patient daily in the infirmary and the Home, bringing

them Holy Communion and what spiritual solace he could.

On the way to the infirmary, we paid our respects to his church just across the quadrangle of lawn on which his cottage fronted. It was like any other small well-kept parish church save for one detail. It had no confession boxes. The confessional was a frame of wooden lattice set up just behind the communion rail at the foot of the main aisle. "Easy for the blind to get to it without needing anyone to lead them," said the Father. Many of his sighted parishioners would have preferred the privacy of a closed confessional, but as long as there were blind among them who knew their way to this familiar old setup, he supposed that it would remain. The racks behind every pew, overflowing with well-thumbed missals, testified to his large and faithful flock. We had no awareness of segregation in his church until the Father caught us kneeling in the regular pews, and gestured to four short rows up front on a side aisle which were reserved for the nuns and for visitors.

Had there been a patient in the church, he explained, that patient would doubtless have done the same thing. It was extraordinary how watchful they were over the healthy who came to visit them. He related an event of his first days when he was making the acquaintance of his people. He was attending a barbecue, playing cards with three patients, of whom one was a temporarily arrested case. This man kept a small pad of wet paper beside his place, on which he moistened his thumb when his turn came to deal the cards. Though he no longer carried the contagion, he took no chances in the presence of a newcomer.

"You've probably noticed their charitable watchfulness over you," said Father Gustave, "when you've impulsively extended your hand upon introduction. They have such gracious ways of avoiding the proffered handshake." We recalled a young woman in the administration building to whom we had been introduced. Now we understood why she had excused herself from taking our hand, remarking that her own was soiled from the mimeograph work she was doing.

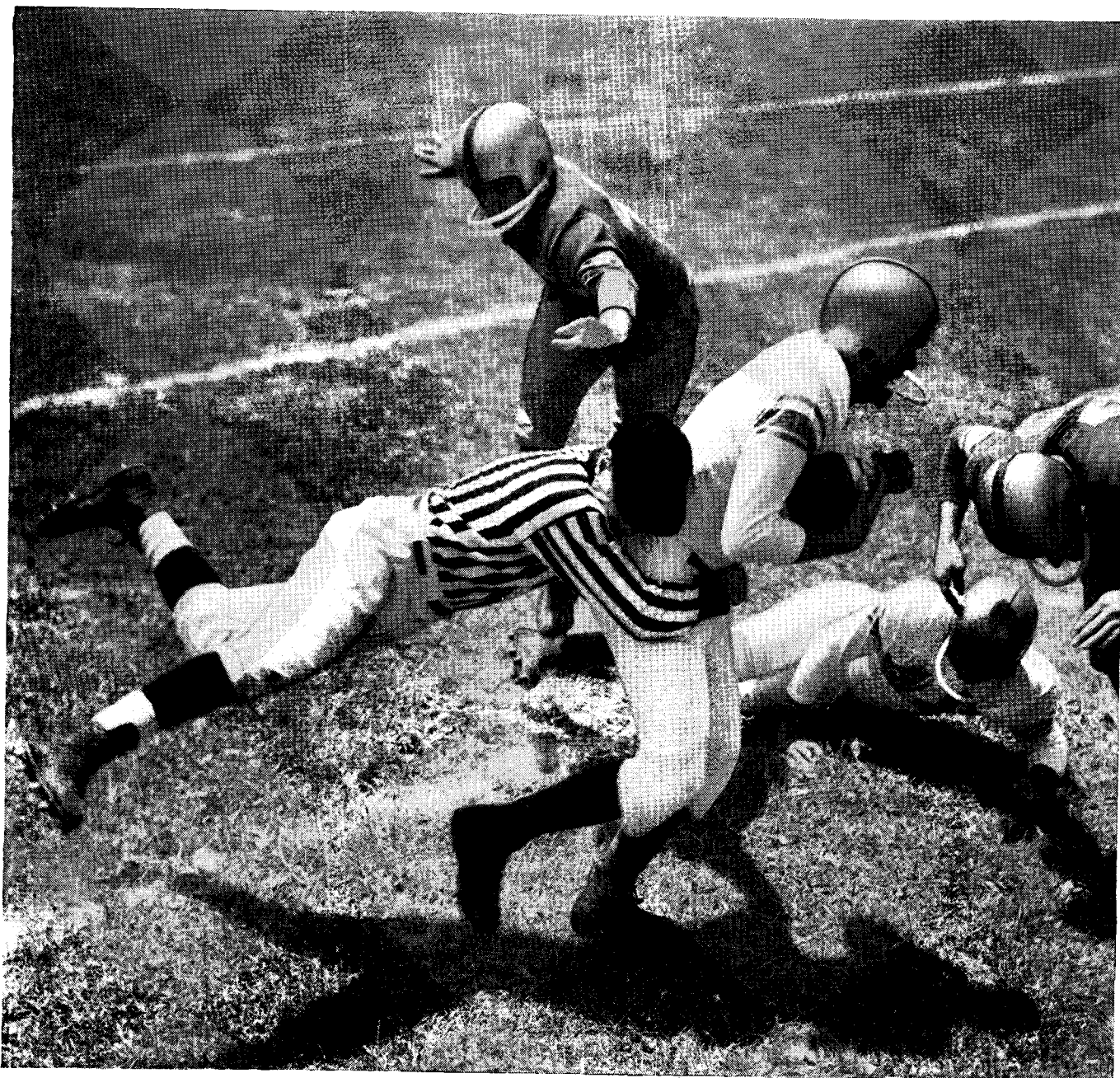
In the infirmary, and later in the Home, we visited some of the older patients whose malady was far advanced before the era of the sulfones. These were the living witnesses to what leprosy, long unattended and unchecked, can do to its victims. Some of these advanced cases had been there for a decade or more; most of them would probably die of old age, thanks to the great care given to them now.

For us, their physically devastated bodies were like the living artifacts of Kalaupapa's yesterday. They were reminders of the time when all who were cast upon this island became sightless, fingerless, sometimes throatless (but tracheotomies permit them to breathe now); when this was the fate of nearly everyone in whom the corruptive *Mycobacterium* was found. These cases, I am sure, are not for the average tourist to see; many indeed would not wish to. But for those who do there comes a terrific upsurge of faith in the progress of mankind. The true wonder of the peaceful, unscarred, New England-like village outside the infirmary windows becomes overwhelmingly apparent here as you see what might have been, had generations of medical men not had the courage to find a way to conquer the dread disease.

The quiet nuns who accompanied us spoke up vivaciously in the presence of their blind patients. Their familiar voices, describing their visitors, brought to the ruined faces they addressed expressions which you must learn to call smiles here. Their own smiles, framed in starchy coifs, had by contrast an unearthly beauty as they bent over their charges to rearrange a dress collar slightly askew or to pat a crippled hand outstretched to them. You need see only one of these pre-sulfone-era patients to understand the battle lines drawn up before so many areas on our earth today, where — by current census — only some 10 per cent of the estimated four million victims of Hansen's disease have been brought under care. The statistics of the great leprosy foundations, national and international, come alive in these quiet rooms with terrible urgency.

As we took our last walk through the settlement, we seemed to be seeing it as Father Damien might have at that moment — with a shock of thankful surprise that it was all so exceedingly peaceful now. The almost total absence of any sign of suffering on the faces of his erstwhile "children," the sense of hope pervading the efficient little community, the pride and the privacy of these set-apart souls — all these things struck with fresh wonder.

We said our real good-by to Molokai Ahina — Molokai the Gray — from our plane aloft. There was no gray anywhere on the Kalaupapa peninsula. The late afternoon sun turned the fronds of the coco palms to clusters of gold swords, which the trade winds seemed to be shaking at the purpling pali. The sea around the bright finger of land "where martyrs live forever" was a deep delphinium blue.



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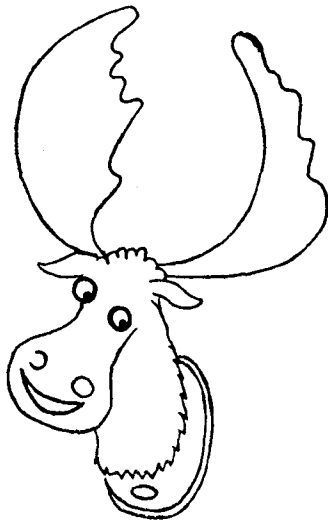
several million families and businesses escape paying most of the taxes in *their* electric bills that you pay in yours. They are people whose electricity comes from federal government electric systems.

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THE COMPLEAT BILLINGSLEY

BY DILLON ANDERSON

DILLON ANDERSON, a Texas lawyer who served as Special Assistant to the President on National Security, has found time to compose two volumes of stories, I AND CLAUDIE and CLAUDIE'S KINFOLKS. In this account he gives us another aspect of his preposterous friend, Billingsley, poker pal and hunting champion.

ALL I want you to do is hold this gun once; you'll see what I mean," my friend Richard K. Billingsley said, as he lifted the shotgun to his shoulder and took careful aim. For a moment he held the barrel level, pointing toward a handsome ring-necked pheasant mounted there above the fireplace in the room Mrs. Billingsley had once conceived as the library; then he handed me the gun by the stock with all the delicate care an antique dealer might use in presenting a rare and fragile Ming piece to a nearsighted old connoisseur, loaded for Ming.

"Just *feel* that gun," he said; "throw it up to your shoulder and notice the balance. Sweetest little quail gun in the world, and light as a feather! The barrel's only twenty-four inches."

Anyone who has encountered this sort of thing in a valued friend, whether over fishing tackle, guns, or golf clubs, will instantly perceive the source and nature of my apprehension over Billingsley. It was true that he had long lived and enjoyed the good life — out of doors and in. His spotty but ardent golf game, his field and stream proclivities, his zest for the cards, and his truly masterful touch at poker — these and sundry other badges of the avid sportsman were well known, and accepted with seemingly resignation, by all his friends. But here was a maverick trait, one never derived validly from the simon-pure strains of sportsmanship. Here was a wart-like

parasitic quirk, enjoying a fertile host in Billingsley, and the eager inquiry he pressed upon me about the shotgun pointed it up in stark and deadly fashion.

I took the gun and aimed at the head of a Rocky Mountain goat mounted on a plaque over the gun case where an oil painting of Mrs. Billingsley's well-heeled aunt had once graced the paneled wall. I was holding a fine bead right between the goat's eyes, when Billingsley, by now positively transported, said: "*Feel* it! Did you ever hold a gun that had such a *feel*? Sweet, huh?"

EVEN YOUR BEST FRIENDS

Consider the answer yourself: In complete candor I might have said, "Yes, this is a sixteen-gauge, L. C. Smith double-barreled shotgun. It's a 'field grade' model, which cost a little more than the regular model when I bought one some years ago. A gun of good quality, but unless this one is identical with thousands of others of the same make and model, Billingsley, you are entitled to complain to the manufacturers."

Or an answer in a much lighter vein might have sufficed with a friend in the very early stages of the malady with which Billingsley was by now plainly seized; an answer such as, "Listen, Dick, this little sixteen-gauge gun is too small for a man who doesn't shoot any better than you do.

You can't even hit them with the extra pellets in a twelve-gauge gun. What you need is a meat gun; a sort of cannon type with wheels on the sides like the ones at old battlefields."

But everybody knows you do not make such a comment to one in Billingsley's delicate condition. Also, everybody knows that about the only reply in the world I could have made was the one I did make as I handed the gun back to him gently. "Brother," I lied soberly, "I never felt anything like it in my whole life. You're mighty lucky to have a gun like that, Dick."

I do not wish to overdramatize this account; so I shall lay aside my earlier impression that Billingsley actually slobbered as he opened the glass door to the built-in gun case, situated there above the shelves containing the complete works of Alfred Lord Tennyson and the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. But I do still maintain that as he placed the gun on the rack along with eight other guns of varied vintage and gauge, he gurgled deep down in his throat and emitted sounds like those of French actors in movie mating scenes.

EARLIER SYMPTOMS

Billingsley was indeed in a dangerous groove over the little gun, but I must admit that at earlier times there had been budding symptoms, disclosed in the matters of cigars and whisky.

Just what it is which causes a man to go overboard about mediocre cigars simply because they are his own cigars, I do not know. But there were those cigars which I knew Billingsley had bought at a customs auction. They were an unknown and unheard-of brand which had been sent to an engaging local lady by a Latin-American admirer, and the consignee-donee had refused to pay the duty on them when they arrived; hence the offer by customs agents to the highest bidder, Billingsley. But from the way he touted these cigars during dinner at his house one evening, you could have assumed that they'd been made in Havana that morning by an appointment to Royalty, acquired by Billingsley's own personal agents around noon, and flown through a hurricane by daredevil aviators just in time to be delivered for the party. Billingsley's speech about the quality of the cigars and their exotic aroma reached a crescendo during the dessert.

Though Mrs. Billingsley and the other ladies paid him no mind at all, their disinterest deterred the great man not one whit. However, Mrs. Billingsley did require that we go out into the garden (where the Billingsley bird dogs were quartered at the time) to smoke those cigars. The brand, I remember, was El Falfo; the stogies possessed an acrid dryness suggestive of west Texas

dust, and mine actually shucked out on the burning end like an ear of corn; still, not a man jack among us failed to comment, as we puffed away — avidly I might say, since it was quite cold outside that night — something along the line of, "By God, Billingsley, that's a great cigar!"

From the foregoing you are bound to have in mind the outline at least of the whisky episode, and I shall dwell on it but briefly. The brand was Old Something-or-other, and Billingsley had had some stickers printed and pasted on the bottles beneath the strange labels, reading: "Bottled Especially for Richard K. Billingsley." The stuff was rotgut if I ever tasted rotgut, and I have. The comments of Billingsley's guests were, however, along customary lines — all, that is to say, except a new fellow in the community who was never invited again. He observed that he liked the booze all right, but he thought he detected a little touch of turpentine in the aftertaste.

THE REAL PORTENT OF THE QUAIL GUN

While I was exactly right about what the episode of the little sixteen-gauge gun portended — a trait in the great man telegraphed first by the cigars — I never dreamed of the lengths to which its manifestations would carry Billingsley, and some of his friends along with him.

The following year he absolutely went all out; he bought an over-and-under twenty-gauge shotgun of Belgian manufacture, which really set him back. I mean four figures — though barely, to be frank — and it was certainly a beautiful article to behold. The stock was as slim and graceful as a swan's neck. Grouse, deer, peccary, pheasant, and partridge were etched fore and aft of the blue steel breech. The rubber pad on the butt was half an inch deep, and the leather boot covering it had still other kinds of game hand-tooled all over it.

Billingsley had a stag party in the "library" — with poker as the ostensible *pièce de résistance* — to show off this new gun, and the time he selected was propitious: Mrs. Billingsley was away visiting her mother in a distant city. All during the poker game, whenever he drew a dubious hand — and occasionally when his hand actually disclosed a modicum of promise — he would drop out of the pot, take out the gun, and fondle it there in our presence before replacing it in the annex to the gun case mentioned earlier (above Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning). This second gun case had been installed since Mrs. Billingsley's departure, and a few of us noticed that it had displaced several volumes of American poetry and a few pieces of very good ornamental china which had been left the little woman by her grandmother on her mother's side.

An unimaginative person would have said that, with these changes in the library, Billingsley had gone about as far as he could go — unless, indeed, he meant to alter completely the whole nature of the room. As a matter of fact, that was precisely what he had in contemplation, and within a few years the annex to Billingsley's gun case was likewise filled to overflowing and a third case was projected to fill a window looking out on the garden; the wastebaskets on each side of the fireplace (originally London *Illustrated News* décor) had given way to two mounted hollow elephants' feet; the walls were loaded with a growing menagerie of fiercely mounted beasts and a sailfish seven feet long; photographs of hunting groups (including Billingsley) took up all the rest of the wall space; and Mrs. Billingsley appeared to be spending more of her time with her mother.

STRAWS — AMONGST THE LAST

There was another aspect of this unfolding drama which did not escape detection on my part: a growing cast. Whether seen by new acquaintances as bona fide accident or by Billingsley *cognoscenti* as palpable design, each new acquisition would be followed by an occasion or successive occasions to show it off. Billingsley was sharing the fruits of his connoisseurship with an ever-widening circle. When this circle began to include some pretty odd and stuffy types — by Billingsley's own appraisal a few years before — we, the more discerning among his friends, developed increasingly serious qualms over each new wave of gadgetry.

There was, I well remember, the season he went absolutely wild on duck calls. He ordered them all summer from a dozen different manufacturers, and more still from some Acadians in Louisiana who, Billingsley claimed, actually made them under water. Then for a full month before the duck season opened, he electrified the entire neighborhood, and literally broke up a clandestine affair next door, with his practice: the feeding call of the bull sprig, the soft whistle of the teal, the beckoning sex chuckle of the mallard hen, and the plaintive cry of the common squealer.

Other items came in rushes: whistles only dogs can hear, for hunting quail and pheasant; one imported whistle which, it turned out much later, not even a dog could hear. Billingsley's little plastic stoppers for his ears gave him alleged protection from the annoyance of close-by shots. His gun rest for long rifle shots folded three ways, snapped automatically into an aluminum holder, and fitted neatly into a second extra pocket in his hunting trousers. The first extra pocket, of course, held his detachable telescopic sight.

One obvious result of the accumulation of all this paraphernalia was that its handling soon began to cut down markedly on the time Billingsley actually spent with game. He could not start out in the morning without getting halfway there to discover an indispensable — by now it was, too — accouterment had been left behind. This was before he developed the use of a standard laundry-type list for each particular kind of hunt. Then his lists reached such lengths that on hunting days he was as busily engaged from the crack of dawn as the pilot of a medium — or even heavy — bomber going over his check list before the take-off on a long and difficult mission.

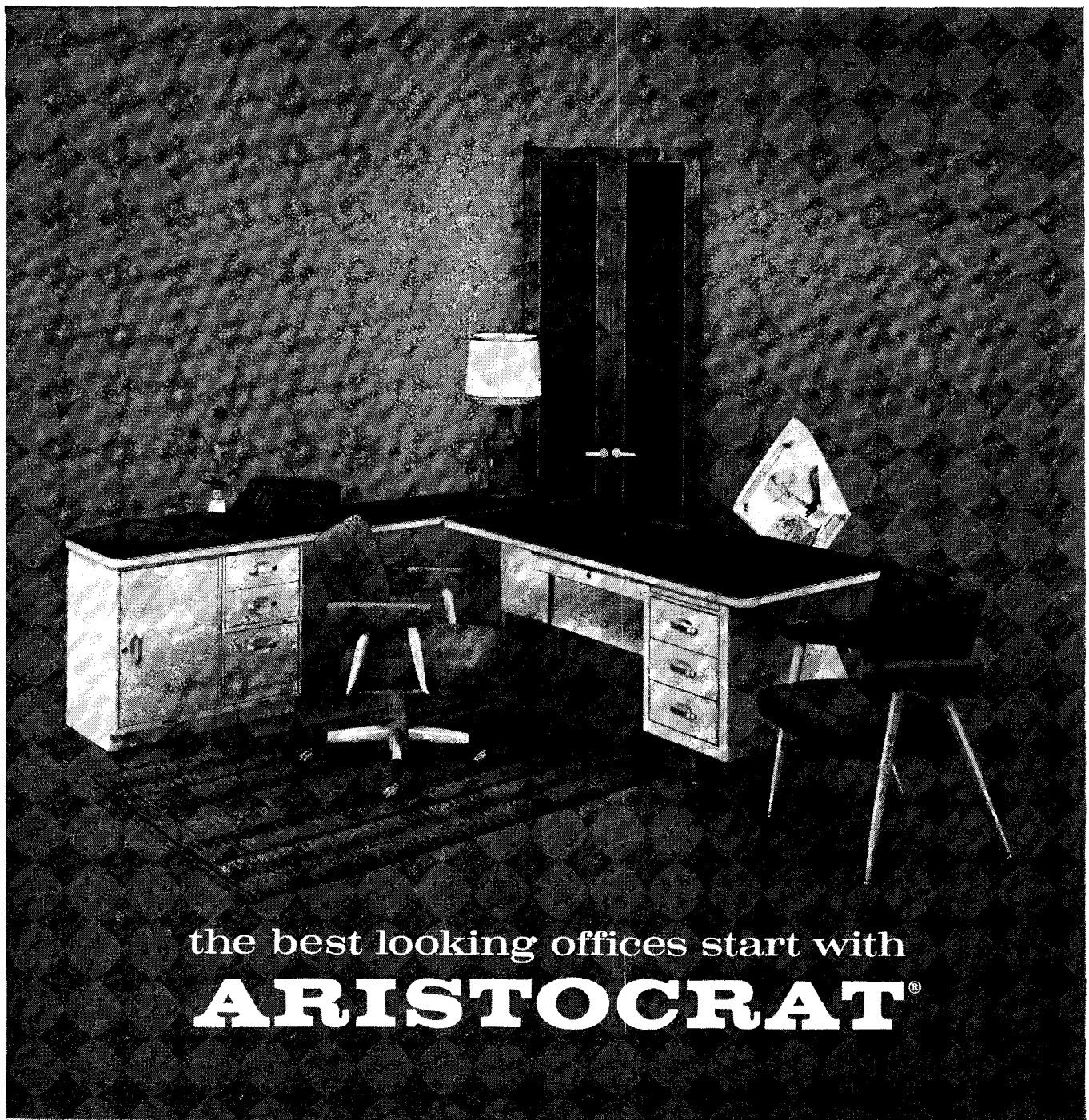
It became plain by this time to Billingsley's remaining friends that his outdoorsman's impedimentation had reached a point where his plight approximated that of the Irish elk, that unfortunate creature whose proliferating antlers first made him pitifully top-heavy, then downright extinct. And since each new implement, each new gadget, took on in Billingsley's eyes a special quality of superiority and had to be *appreciated*, the geometrical progression with which the lines of his companions thinned will be understood by all mathematicians, hunters, and people.

POINT OF NO RETURN PASSED

I was among the last to forsake him, and indeed I did not until the year of the hunting pants. He bought two pairs, and on the opening day of the season he did something indicating clearly that his career with game was *in extremis*; namely, he gave one pair to me.

Trousers can truly be heated with some kind of chemical which is activated when you walk, and on a cold morning the added comfort is a hunter's boon for a while; but when the warm sun is high, bringing sweat to the brow and armpits, nobody in this world wants to hunt in hot pants. But if a fellow has given you such a pair of "warmer uppers" before you go hunting with him, you wear them on that hunt. The next time, however, you find you are threatened with a cold when he calls about a weekend of hunting; and after a while, if you even have a near relative who is threatened with a cold, you beg off; or if you and everybody around are all hale and hearty, you still may have something pretty important to do all weekend at the office.

The following season, Billingsley spent a great deal of his time alone. Alone in the Billingsley library or in company with Mrs. Billingsley playing canasta, or possibly flinch. But it is not recorded that Billingsley ever hunted alone. According to Mrs. Billingsley, her husband never really cared much for shooting anyway.

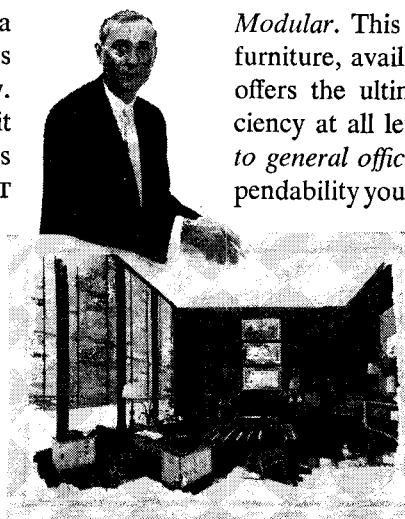


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A novelist and political correspondent on the OBSERVER, HUGH MASSINGHAM is generally acknowledged to be the most influential commentator in Britain today. He is the son of H. W. Massingham, the famous editor, brother of H. J. Massingham, the naturalist, and of Dorothy Massingham, whose play, THE LAKE, was produced in America. His latest novel, THE WANDERING EYE, was favorably received on both sides of the Atlantic.

MACMILLAN RIDES THE STORM

BY HUGH MASSINGHAM

A REMARKABLE change has come over the political situation in Britain. Last spring every objective observer would have agreed that Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's chance of being returned to power at the next general election amounted to no more than a tenth of a gnat's eyebrow. The Tory vote in the by-elections was falling so catastrophically that even safe seats became suddenly marginal. Every messenger arrived with still worse tidings. In fact, up to a short time ago the Socialists took it for granted that they would win the election, and indeed anybody who dared to whisper a doubt was dismissed as being either incurably malevolent or not quite right in the head. But all dreams have suddenly been shattered in the last few exciting months. The public opinion polls show that the Tories are drawing ahead and would almost certainly be returned if the election were held tomorrow. For the Conservatives, night has turned into day, and the panic that was spreading through their ranks has been transferred to their enemies.

To understand the drama of the situation, it is necessary to go back to the day when Macmillan became Prime Minister. He inherited a bankrupt estate. Sir Anthony Eden's Suez policy had ended in a defeat so complete, so humiliating, and so patent that it could neither be concealed nor be dressed up in a heroic disguise. The party was in agitated disarray, some blaming the Americans

and others the Socialist Opposition. There were even Conservatives who whispered that Macmillan had stabbed Sir Anthony in the back and was no better than a Right-Wing Brutus.

Americans cannot easily understand what the Suez fiasco meant to the British people. Superficially, it might seem that the Conservatives were on one side and the Labour Party on the other — but that is not what happened at all. Old friends parted forever and father was set against son and son against father. So hysterical was the atmosphere that those Conservatives who did not agree with Sir Anthony could not enter a familiar club without being cruelly ostracized.

The angers, the resentments, the nagging feeling of frustration festered on long after the disappearance of Sir Anthony and the advent of Macmillan. This came out very clearly during a sensational by-election early this year in the rural seat of Torrington — a by-election that the Liberals won against all the odds. After it was over the Tories held a secret inquest. When people were asked why they had deserted the Government, person after person gave reasons that were palpably absurd. Many of them, for instance, said that they had voted Liberal because food prices had gone up, and the fact is that food prices had not gone up. The conclusion at Conservative headquarters was that many Tories had suppressed their feelings over Suez and were no longer aware

Photograph courtesy of British Information Services.

why they had turned against the Government. They had rationalized their disappointments into a superficial grouse against things that did not even exist.

Not that there were no solid reasons why humble Conservatives should be sulking and refusing to vote at the by-elections. The Tories were returned at the last general election in 1955 on what, in effect, was a spurious balance sheet. Those were the happy days when R. A. Butler, then chancellor of the exchequer, used to talk of how the lucky British were going to double their standard of life in twenty-five years: the path ahead would no longer be stony; in fact, it would be pleasant all the way. He then proceeded to introduce a soft and optimistic budget which, among other concessions, handsomely cut the income tax by sixpence. The general election followed almost immediately, and the Conservatives were not only returned but increased their majority. Six months later, in order to curb the inflation that he himself had created, Butler was forced to bring in a second budget that undid most of the work of the first.

Worse followed some nine months after Macmillan became Prime Minister. In order to save the pound, his Government had to raise the bank rate to a staggering 7 per cent and order an even severer credit squeeze than Butler had thought necessary. Politically, these measures hit the very people upon whom the Conservatives rely. The small shopkeeper struggling against a temporary setback, the engineer wanting a new car, the flustered middle-class parent determined to send his children to a good school could no longer turn for help to a smiling bank manager. They could consider themselves lucky if they were allowed the honor of even speaking to him.

All the same, Macmillan could comfort himself with the thought that he was being brave and patriotic. "At a time," he might have said, "when democracy is calling out for leadership, we have had the courage to introduce unpopular measures. The by-elections may be against us now, but I have sufficient faith in my countrymen to believe that they will eventually understand what we are doing." Unfortunately, Macmillan failed to strike this high-minded note. On the contrary, he dismissed the criticisms with the jaunty remark that the British people had never had it so good. This may have been true, but it is hardly tactful to say so to people who have become convinced that they have never had it so bad.

Nor is this the end of the sad story of Macmillan's difficulties. Five months after his tough policy had been introduced, Peter Thorneycroft resigned from the treasury together with his chief henchmen, Nigel Birch and Enoch Powell.

There is no doubt that, at the time, the resigna-

tions greatly added to the panic of the Conservatives. Thorneycroft's charge that the Government was not serious in its fight against inflation was damaging because it was known that there was not a single member of the cabinet who honestly agreed with the classic economic views of the three ministers. This was particularly true of Macmillan. The hair shirt has never figured very prominently in his bright and extensive wardrobe. Joseph's coat of many colors is more to his taste.

This, then, was the situation at the beginning of the year. There were a number of influential Conservatives who, for one reason or another, disagreed with Macmillan on various issues; there was thus a distinct probability of revolt, and in the meantime the by-elections were still running against the Government. Even the Prime Minister sometimes gave way to doubt and weariness. "What on earth are we doing wrong?" he asked.

GIVEN this state of affairs, there was only one possible strategy. However bad the news might be, Macmillan must somehow hang on as long as possible in the hope that the mood of the electorate would change. Time was what he needed. If he could hold his people together, Suez would eventually be forgotten; the whips and scorpions of his economic policy could be laid aside, and he himself might emerge as a national figure, perhaps on brave Churchillian lines. As a leader, the Prime Minister was admirably suited for this difficult and hazardous adventure. Lord Hailsham, the chairman of the party, once described him as "unflappable," and during these lugubrious days he certainly remained unaffected by the doubts and glooms of his frailer brethren. Within nine months of the Thorneycroft resignations he could even claim that he was at last having some success. The bank rate had been brought down from 7 to 5 per cent, and the cost of living was steady.

The public, however, continued to sulk, and at this point in the story the fascination of the drama was whether Macmillan could prevent his party from falling to pieces. Some Conservatives clamored for even tougher measures against inflation; then, almost in the same breath, they would demand a cut in taxation — anything, in fact, to please the disgruntled middle class. Morale was so low that the slightest setback was immediately magnified into a disaster. Thus a minister had only to make a bad speech in the House, and the Prime Minister would hastily be brought back to restore order.

Nor was Macmillan's own bearing calculated to inspire confidence. He sometimes likes to remind us that his forebears were humble Scottish crofters,

but his general manner seems to have been modeled on the ways of polite society some forty years ago. That limp and weary handshake, those slightly dandified clothes — they may have been fashionable shortly after World War I, but they appear curiously out of place in the gray utilitarian world of the common man. And it was not only Macmillan's manner that was at fault. He may be as "unflappable" as Lord Hailsham says he is, but there were times when some of us could not help feeling that "insensitive" might be the *mot juste*.

Then there was Macmillan's unabashed happiness in his work. This is not how the ordinary man likes to see his politicians. He likes them to be hagridden with care. He likes to hear them say that, if they were to consult their own wishes, they would long ago have retired to some rural retreat where they intended to spend the rest of their lives fruitfully contemplating the universe and their prize breed of pigs. But not Macmillan. When he became Prime Minister, he celebrated his victory by going off to the Turf Club and dining on champagne and oysters. Butler, Macmillan's deputy and a far shrewder judge of the British character, would not have made the same mistake. Number 10 Downing Street would have remained in darkness, and it would have been given out that the new Prime Minister was engaged in a prolonged bout of fasting and prayer. "This is the saddest moment of my life," he would have said afterwards in an interview that would have become justly famous — a model of how these things ought to be managed. "I had been looking forward to putting my feet up and reading *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. However, given a choice between my inclinations and the good of the country, I must clearly put the country first." It is not for nothing that Butler is regarded as one of the smartest operators in the business.

And yet despite Macmillan's lack of touch; despite Thorneycroft; despite Suez; despite the disillusionment of the electorate, a Conservative who kept his head could at least find one gleam of light in this darkening situation. Tory majorities might be tumbling, but the disillusioned had not yet gone over to Labour. They were either staying away from the polling booths or were supporting the Liberals. Indeed, although the Socialist Party ought to have been riding high, its vote was scarcely more than steady. In some of the by-elections it had even gone down.

TO EXPLAIN this is not at all easy. A year ago, when the Socialists met for their annual conference at Brighton, it seemed that the party had removed

the one danger that might wreck its chances of being returned to power. Despite the Government's difficulties, the leaders were haunted by a recurring nightmare: their problem child, Aneurin Bevan, might suddenly spoil everything by blowing his top and staging another revolt. Temperamental and yet with a political flair that few of his rivals could equal, unstable and yet capable in his speeches of leaving an impression of fanatical devotion and steadfastness, surrounded by faithful followers who had often risked their careers for his sake, and above all, carrying about with him what he hinted was the ark of the Socialist covenant, he might not only suddenly lash out and accuse the hierarchy of betraying the principles of the movement; he had the power to raise an army overnight.

Exasperated by this constant threat, the leadership decided to have a showdown. Bevan, it was agreed, must be presented with an ultimatum. Either he must conform or he would not be foreign secretary in the next Labour Government.

His admirers were quite unaware of this hidden drama as they gathered in Brighton on the eve of the conference. In the past Bevan had always surrounded himself on these occasions with what might almost be described as a personal bodyguard. He and his friends would sit together in the lounge of Bevan's hotel, planning the tactics for the conference and enlivening the proceedings with caustic criticisms of Hugh Gaitskell. But not at Brighton. If, during a carefree stroll along the front, Bevan saw some of his old playmates approaching, it was observed that he hastily turned back in order to avoid them. The ultimatum, in fact, had been delivered; Bevan had surrendered, and he and Gaitskell had apparently become as close as two peas in a pod.

The leadership naturally left Brighton in the highest spirits. Bevan had become reconciled to Gaitskell, and there was no longer any danger of a split within the party. The skeptical were not so hopeful. Bevan, they said, would be on the rampage again the moment things began to go wrong. Even at the time this seemed a superficial judgment. Before Brighton Bevan's strength was that if he fell out with the leadership, he had only to raise a finger and the whole of the Left would have marched to his support. But not now. Never again. Indeed, the irony of the situation is that there is a sense in which Bevan needs Gaitskell more than Gaitskell needs Bevan.

But something else happened at Brighton. The British Socialists have never been a party in the ordinary meaning of the word: they are really a confederation of distinct and even contradictory forces. There is the Left and the Right; there are the intellectuals and the all-too-solid trade unionists; there are the pacifists and the old-fashioned

Imperialists. All these groups, though often speaking with discordant voices, sharpened one another's wits and kept the movement alive. What Bevan did at Brighton was to destroy the Left. He thus removed an element which, though often wrong-headed, helped to preserve the party's integrity.

No such intuitions crossed the minds of the leaders when they returned to Westminster after their seaside holiday. Macmillan might still be in the ring, but the poor chap was obviously groggy; one shrewd blow and Gaitskell would be Prime Minister. But as the weeks passed, as debate followed debate, it was seen that something had gone wrong. It was not only that the Socialists were monotonously getting the worst of the argument. What mattered was that the Opposition again and again gave the impression that it was playing politics even on matters of the gravest national importance.

Nor could the British public feel much confidence that the Labour Party would effectively handle the danger of inflation. Rather the contrary. Consider for a moment what the Socialists are pledged to do if they are returned to power. They would increase pay in the armed forces; they would municipalize housing; they would introduce a state insurance scheme for everybody; they would raise old-age pensions; they would nationalize the iron and steel industry; and all this, we should remember, in a capitalist system which they now accept. Even before the present Conservative revival, the British electorate could surely be excused for contemplating the alternative to Macmillan with a certain amount of apprehension.

Thus the Tories always had a chance, and the change in public opinion seems to have come over what at the time looked hardly more than a triviality. In May Frank Cousins, the leader of the largest trade union outside Russia, called a strike of the London busmen. It was a foolish move, doomed to failure even before it began. No Government need fear a bus strike. It does not close any factories. It does not slow down production. All it does is to annoy and alarm the public. Cousins made matters worse by attempting to spread the strike, thus laying himself open to the charge that he was determined to challenge the authority of the Government. It was an unjust accusation. Cousins was not trying to create a revolutionary situation; he was merely a very frightened man, lashing out blindly and hoping, by some miracle, to escape from an impossible situation. The Trades Union Congress, always cautious and conservative, inevitably refused to support him in such a desperate adventure, but by that time the harm had been done. When the next crop of by-elections came around, the Tories were delighted to find that they had done a good deal

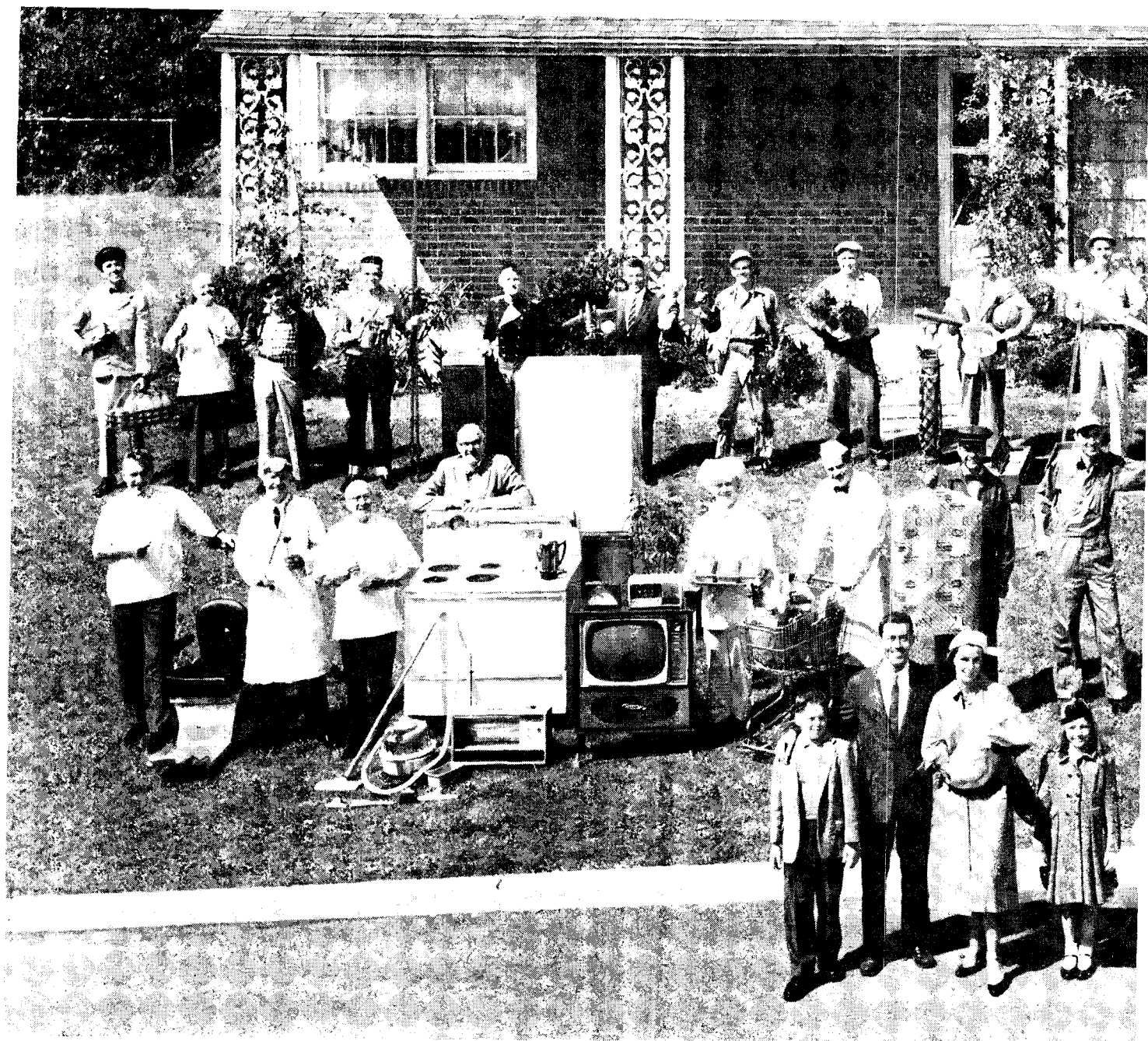
better than any of them had remotely anticipated.

More important was the sudden emergence of the Prime Minister as a national figure. Macmillan has his faults, but he is also a man of many virtues. He has an agile and brilliant mind; he is by no means a reactionary, and indeed the misery and poverty of the thirties still powerfully influence his thought. Above all, he knows how to delegate work and so leaves himself time to think out the broad aspects of policy. In fact, as a technician, his admirers could make out a case for saying that he is the best Prime Minister the British have had since the end of the war. Certainly he presides over his cabinet with much greater efficiency than any of his immediate predecessors.

Until recently, the trouble was that these private virtues were never manifested in public. What people saw was a rather precious and dandified figure, who was not only too clever by half but who seemed to belong more to the Edwardian age than our own. Macmillan is not always happy when addressing a mass audience; sometimes he is too witty, and sometimes he goes off into a Churchillian peroration that sounds phony and second-rate. Where he excels is in private conversation. Completely relaxed, filling his pipe, sipping a whisky and soda, he gives an impression of friendly naturalness.

The public was unaware of this side of his personality until he gave a number of interviews on television. The medium suited him perfectly. As in his own study, he did not show off or strain after dramatic effect. He was amusing; he did not hedge, as Gaitskell is apt to do; on the contrary, he radiated confidence. The electors sat up and took a second look at him. Here was a man, they seemed to have decided, who knew what he was doing and had clear ideas of what course Britain should take in the changed world of today.

But although Macmillan is much better placed than he was, there are still many imponderables. We live in a tempestuous age, and at any moment yet another crisis may blow up where we least expect it. Consider only one of the dangers. The Jordanian Army might revolt against the King, and the small British force in Jordan might then be overwhelmed if it tried to intervene. Macmillan's present popularity would almost certainly not survive such a catastrophe. But ignoring these possibilities, Macmillan can wait for the future with more confidence than at any other time since he took office. Times are getting easier; the bank rate is down; the credit squeeze is almost over; the banks are ladling out money; and in six months the chancellor of the exchequer should be in a position to introduce a bumper budget. No wonder the Prime Minister now feels that he can and will win the next election.



Everyone has a stake in a better business climate

The photograph above shows some of the people whose products or services are used by a typical employee in industry and his family. This is an example of the chain reaction of benefits set off by just one job in a community.

Further dramatic proof of the importance of jobs is provided by a recent survey* which shows that 100 industrial jobs in a community can create:

- 74 additional jobs
- 112 more households
- 4 more retail stores
- 296 more residents in the community
- \$590,000 more income per year
- \$360,000 more in retail sales per year

The jobs that bring widespread benefits like these to a community depend on healthy and profitable businesses. And business, in order to grow and prosper,

looks to the community for a healthy business climate.

What are some of the conditions which make an ideal business climate? They are the same things that thoughtful people in a community want for themselves:

Honest and efficient government, supported by a strong majority of alert and well-informed voters who have the balanced best interests of the community at heart.

Fair taxes for both business and individuals, without restrictive regulations or discriminatory financial burdens.

Conscientious law enforcement which protects the rights of all citizens, corporate and private.

Equitable pay and benefits which reward employees for applying their full effort and skill to the job.

*"What Industrial Jobs Mean To A Community," U.S. Chamber of Commerce



Responsible union leadership and freedom from unwarranted strikes and slowdowns where collective bargaining is in effect.

Qualified people to fill employment needs, with educational facilities to prepare people for a wide range of jobs.

Adequate community facilities such as stores, banks, utilities, transportation, hospitals, and commercial services.

A social and cultural atmosphere in which people will enjoy living and working, including schools, churches, libraries, theaters, a responsible press, and healthful recreational facilities.

Throughout America, businesses, municipal and state governments, and individual citizens are taking an increased interest in gaining these good business climate conditions for their communities.

There is still much to be done, however, on local, state, and national levels. You can help by asserting your views on the need for a good business climate—as a member of community organizations, in civic planning activities, and at the polls. You'll be helping achieve the conditions that will enable your local businesses to operate successfully—with the greatest benefit to you.

To find out more about how you can help appraise and improve the business climate in your community, write to Business Climate, Dept. A, Box 2490, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

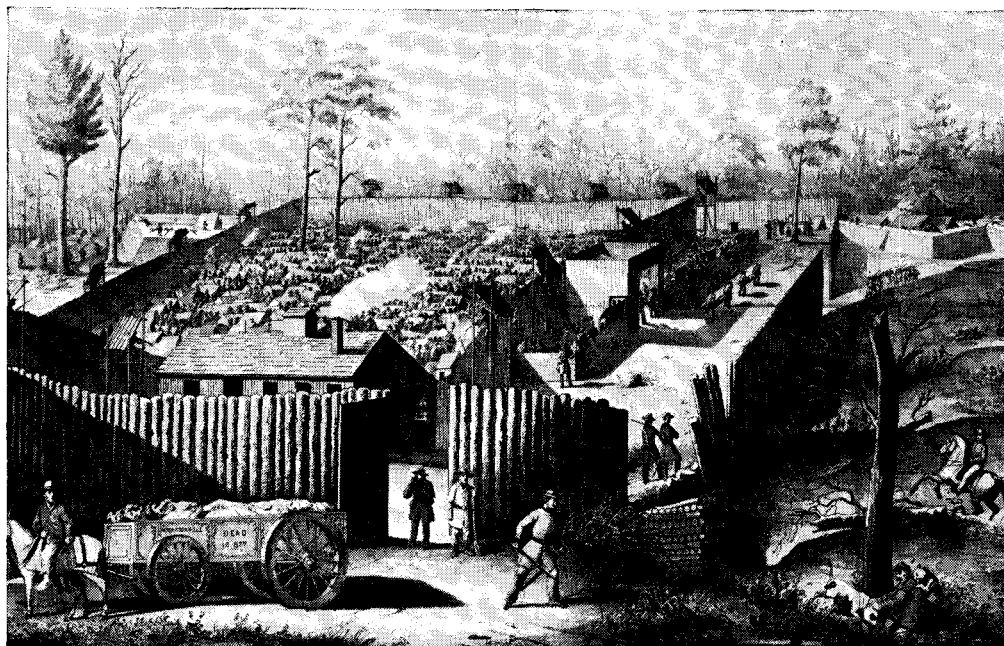


Building job opportunities is a continuous effort at General Electric. To help build sales and jobs in 1958, General Electric employees, the company's half a million share owners, the men and women of 45,000 supplier firms, and 400,000 firms that sell or service General Electric products are carrying out Operation Upturn—a nationwide program to help accelerate the upturn in business by providing customers with extra values.

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Print of Andersonville prison, courtesy of Library of Congress.

Release from the Bull Pen — ANDERSONVILLE, 1864

BY JOHN E. WARREN

JOHN E. WARREN, son of a Wisconsin farmer, was in his freshman year at Madison when the Confederacy rebelled. He enlisted in 1861, served for four years in cavalry and artillery, and was eventually taken prisoner and shipped to Andersonville. Here he survived for 162 days under conditions which he describes with grim humor. This account was written for, but never published in, *THE BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR*. Mr. Warren lived to a ripe old age in Maine, where he served as mill manager of the S. D. Warren Paper Company.

IT WAS on the first of June, 1864, that a division of troops left Memphis, Tennessee, under command of General Sturgis. Why he was chosen for the command, not having previously been connected with the service in our region, I do not know, unless it was to give him a chance to distinguish himself. Perhaps he went out solely to find that rebel, General Forrest, in which case he was highly successful — or at least Forrest found him.

The battery to which I belonged had been lying idle at Memphis ever since returning from veteran furlough, some two or three months previous, and the dullness of camp life had settled down upon us. Only a section of our battery was to accompany the Sturgis Expedition and, as I had been appointed orderly sergeant a short time before this, I had to beg for a chance to go with the old gun detachment with which I had served so long.

Evidently, I did not know what I was asking for. We went out with flying colors, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and even a brass band. On June seventh, we first fell in with the rebels under the irrepressible Forrest, and there were frequent skirmishes for two or three days, but still we continued on our way. On the tenth, the rebels made a stand at a place about ten miles from the station of Guntown on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, in northern Mississippi. The fighting was begun early in the forenoon by our cavalry, under command of Colonel Waring.

Our guns arrived at the scene of action about noon, at which time a considerable force of cavalry and artillery had gathered to oppose the rebels, who showed signs of taking the offensive, the fear of which caused us great uneasiness as the infantry had not yet arrived. And, right here, let me, as one who has been familiar with all branches of the

service, say a word for the men whom we, as cavalry or artillery, dubbed "flat feet" and "dust beaters" and often ridiculed on the march.

The cavalry could get around and find the enemy more quickly than the infantry, and, finding them, could and ordinarily did get away more quickly still. The artillery could make a big show and a tremendous noise, and at least let the enemy know where they were; but when it came to honest, close, and deadly work, both were willing to stand by in silence and take off their hats to the men who went on foot and carried the long guns. The difference was not in the original material, but in the experience and training each had received. And so on this occasion, when the infantry, who had been hurried forward under the burning sun of an intensely hot day, arrived at the scene of action — as played-out, bedraggled, and unwarlike a set of men as you can imagine — we felt a sense of relief. The cavalry fell back and mounted their horses, while the rebels, knowing from experience the difference between the infantry rifles and the cavalry carbines, or rather in the mettle of the men behind them, prudently withdrew for a time.

Our troops continued to arrive, and so did the rebel reinforcements, I presume, for about four o'clock of the summer afternoon they renewed the attack. The battle was short and sharp. Our line was soon broken, and the rebels, following up their advantage, threw our forces into rout and confusion. General Sheridan, or many another officer of less distinction, would still have been able to rally the troops and form a new line farther back; but Sturgis seemed to have important business calling him back to Memphis, and so led the retreat in a masterly manner.

Our wagon train, beautifully parked, fell an easy prey to the enemy; much of the artillery was left on the field; and the flushed and excited rebels poured a merciless fire into the flanks and rear of our retreating troops.

ALL night long the retreat continued, and morning found us at the town of Ripley, where we halted for a brief rest. At this time my gun was the only one remaining in the whole division, and we looked forward to a hard day's work; but as we moved out of the town the rebels soon drove us from the highway, and shortly after we came to a stream which we could not ford with the gun, so, after spiking it and throwing the ammunition into the river, the cannoneers mounted the team horses as far as they would serve, and we hastened on. Being now equipped only with side arms, we were essentially noncombatants anxious only to effect a safe retreat.

I was well mounted on a magnificent black horse which had been selected from a corral of captured horses before we left Memphis and which proved of rare mettle for strength and endurance; but when some of my comrades who were not mounted asked for a chance to ride behind, I preferred to keep my horse in good condition, and so let one take him for a time, while I went on foot. It was a bad move for me, as I went on foot much longer than I intended. I walked along with some of my comrades behind the troops, and, as the road was just wet enough to beat down smooth under the tramping feet of the infantry, I took off my boots and carried them in my hands — another unfortunate move, as events proved.

All this time, the rebel cavalry was hovering on our rear and flank, making a dash whenever an opportunity offered. Walking along with us was a motley mass of men composed of dismounted cavalry, unarmed and slightly wounded men, all pressing forward and each looking out for himself. Close in our rear was the guard of New Jersey cavalry. Soon the rebels made a dash, and the Jerseymen, true to their training and instincts, broke and ran right through our swarm of poor noncombatants, making up for their want of bravery by their vigorous and energetic warnings to us to get out of the way, or the rebels would get us. For a time I had kept pace with the cavalry, when a mule with an empty saddle shot past me. Now, I had never exactly fancied a mule, but I was taken with a hankering for that particular animal and, dropping my boots, I went for him for all I was worth. The mule, however, evidently thought he could carry out his part of the retreat better with his saddle unoccupied. I had almost captured him, when he managed to illustrate the general principle that mules are very onartain critters and mighty apt to fly up behind.

By this time, the Hessians had nearly all passed me, and the rebel bullets were spattering around in a very careless way. I got behind a tree a moment to take breath and consider the situation. A mounted rebel galloped up and, halting close by my tree, began firing with his revolver at the Jerseymen, who were retreating up an open slope in front. I could have laid my hand upon him as he sat there in his saddle. So intent was he in his work that he did not see me at first, and I hoped he would empty his revolver before he made my acquaintance; but his eye caught sight of me and, with a startled exclamation, he promptly covered me with the aforesaid Navy and called on me to surrender.

"Any Navy?"

"No."

"Any watch?"

"No."

"Pocketbook?"

"No."

But he couldn't tell me to "get out of them boots," and either forgot or thoughtfully omitted the next order in the manual: "Get out from under that hat."

The Confederacy was getting bare at both ends at this period of the war, and boots and hats were in great demand. My captor tapped the breast of my jacket with his foot and asked, "What is that?" I drew forth the roll book, which I have now and which contains all the notes I kept of my visit to the Confederacy; this he rapidly looked over and, at my request, handed back. "What you got in your trousers pockets?" was the next question. I brought forth all my valuables, consisting of a chunk of soap and a silk handkerchief, and these he promptly confiscated. In my chase for the mule, I had got a considerable distance away from the road, and no one else was close by us when this arrangement of terms was going on; but many other rebels had come up, and now that our private business was arranged, my captor called out to an officer, "Hello, Captain, got a Yank. Will trot him out." And your humble servant was accordingly trotted out.

The officer, after looking me over, told a boy to take me to the rear. The boy to whom was assigned this duty ought to have been at home attending a primary school, so far as years and size were concerned, and yet the easy unconcern with which he conducted me around won both my ire and admiration: mounted on an old, white horse and armed only with a revolver and a cavalry saber without a scabbard, which he had picked up on the way, he chatted away in the most social manner but did not forget to keep me covered with his revolver. We were constantly meeting the rebels coming up in squads and detachments, and before long came to a sort of rendezvous, where were gathered a considerable number of prisoners.

Since I was now fairly a prisoner and free from any immediate danger or responsibility, there was a sort of novelty in looking over the men who had captured me. I had seen rebels before, but circumstances ordinarily rendered it necessary to look at them over the top of a gun, a proceeding not giving one all the advantages for critical examination I now possessed. Once before in the heat of action, I had fallen into their hands, and had occasionally been with groups of prisoners captured by us; so I was not surprised to find that they didn't have horns, and were withal very fair specimens of humanity. I doubtless saw the rebels at this time under the most favorable circumstances (for them). They were elated with their victory, and only their effective working material was in sight; but the

general quality, enthusiasm, and earnestness of those I did see, their worn-down and serviceable appearance, the ease with which they had overcome us with probably inferior numbers, and the persistence with which they followed up their advantage, all provoked my admiration, and for the first time since the beginning of the war I began to be doubtful of the ultimate result, fearing we could never conquer such men as these.

I soon learned, however, that this was more than a fair average of the rebel army. Forrest's cavalry had always been popular with the rebels, and his mode of warfare — in which he would penetrate the Union lines as far as possible and, finding himself unable to retreat, disband his force, allowing each to make his escape as best he could, armed or disarmed, and reassemble at some point within the Confederate lines — made it easy for all who were not of true mettle to withdraw from the service. I do not think a more effective body of troops was ever gathered than Forrest's raiders.

WE MARCHED back to Guntown over the ground we had lost. There was the wearisome ride in overfilled freight cars to Meridian, Mississippi, and from there to Selma, Alabama. Then we went up the Tombigbee River in a wheezy old steamboat (there were several hundred of us, all told) which we found was loaded with corn and which we partially unloaded. It was Sunday when I was captured, and Sunday came round again before we drew near the stockade of Andersonville, or Camp Sumter, which I believe was its official name. Rumors had reached us ere this of the sufferings of our men in rebel prisons, but Andersonville had not then become as it has since, a synonym of suffering; and, worn out as we were by our long march, fighting, exposure, and privation, we all longed for our journey to end. I had pictured a camp among woods and streams, where quiet and rest would bring us some amends for short rations and removal from friends. Through the drenching rain, we marched to the stockade. The renowned Wirz, mounted on his white horse, met us with his guards before we entered the gate and counted us off into detachments, putting one of our own sergeants in charge of each. All commissioned officers had been separated from us at Macon, as none were allowed at Andersonville, the more completely to break up our organization. As we passed through the gate, we emerged into a noisy, bustling crowd, the sight of which I shall never forget. I had thought that at least the old prisoners would be glad to see us and hear later news from the war and the North, but each man seemed intent on his own business, and paid little

heed to the hungry fellows who had come in to share their lot.

It was just ration time, and a brisk trade was going on in the way of exchange; some had a mouthful of bacon impaled on a stick which they were trying to sell or exchange for bread. The size of this ration would have appeared ridiculous had it not been for our pressing need. The thought that we were expected to live with such a contemptible bit of meat served to us once a day did not seem at all funny at the time. The crowd about the gate was so dense that one could hardly find standing room, let alone a chance to sit upon the ground. Except for the street, which was kept clear by the daily trips of the ration wagons, the space was all taken up by little tents or shelters, mostly made of blankets, under which men cowered. Wandering away a little in search of a place where I might sit down and take in the situation, I found that the whole space inside the stockade was a dense mass of humanity, excepting the swamp, which was absolutely uninhabitable, deep, slimy, and reeking with filth. Finding a little space not quite so densely packed, I sat down on the muddy ground, thoroughly sick and disheartened. Everyone was looking out for himself, and although we were companions in misery, there was not one to speak a kindly or encouraging word. How one could long exist in such a mass of filth and misery, aside from the question of scanty rations, I could not see. I returned to my comrades, and after our rations were served we lay down blanketless on the sodden, reeking earth and slept as best we could.

THE bull pen was enclosed by a stockade made of hewn, hard-pine timbers about fifteen feet high, which, although set closely, were not fastened to each other to prevent tunneling, almost the only possible means of escape from the stockade. On the outside of this stockade, at convenient intervals, were the sentry boxes, or platforms, on which stood the guards looking over the top of the stockade. Inside, and about fifteen feet distant, was the famous dead line. Between this and the stockade no one was allowed to step, thus insuring a clear space fifteen feet in width, all around the prison. This dead line was right enough in its way, being only a necessary precaution and as such in use in our own prisons. The thing to be condemned was the shooting of men who inadvertently got over the line without a challenge, which did not seem to be required.

The prison pen, or bull pen, as it was commonly called by its occupants, contained at this time about twenty-four acres, at least one third of which

was swamp, almost impassable, much less habitable. Through this ran a brook, which afforded water for our use, but later many wells were dug and springs cropped out on the hillsides. The number who occupied the pen at this time could not have been less than 30,000, and this was constantly increasing. The rebels were busy enclosing an additional space of about eight acres on the north end, which was completed and opened a few days after our arrival, when we were assigned by detachments to definite lots which we were expected to occupy and on which we answered to roll call each morning. Previous to the opening of this addition, we had to shift for ourselves, and I am correct in saying that the prison pen did not contain room enough outside the swamp for all the men to lie down at the same time. After the opening of this addition, it never again became so crowded, for death almost kept even pace with the captures.

Our rations at this time, I think, must have consisted officially of one pound of corn meal and one-fourth pound of fresh meat or bacon; but this was so depleted by the swarm of extra-ration men fed from the common stock that, when it reached us, I doubt whether the ration of meat would have averaged two ounces. Of corn meal, there was usually enough, as many men who had the scurvy could hardly eat it at all. This ration was issued in various ways: one week we would receive mush, the next week, corn bread, and the next, raw meal, which we could cook to suit ourselves. Wood was very scarce and valuable and, when raw rations were issued, it gave us much trouble to secure enough, although to one who never tried it, the small amount necessary to cook a pot of mush would be surprising. Meat, we always ate raw, partly from necessity and partly from the idea that it would, at least in the case of fresh beef, go further in that way.

As we settled down to our prison life, the drawing of the rations was the one event of the day, and the hawking about of rations by those who wanted to trade made things lively and did much to keep up our spirits.

A considerable trade in the products of the Confederacy was carried on through the connivance of the rebel officers, and those who had money could buy many luxuries, but at fearful prices: good onions or Irish potatoes would sell for 50 cents to \$1.00 each, and even at that price found eager purchasers on account of their value in preventing scurvy. The only useful trades in the prison, besides that of sutler, were the barbers, who would cut hair, or shave, at the standard price of one cent; the coopers, who made much-needed small pails or tubs cut of the roots dug up from the swamp, often with no tools but the blade

of an old case knife; and the brewers, who made a kind of sour swill, termed beer, from the spare corn meal. A drink of this, plain, from a tin cup sold for 5 cents; if drunk from a glass tumbler, as a reminder of better days, 10 cents was the price; colored with bloodroot, it was worth 15; sweetened with molasses, 20 cents; and, to all these refinements, the crowning glory of soda to make it foam made it worth 25. This drink was mild enough, so far as having any intoxicating character, and did, I suppose, some service in keeping off the scurvy.

THE two vices that most afflict mankind in ordinary stages of society are intemperance and licentiousness, and it is very natural to suppose that if these could be set aside, a great gain would be made in the happiness and well-being of mankind. But here was a community where prohibition had full sway, and from the lives of whose 30,000 members the temptation or opportunity for yielding to these vices was utterly cut out; but, as we read that in the days before the Flood the earth was filled with violence, even so it was here. The evil nature in men's hearts, unrestrained by moral principle, will crop out, and here, finding no other vent, took delight in deeds of violence and murder. Gambling, too, was common, and all day long the dice would rattle, and all sorts of games to trap the money of the unwary would be paraded along the street.

The policy of recruiting the service by the payment of large bounties had borne fruit in the horde of bounty jumpers and deserters. In some states, the prison doors were opened to all who would enlist. Was it any wonder then that the prison contained many men who had sought capture rather than meet the consequences of their acts in our own lines, and here carried on their work of plunder, and even murder, from sheer wantonness? There was no law or tribunal to punish offenses, and for a time these men had sway. Almost every morning, someone would be found with his throat cut, and I have seen men knocked down and robbed in broad daylight, with hundreds looking on not daring to assert themselves against the banded violence of the raiders, as they were called. The rebel authorities had been appealed to in vain to stop this state of affairs, but paid no attention, and so things went on from bad to worse.

But one day, something fell under the eye of Wirz that brought about a change. The older residents of the prison had ere this banded together for self-protection, but could take no active steps to punish the raiders. Sometimes, though, a

raider met his match. Among the Western regiments were many Indians, and, one day, one was brought in with some Wisconsin troops that had been captured. As he entered the stockade, worn out with his journey, the Indian laid down on the ground and went to sleep. A raider caught sight of a watch and chain, of which the rebels had forgotten to relieve the Indian (an oversight which the raider set about to correct), and, bending over the man, proceeded to loosen it; but the Indian's sleep was not very sound, his savage instincts were quick, his knife handy, and that raider went raiding no more.

One morning, however, a company of the rebel soldiers marched into the prison, and the order was circulated that no more rations would be issued until the raiders had been delivered up. Under cover of the rebel guns, our men organized police squads, armed with whatever implements they could lay hands on, and arrested everyone against whom there was any suspicion and turned them over to the care of the rebel guards, who sent them outside for safekeeping. Hundreds were arrested, and a court was promptly organized among the prisoners for their trial, the rebels affording them facilities for the prosecution of the work and putting the minor sentences into execution, but not interfering otherwise with their action. Many of those arrested were set at liberty, and others sentenced to punishments according to the crimes of which they were found guilty; but six of the ringleaders found guilty of murder were sentenced to be hanged. At first, the rebels seemed loath to allow this order to be executed, no doubt fearing that their action might be misunderstood by our government, and a considerable time elapsed before we knew what the result would be.

In the meantime, a police government was organized among the prisoners, which, so long as I remained in the prison, proved effective. One morning a load of lumber was brought inside the stockade, with which a gallows was constructed, and about four o'clock in the afternoon the rebels brought in the condemned men, and after an officer had read an official statement of the situation, released them; but this was only a matter of form, as the police officers of the prison stood by to seize them. The rebel force at Andersonville was small compared with the number of men guarded, and they always seemed fearful of any concert of action among the prisoners; so on this occasion the whole rebel force was in line outside the stockade, and a light battery was drawn up to command the gallows and its surroundings, plainly visible on the other side of the slope, outside the stockade. A dense and deeply interested mass of men had crowded around the scene. Everything was in readiness, the six culprits were marched to the

platform, and the nooses were slipped over their heads, amid the breathless interest of the 30,000 spectators. The raiders were, as I remember watching them from a near post of observation, all strong, well-fed men, and such as might well be feared for their physical power, among the starved, worn-out inhabitants of the stockade; but here they were, now, in our power. Suddenly one of them, the last in the row, broke from his attendants and sprang from the platform, right out onto the heads of the dense crowd, so dense that he seemed to bound along with strong, desperate strides, for rods, before he touched the ground. The sudden commotion caused by this in a crowd which had watched in breathless silence quickly attracted the attention of the rebels. The infantry were called to attention, and at the battery the cannoneers stepped in to load. A sudden fear seized the crowd, so quiet before, and it surged back, each one only anxious to get out of the range of that terrible battery, mindful of the havoc cannon shot would make in such a dense mass of humanity. For a few moments, all was rush and confusion; but the rebels bravely held their fire, and the men at the gallows stood by the remaining convicts. The escaped convict foolishly undertook to cross the swamp to the other side of the prison, only to be captured by a line of police stationed on the opposite bank, who led him back to the gallows. The noose was adjusted, the black caps pulled down, the word given, and five of the raiders dangled at their ropes' ends.

The cords with which the men were hanged were not made, it seems, of the traditional hemp, but of good Confederate cotton which, to the sixth man, as to the Confederacy, proved unequal to its requirements. For the ringleader — known as Moseby, from the rebel guerrilla — heavier than the others with sin, it may be, broke his rope and fell to the ground. The man who officiated as hangman was known as "Limber Jim," and the story is told that, when he first entered the prison, this same Moseby robbed him of \$176. When Moseby reached the ground, Limber Jim grabbed him. "I have stood my chance," said Moseby. "No," responded Jim, "the rope around your neck cost me \$176, and I will hang you as long as I can tie a knot in it." He tied the knot, and it held.

THE great disease of the prison was the scurvy, which is not, as its name would indicate, a skin disease, nor necessarily one arising from uncleanness. Another disorder, hardly less common, and more terrible in its effects, was a disease arising in the feet of the men from contact with the satu-

rated, poisonous earth of the swamp. Owing to the mulishness of the mule of which I have told you, I was barefooted when I entered the prison, and soon was attacked by an ulcer on the bottom of my right foot which grew worse. The usual result of ulcers of this sort I well knew from what I had seen and heard. Uncontrolled, the dreaded gangrene would soon set in and amputation would follow, only to make another wound for a fresh attack of gangrene. I have known men to suffer three amputations in rapid succession, all performed in the old way: the patient was strapped to a table without anesthetics, and, need I add, usually died in consequence.

It became evident that I must leave my comrades and go to the hospital, to which at this time it was almost impossible to gain admittance. It was not a question of need, but of room, no more being admitted than death made room for day by day; and although the deaths daily averaged more than 100, out of 2000 patients, so large was the source from which to draw new patients that but few of those needing treatment ever received it. Making a desperate effort, I at last succeeded in getting to the sick yard early one morning, was examined and admitted.

The sick yard was just outside the gate, and itself surrounded by a strong fence. Few were admitted to it through the gate at a time, and these only at the will of the surgeons. The yard was divided into wards corresponding, I think, to the wards in the hospital. One other man was admitted in the same ward with me. It was early morning when we entered the sick yard, and there we remained all day, or until late in the afternoon. It was a bright sunny day in the latter part of August, and we lay in the sand, in the shade of the stockade, until the sun crawled around and made our situation uncomfortable. Then I crawled across the yard, on my hands and knees, and lay down in the little patch of shade made by the awning where the surgeon stood when examining patients; my comrade for the day followed me, also on his hands and knees. I do not remember that any word was spoken between us, and who he was, I know not; we had been companions in suffering and now hoped for relief. The little shelter afforded us scanty shade, and as we crowded together to get the benefit of it, I remember the happy, peaceful expression on the man's face as he folded up his coat for a pillow and lay down in the sand to sleep.

For myself, in spite of pain and hunger, memory recalls few pleasanter afternoons than the one in which I lay by my sleeping comrade, enjoying the pure air and gazing through the cracks of the fence into the quiet and beauty of the outer world. The long road had turned, and whatever might be

ahead, the bull pen with its horrors was behind; and, although I knew nothing of the hospital, from which, it was said, none ever returned to the stockade, nor what might be in store for me there, hope again revived. When water was brought around, I took a cup from my companion's haversack and, after taking a drink, filled it for him when he should awake; but all through the bright sunny afternoon, he slept peacefully on; he was nearer the end of his troubles than I, for when the wagon came around to take us to the hospital, I turned to waken him, but he was dead. Like one who gathers up the ammunition of his fallen comrade to help him in the fight, I hastily removed his haversack with the battered tin cup, and went my way.

The hospital was only a camp in the woods near the stockade, through which flowed a stream joining the one by the stockade a little below. It was surrounded by a strong fence, around which paced the sentinels, but escape from its bounds was not nearly so hopeless a task as it was from the stockade. It had been laid out in streets and wards, and simple tents, or rather flies of canvas, stretched among the grateful shade of the oaks which had been left standing.

On a rude bank or platform, raised some two feet above the sand under one of these, in the company of six or seven others, I spent the remainder of my prison life; for, although my foot began to mend at once, I was still on crutches when paroled, and never returned to the stockade. With more room, pure air, better water, and better, though not more abundant, food, I was thankful for the change. My berth was next to the outside one on the bank, and beside me, during the time I spent there, six others were brought from the stockade, one after another, to remain but a short time and then be carried out to add another foot to the long trench, which steadily grew day by day. Every morning along the street there would be a single rank of men, lying straight and stiff, with an old soldier's cap placed reverently over each face to keep the light from the sightless eyes. Somebody's hope, somebody's dependence, waiting for detail to carry him out the gate on a stretcher. For one thing we must give the rebels credit: for as decent a burial and as complete a record as were possible under the circumstances.

Our food in the hospital was mainly rice and, although its insufficiency is proverbial among soldiers, it was better than corn meal. Later, toward the last of my stay, a ration of one spoonful of wheat flour was issued daily to each man, and the business of making bread, or rather rolls, suddenly became a regular trade among the convalescents. Our surgeons, in the main, did what they could for us, with their limited advantages

and few medicines. The surgeon in chief was a faithful man and was afterward rewarded by our government.

I think the prison would have afforded an interesting field of study for a medical student, showing the different types of physical nature under adverse circumstances. Some men would dry up to meet the circumstances. All superfluous flesh would vanish, and the skin, dry and close, would become as dark as a Negro's; the hair would become kinky by neglect and exposure to the smoke of the hard-pine knots, with which the cooking was done, and there were many white men who could hardly be told from mulattoes. Another feature made the resemblance of the men striking: the whiteness of the teeth of the prisoners, which has been often remarked; whether this arose from the absence of anything deleterious in our food, or from the scouring properties of the corn meal, or the sand, which pervaded everything, or was, as in the case of the Negro, only apparent by reason of the darkened skin, I know not. This class of mummy men looked as though they would last forever; but not so with all. I could not, if I would, depict to you the misery of this place, which has left its record in the 13,000 graves made in the short nine months of its existence.

THE beautiful autumn weather was rapidly passing, and already the colder nights made us fear the coming winter. About this time there occurred an event which has always had a deep interest to me, and which I have never seen recorded.

The Republican and Democratic conventions for nominating candidates for the presidency had both been held, and the result was known to us before our capture. The former had nominated Lincoln, the latter, McClellan. The issue was plain. A vote for Lincoln was a vote for the prosecution of the war to the bitter end; a vote for McClellan was a vote for compromise and peace. The rebels understood this, and no question was more frequently asked by them than our opinion of the result of the election. They saw the inevitable end, and hoped for better terms than could be made with the existing administration.

Lincoln had gained a strong hold upon the hearts of the soldiers, and his name was a tower of strength. There is no power so strong as that of personal loyalty. Any really successful military commander will rely as much upon the soldier's loyalty to him as to the country or cause, and he is an unwise leader who neglects this power over his men. And so we, who now delight to honor the memory of our first martyred president,

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These comparisons are additional, and the most recent, evidence that trading stamps, by increasing competitive pressures, have operated to hold food price levels down. It would seem, therefore, that families living in "stamp cities" can thank trading stamps for playing a part in the lower cost of living they enjoy.

* *

REFERENCES: "Who Profits from Trading Stamps?", Dr. Eugene R. Beem, *Harvard Business Review*, Nov.-Dec., 1957.

"Trading Stamp Practice and Pricing Policy." Dr. Albert Haring and Dr. Wallace O. Yoder, Marketing Department, School of Business, Indiana University.

A copy of "Food Price Trends In Cities of Varying Trading Stamp Activity" will be sent upon request. Write The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, Department "D", 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

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will never know how much we owed to that strong, quaint, rugged personality. What Christ is to the Christian, what Napoleon was to his soldiers, Lincoln was to the men who fought for the Union.

In almost any organization in the field, in spite of McClellan's great popularity as a commander, Lincoln would have received an overwhelming majority. But here was an aggregation of soldiers who had long been removed from the knowledge of the progress of the political campaign and from active participation in the war, and all their circumstances called loudly for peace. A more representative body of men could not have been gathered, coming as they did from all parts of our land and from all conditions of society; and now that election was approaching, the rebels were deeply interested in ascertaining the political sentiments of the 1200 men still remaining in Andersonville hospital — no doubt thinking that a vote for Lincoln under these circumstances represented little but clean grit. Under their direction, huge campfires were sometimes built in the camp, around which the men would congregate in the cool autumn evenings and discuss the question; and from a rude platform, our stump speakers would hold forth in true Western style. The McClellan men were outspoken, noisy, and defiant; the Lincoln men were quiet and determined.

When election day came, orders were issued that all should be in their regular places at certain hours. Printed ballots were distributed by the rebels, bearing the names of Lincoln and McClellan, and the ballot box was passed around, and the vote counted under their close surveillance. It was a constituency that sent no representative; no returns were ever made, and there was no need that the vote should be counted to decide the result; but I think no more telling blow was ever given the tottering Confederacy, or a greater honor ever conferred upon President Lincoln, than the clear majority of 400 votes out of those cast by 1200 worn-out, starved, rotten men in Andersonville hospital.

Soon after this event, a rumor of exchange, more plausible than the former ones, was about, and one day a squad of rebel officers and surgeons, accompanied by a clerk, passed rapidly from tent to tent, selecting men. I promptly put myself in their way and put my best, or rather worst, foot foremost; it was acceptable, and my name and description were recorded. A day or two later, early in the morning, the call blew, and hastily snatching my old blanket and saying good-by (if so it might prove), I made for the gate. My name and description were all right, and with a heart full of thankfulness, I hobbled through the gate, out of which so many of my comrades had been

carried feet foremost. We were marched to the station, loaded into cars, and with the notable Wirz to see us off and wish us good success in getting home, started on our way. At nightfall we were again marched through the stockade of Mill prison, where we remained a few days, and then proceeded on our way to Savannah.

At Savannah, on the early morning of another eventful Sunday, we were marched through the town to the wharf, where we signed the parole and were put on board transports and taken down the river to Fort Pulaski, under cover of which our fleet lay. Toward noon, we came in sight of our old flag floating from the masthead of one of our transports. We had had nothing to eat since leaving Mill the previous afternoon, and the night had been rainy, so we were all wet to the skin, and the cold wind from the salt water chilled us through. In this condition, we were kept waiting during the long afternoon while the preliminaries were being arranged, and the report crept around that there was some hitch in the proceedings and that the whole lot was to be returned to Savannah. More than one prisoner crept to the guards with the avowed purpose of throwing himself overboard should this be attempted. Just about dark, however, our transport steamed alongside the *George Seavy*, and we were counted over the rail. The long cabin, made bare for our reception, was fragrant with the aroma of boiling coffee, and after the usual delay, it was served to us with old-time hardtack.

Our long imprisonment was over; we were now under the protection of our own flag, and warmed and fed. The loyal North and home were before us. Joyfully we sang far into the night the long-neglected, almost-forgotten songs of former days. Many an eye was bright with hope that night that never opened on the scenes of home, and many a voice was raised in song that never was heard by loved ones, for death pursued us still, and all along the ocean path and in the cemetery at Annapolis were laid many who had been paroled too late. A few days after, we were transferred to the steamer *Baltic*, in which we were conveyed to Annapolis. Here again, on another Sunday, the lighters met us in the blue waters of Chesapeake Bay and landed us at the wharf of the Old Naval School, used as a hospital during the war. Here, with care and comfort, I rapidly recuperated. My commutation money was paid me (\$40.50), the price of 162 days' starvation at 25 cents per day, in good, new, interest-bearing greenbacks, which I stowed away in the pockets of my new soldier pants with the mental exclamation, "There, old fellow, is a debt you owe your stomach, and you pay it, every cent."



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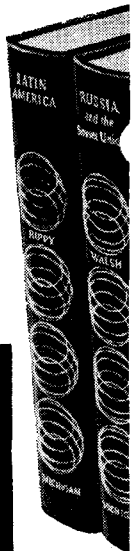
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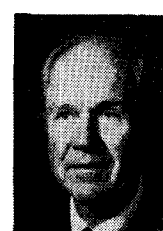
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CAREY BLOOM



BY DONAT O'DONNELL

Irish essayist and critic, DONAT O'DONNELL is best known in this country for his book MARIA CROSS, a study of such modern Catholic authors as François Mauriac, Graham Greene, Sean O'Faolain, Evelyn Waugh, and Paul Claudel. He is fond of dogs, especially Kerry blues, as this narrative discloses.

ON HIS native soil the Kerry blue is a shaggy blue-black animal, a little short on leg, purposeful and reticent, and a fierce fighter. So was our Kerry blue in Paris, above all shaggy, and we were very proud. The Parisians are exceptionally fond of dogs; they are also inexhaustibly curious about the diversity of the creations of God, or the Supreme Being. For both those reasons our Kerry blue attracted a good deal of attention. It was therefore nothing exceptional when the stout lady, proprietress of the restaurant in the Place Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, came over and asked what it was, as a dog. I told her it was an Irish dog, of a race unknown in France. To this she replied that she had an Irish dog herself, and went and got it. She produced with pride a rather impressive beast, trim and tufted, resembling an exceptionally tough poodle and having about it that suggestion of the sinister which the combination of physical strength and marked elegance always seems to evoke. As the two dogs were introduced I admired the stranger. He was, I confessed, superb as an Irish dog but, I was ashamed to say, I did not recognize the breed. The reply was crushing:

"Mais, mon pauvre monsieur, c'est une des races les mieux connues de chiens irlandais! C'est un Carey Bloom!"

There were, she revealed, only three "Carey Blooms" in all Paris: her dog, a bitch in the Avenue Henri Martin, and another dog in the Boulevard Raspail; but in the last case she thought the district cast doubt upon the pedigree. I could

have added to the list, but found it too hard to explain that my own dog also was striving, in his woolly way, to be a Carey Bloom.

I got two things out of this encounter: a new name for my dog and a new place to take Irish visitors in Paris. Irish people in Paris, like other visitors, want to plumb the depths of French wickedness and perversity, but it is by no means sure that they all know a depth when they plumb one. The dog of the Place Notre-Dame-des-Victoires was a good answer to this sort of thing. He constituted visible and tangible evidence of French perversity, in a form which any Irish person could understand. "When I look at that dog," said one of the Irish visitors, "I understand the Fall of France." His cup was full when I revealed that the dog had belonged to André Gide, when he lived in the Rue Vaneau. As the beast sneered at them across the café table, my friends found it easy to believe themselves in the presence of a disciple of Gide's. Only that diabolical brain, surely, could have conceived the project of tonsuring a Kerry blue into the semblance of a poodle.

I always meant to survey the field completely, to visit the pedigree bitch of the Avenue Henri Martin and the attainted dog of the Boulevard Raspail, but my newspaper decided otherwise. My new editor felt that the Irish people were not interested in what was happening in Paris; they were interested in what was happening in Donny-carney: I was to come home, quickly.

Drawing by Cecil Aldin from DOGS OF CHARACTER, published by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

This raised a difficulty: what about Carey Bloom? It is very easy to bring a dog from Ireland (or England) to France: you just bring it. But to bring a dog back from France to Ireland or England is quite a different matter. You must, to begin with, obtain a license to import a Canine. If you get this you must, on arrival in Ireland, hand over the Canine, in an approved Nose-and-Paw-proof Receptacle, to an approved place of Quarantine, there to be confined for Six Calendar Months, at cost to owner of £2 a week. Then, if the dog is still alive, you can have him. All this is understood to be required to keep the scourge of rabies out of Ireland and, of course, England. The French, however, have a different story.

It became clear that there were three courses possible:

1. To leave Carey Bloom in France.
2. To bring him to Ireland complying with the Regulations.
3. To bring him to Ireland without complying with the Regulations.

The first course I should have favored myself, but it was ruled out by my two small daughters. The second course found no supporters: it would probably kill or at least disable the dog, and it would also cost us more than £50; the sentimentalists and the realists united in rejecting any such policy. It was therefore decided, by elimination, that Course 3 was to be adopted. Carey Bloom was to be smuggled, and I was to do the smuggling.

This was a more formidable and dangerous task than at first appears. In Ireland it is the Department of Agriculture that administers these laws. And it has been said that there are only two forces worth mentioning in Ireland: the Church and the Department of Agriculture. I risked not merely a heavy fine and a jail sentence, but also the loss of my job. Then hope dawned. I didn't have to smuggle Carey Bloom into Ireland at all. England would do. England and Ireland, politically, are fractured, but to the veterinarian they are still one and indivisible. If Carey Bloom were once in England, he could be brought to Ireland without fuss or formality. And even if I were caught smuggling into England, it would be by Englishmen, having broken an English regulation, and possessing therefore a sacred claim on the sympathy of my own countrymen. Even my newspaper would have to back me up; my friends could see to that. If it failed me it would be accused of playing England's game, and then let it look to its circulation!

In good spirits, then, I prepared for the attack. My family went ahead by air, leaving me with the car and Carey Bloom. My last dinner in Paris I took in the Place Notre-Dame-des-Victoires. The stout lady, pleased at what I had done for the

reputation of her dog and house, gave me photographs of both. The picture of the dog had been taken at one of our evening gatherings. The dog was seated at a café table, with a hideous expression of intelligence, in the middle of a lively group; he had a glass of Pernod in front of him and four saucers — a surprising number, for he drank very little. On the wall behind, someone had taken care to hang a portrait of M. Gide. To a man facing, perhaps, an English prison on the morrow, it all seemed a little childish, and yet endearing. They put me to bed on the premises.

MY START on the following morning was not as early as it should have been, nor my head as clear. It was eight o'clock when, with Carey Bloom upright in the seat beside me, I left Paris by the Porte de Neuilly, on the road to Dieppe. I stopped at Pontoise to consult the local vet. My plans involved putting Carey Bloom in a case, and the case in the boot of the car; anyone who knew Carey Bloom realized that this could hardly be done without assistance, much noise, and perhaps even bloodshed, unless the patient were unconscious.

The vet of Pontoise was large, *sportif*, and *très gentleman* — with crew cut. He was also in full sympathy with my project. The English quarantine laws were a piece of cynical hypocrisy. *La rage canine* was, without doubt, a very terrible disease, but did I know when the last case of it had been notified in France? No? *Eh bien, mon pauvre monsieur*, the last case of *la rage canine* in France occurred in 1910! *Dix . . . neuf . . . cent . . . dix!* Under President Fallières! Had I so much as met anyone who had even heard of President Fallières? No? Well, then!

The vet of Pontoise was striding up and down the room, breathing heavily. I tried to bring him back to the immediate practical aspects of the problem: I had a boat to catch, needed instructions on dog-doping, and the dope itself. "None of that," said the vet, "presents any difficulty. Do you know the real reason for the quarantine regulations? It is that the dog breeders of England fear the French competition — and Dutch competition perhaps a little too —"

"My boat goes," I said, "at 12:30, and if you could give me some pills, something that would work quickly —"

The vet stopped walking and looked me sternly in the eye. "Of course I will give you the pills," he said. "*Ne vous affolez pas. Vous avez largement le temps.*"

I looked at my watch, with gathering hopelessness.

"It is admirably simple," said the vet of Pontoise. "Suppose there is a minister who is an honest man and who says, 'You are breaking my feet with your silly regulations about quarantine for dogs: I will abolish them!' *Vlan!* So what happens? One dog breeder rings up his brother, the governor of the BBC. Another calls his uncle, the editor of the *Times*. A third takes up the phone and says, 'Give me Canterbury 1.'

"So all the hysterical old women of England — that is 40 million out of a total population of 50 million — get together and make some *brouhaha*. They say: Keep out French Diseases! They say: A Vote for Labor Is a Vote for Rabies! Then one day the minister gets up in the House and says the question needs further study, and he sets up a commission of dog breeders' brothers to study it! As for you, monsieur, here are four tablets of Gardenal. Give the animal one not more than half an hour before embarkation; give him the other three on the boat — just put them in his mouth, he'll swallow them. You've nothing at all to worry about — he'll sleep like a woodcutter, and the customs people in England are the same as our own, they never look at anything."

Out in the yard the vet of Pontoise — who refused any payment — took a good look at Carey Bloom. "He could be a nice-looking dog," he said, "if he were properly trimmed."

Having no time for this controversy, I got into the car and prepared to turn into the street.

"Of course," said the vet, "I know that in England they like dogs to be like that. They have the mania of the natural. It is perhaps," he added thoughtfully, "a form of hypocrisy."

As I drove through the Vexin on the road to Dieppe I felt considerably fortified by the vet's remarks. His exposure of the economic basis of the quarantine regulations was convincing enough — allowing for French hyperbole — and it conferred on my own enterprise an agreeable touch of righteousness. I was encouraged, furthermore, by what he had said about the laxity of the customs examination.

It was only in Dieppe itself, driving down to the port, at noon, that the brightness of this vision began to fade. I realized that I was a half hour late, and that the doping of Carey Bloom was going to present certain difficulties. At the port I had two simultaneous problems to solve rapidly: to get the car on board, and to dope Carey Bloom. *En principe*, cars are not accepted at all, unless presented an hour before departure. And it was now — successive officials pointed out — thirty minutes . . . twenty minutes . . . ten minutes

before departure. French officials, once they have logically established the utter impossibility of some course of action, usually like to show that they, being *élite* personalities, can none the less do it, this impossible thing, and the formalities in this case were pushed through with surprising speed. This involved, however, running up many steps and gangways, and the frequent assumption of that air of harassed and apologetic helplessness that, for the French official, is the mark of a deserving member of the public.

In between these interviews I had repeatedly to get back to the car for an even more difficult argument, with Carey Bloom. Carey Bloom is a patient dog, and he did not at all object to my trying to feed him Gardenal. I could put the tablet in his mouth and hold his massive jaws together. He would look at me sadly but uncomplainingly, his eyes deep violet pools under the blue shadow of his shaggy brows. Then, when I let go my hold, Carey Bloom would deposit a white and glistening object on the seat of the car. The ultimate official, who came to the car with the cleared papers, seven minutes before departure time, found me still clutching Carey Bloom's head, the two of us staring at each other fixedly. The official mistook this for a display of Anglo-Saxon sentimentality and disapproved. "You had better get your car on board immediately," he said. "You need not fear seasickness, either for yourself or your dog. The sea is perfectly calm. But hurry in the name of God."

There was clearly now no question of putting Carey Bloom into a suitcase and the suitcase into the boot of the car. That, and the doping, would have to be done on board, at leisure as I hoped. I pushed Carey Bloom onto the floor in front of the seat and covered him with a rug. The result looked depressingly like a dog covered with a rug. I drove to the ship's side and sat in the car waiting to be hauled aboard. But a face, covered with soft coal, appeared at the window, and spoke:

"You are not, monsieur, by chance a member of the Union of French Stevedores and Port Workers, affiliated to the CGT? No? In that case, monsieur, perhaps you would be good enough to hand me the key of your car, and proceed, yourself, on foot, on board the boat. I will take your place at the wheel and will occupy myself with the loading of your car. You can be tranquil."

I got out, as tranquilly as I could, but I did not proceed on board the boat. I waited. In a remarkably short time the stevedore was out again, jumping up and down and waving long blue-bloused arms. He was not, it seemed, paid to be bitten by dogs.

It was not the Queen of England who ruled in France, and French workers had rights, for which,

through their syndicates, they knew how to enforce respect. Other members of the Union of French Stevedores and Port Workers, gathered round, agreed with these views. I was not impressed, because I knew the man had not been bitten. Persons who had been bitten by Carey Bloom stayed bitten; they did not jump up and down in this frivolous manner, conversing about the Rights of Man and of the Citizen. I explained, and demonstrated, that the dog was sage and gentle. As for myself I owed no more allegiance to the Queen of England than they did, being a good Irish Republican. In fact, the dog was there in defiance of an English regulation — a regulation, moreover, which was unfairly aimed at French exports and was devised to protect the private interests of the English four hundred families, including Sir Eden himself. The stevedore, to whom I gave a thousand francs, saw my point of view. He would put car and dog aboard: "Once there you are in England. The sailors are all English and capable of anything. They are all little bourgeois, Calvinists, and police spies."

How right he was I found in a very few minutes, aboard the *S.S. Black Prince*. It was a fine clear day with a dead calm sea, but no sooner had my car been hoisted onto the lower deck, and the French stevedore departed, than a company of Calvinists descended with a huge tarpaulin. Silently, with grim efficiency, they lashed this covering into position over the car, securing it tightly. A small gap remained between the lower edges of the tarpaulin and the deck; as a window of the car was open, air could still penetrate to Carey Bloom. But only air; no question now of the leisurely administration of drugs, no question of a doped dog sleeping quietly in the boot. No possibility of tampering with that tarpaulin without detection, even if I were a skilled tarpaulin-tamperer, which I was not. The seamen might not all be Tory police spies, as the French stevedore claimed, but they had a look about them of belonging to that class of men who are described as "law-abiding" because they like to see other people getting into trouble.

I made my way to the bar, for a Guinness. The barman, I found with pleasure, was an Irishman, even a Kerryman — Mahoney by name — and therefore by definition indifferent to the law, "our pets," and the public health of England. He heard my story gravely. No, nothing to be done with those seamen. All non-Catholics, mostly Methodists, don't smoke and don't drink, would inform on their own mother. The only help he could give, the Kerryman said, was with the Newhaven dockers. These were a decent crowd, that is to say, mostly Irish, who could be trusted to keep quiet if it was made worth their while. With the

help of the dockers I should be able to get the car and dog quietly off the boat and as far as the customs shed. After that I was on my own. He thought the chances were about five to one against my getting through. You would be better off in England poisoning old women, the barman thought, than to be caught smuggling a dog. However, he would do his best for me, and wished me luck.

At Newhaven, the dockers did their part, as arranged through the barman. I drove slowly along the quayside, using one hand to pull the rug back over Carey Bloom. Carey Bloom, normally a very quiet dog, growled and shook the rug off. I pulled it back again, wishing I were in some quiet English watering place, respected by all, happily poisoning old women. Carey Bloom stayed under the rug this time, but shivering and sniffing. I reached the customs shed.

The customs shed (motor vehicles) at Newhaven is a building I now know rather well. It is open at both ends, full of wind and echoes. There are a few officials there, but it is difficult to make them out at first, so still are they in the uncertain light of the great windowless hall. You make them out, however, as you go along. One of them now came forward: the Automobile Association, a ginger-haired man with that touch of slightly furtive affability that marks the man who has one leg in the official world and another in that of private enterprise. He would clear the car papers while the other customs formalities went through; it would only take a few minutes. He took my trumpyque and disappeared into the shadows.

Several minutes passed in a silence broken only by an occasional whimper. Then suddenly H. M. Customs was beside me: a friendly fresh-faced man with an outdoor look about him and a perfunctory sort of expression which I liked even better.

"Anything to declare?"

"No, I'm in transit to Ireland — going on to Holyhead tonight."

"Nothing intended for the United Kingdom? No brandy, wine, cigarettes, or perfume?"

"Nothing at all."

"All right, sir, you can carry on."

My car began to move forward as on its own initiative toward the exit of the cavern, toward freedom and success. Its lights shone on a ginger-haired man: the Automobile Association. He waved; I stopped. They were a little slow clearing the papers — the usual man was away — would I mind waiting where I was for a few minutes? By this time H. M. Customs had strolled up, benevolently, a man with time on his hands. I wanted to say that I would like to wait anywhere except

where I was, but I had some difficulty in finding suitable words for this thought. I said I would wait. H. M. Customs decided to keep me company. He was a fisherman, and it was his opinion that the best fishing in the world was to be found in Connemara. Or perhaps Donegal. Though Lough Derg, in Limerick, at dapping time was hard to beat.

Bored, Carey Bloom stretched himself under his rug. At least I hoped it was under his rug. I had a hideous feeling that the rug by now had slipped off. But it was impossible to look round. All I could do was to trust to the dim light and try to make intelligent answers about dry-fly fishing in the west of Ireland.

A figure appeared, moving briskly from the direction of the exit. The Automobile Association! The figure came closer. It was not the Automobile Association. It was more of H. M. Customs. More, and older, and nastier.

"Have you cleared this car?" he asked my fisherman friend.

There was a slight Scots edge on his voice, and a singularly unpleasant inflection to it. The remark had an unfortunate effect on Fisherman. He dropped the subject of the May fly on Lough Derg and took a quick look inside the car.

Then his manner changed. "I'm afraid, sir," he said quietly, "I'll have to ask you one further question."

Something told me what that question was going to be.

"Are you carrying any animals in this car, sir?"

"No," I replied firmly.

"Since you declare you are carrying no animals, sir, perhaps you would tell me what that is?"

I looked round, for the first time. Carey Bloom's muzzle and two front paws were resting on the front seat. His shoulders were covered with a tartan rug. He was asleep.

"That," I said, "is my dog."

"Since you admit that is your dog, sir," said the Scot, "how do you explain your previous declaration that you were carrying no animals?"

Clearly he felt that this was a telling piece of cross-examination. Privately I agreed with him, but I decided to go down fighting.

"This dog is being conveyed to Ireland," I said. "In Ireland he will be put in quarantine immediately. I am taking him direct to Holyhead. He will not be let out of the car in England at all. All your previous questions were about what I had for the United Kingdom. I took it that this question was the same. As I had no animals intended for the United Kingdom I thought it was right to answer the question in the negative."

Fisherman's mouth hung open, like that of a Lough Derg trout in dapping time. He was obvi-

ously dazzled by this unexpected piece of dialectic. There was a silence.

I was weak enough to break the silence by a conciliatory remark. I should have known better than to make a conciliatory remark to a Scot, but my nerves had been under a strain for some time. "I should prefer to take him to Ireland for quarantine," I said, "but of course, if that would be contrary to your regulations I'm perfectly prepared to put him into quarantine here."

I thought this a fair offer, but it brought out the worst in the Scot.

"You don't seem to r-realize your position," he said grindingly. "It's not a question of what you are *prepared* or not prepared to do. The animal, of course, will be impounded, and *may* be committed to quarantine if the authorities are satisfied as to your willingness and ability to pay for his upkeep. Otherwise he will be dest-r-royed. The fact is that you yourself have already committed two very serious offenses: first by importing a dog without a license and second by falsely declaring that you were not carrying animals. On either count you are liable on summary conviction both to a heavy fine and to a p-r-rison sentence of not more than Six Months. I shall now have to report the matter both to the police and to my own superiors. You, sir, will please remain where you are and ensure that that animal does not leave the car until he is officially impounded."

THE program for the evening was faithfully observed. The police arrived and took a statement. And later came an overalled contingent with a handcart on which stood a large crate. They looked like something out of Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*. To them, not without a twinge, I handed over Carey Bloom. He licked my hand in farewell, but otherwise made no sign. As they wheeled him away, toward imprisonment or death, I saw on the back of his crate a huge sign in yellow characters:

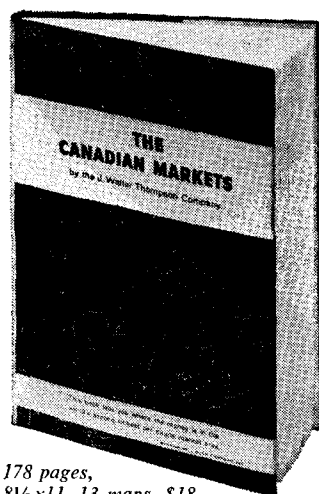
DANGER!

RABIES!

I thought bitterly of President Fallières. I became aware at the same time that a new character, and one having authority, had come on the scene. This was an elderly man, not in uniform but in sports coat and flannels. The old gentleman's general appearance was kindly and paternal, but I could see from his expression that he had Very Little Sympathy for Certain Classes of Offender and that I belonged to one such class.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that in view of what's happened we'll have to put some further questions

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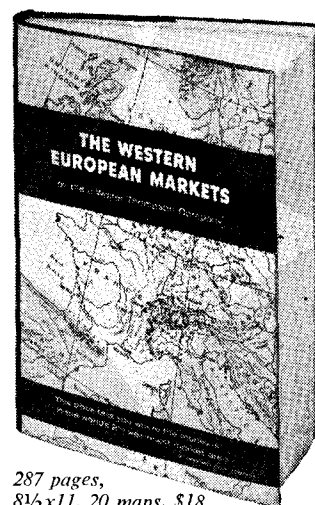


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to you formally. After that we'll have to search your car thoroughly. You see you've already made one false declaration, so you can't expect to receive normal tourist treatment."

He left a moment for this insult to sink in. Then: "Are you carrying any Narcotic Drugs?"

"No."

"Any Plants or Parrots?"

"No."

"Any Arms or Ammunition?"

"No."

"Any *more* animals?"

This was too much.

"Look," I said, "I'm not a professional dog smuggler, or any other kind of smuggler. That dog belongs to my daughters, who are very fond of it. If it had to go into quarantine I wanted to bring it to Ireland. If it were quarantined there they could visit it every day. As it is they won't be able to visit it at all. I'm sorry if I infringed your regulations, and you can go ahead and search my car. You won't find anything."

For the first time since coming to Newhaven I had managed to strike the right note. The old gentleman's manner perceptibly softened. He made no reply, however, until the car had been searched and been found, as I had said, to be free from Narcotic Drugs, Arms, Ammunition, Plants, Parrots, and Other Animals. He addressed me now as a fellow human being, rather than as an individual engaged in a Vile Traffic.

"I can understand your feeling for your Pet," he said. "I have three dogs of my own. But, believe me, it's in the interests of Our Pets themselves to see that these regulations are observed."

He lit a cigarette, for effect. Then quietly: "Have you ever seen a case of rabies?"

"No," I said. "I'm afraid I haven't. You see the last case of rabies in France was in 1910. The year of the Coronation of King George V. That was before I was born."

Balked of his dramatic effect, the old gentleman looked at me thoughtfully. "We don't want to be unnecessarily severe about this," he said. "We should prefer not to have to prosecute, if we can avoid it. I'm quite prepared to accept your story, send the dog to an approved place of quarantine in England, and let you go on your way, without further formality. So if you'll just show me the license from the Eire Department of Agriculture to import the dog into Ireland, we can regard the matter as closed."

The Scot, who had looked depressed during the earlier part of this speech, cheered up at the end perceptibly and unpleasantly. He could obviously see, merely by looking at me, that I possessed no licenses of any kind. He was quite right.

"I didn't have time to get a license," I said. "I

was ordered by my employers to come home at very short notice indeed. My first idea was to leave the dog with some French people, who would give it a home for a time, while I made the necessary arrangements in Dublin for its importation. Then at the very last moment, the night before I left, I found that the home was quite unsuitable. I couldn't just abandon the dog, so I decided to take him to Ireland and hand him over for quarantine there. I don't think the Irish authorities, in the circumstances, would have made too many difficulties about there being no license."

The Scot smiled. What *he* thought of my story was quite clear. But his superior, the owner of three dogs, looked puzzled. He would, at least, not condemn me out of hand.

"You say you found this home was unsuitable," he said. "Now just what do you mean by that?"

"Well," I replied, feeling better, "you see, the man who offered to take care of the dog was a Frenchman, a café proprietor. My dog is a Kerry blue — you know the breed, I expect — and this man said he owned a Kerry blue, too. That made me think he would know how to look after my dog, so I agreed to leave it with him. Then, to be on the safe side, I decided to go and have a look at his dog. This is what I found."

I handed over the photograph of the dog of Place Notre-Dame-des-Victoires.

The three customs men studied it. The two Englishmen were visibly affected. They seemed like men peering into an abyss. It was the old gentleman who spoke.

"Do you mean that they give this unfortunate dog . . . drink?"

"Pernod," said I quickly. "Then they make him do tricks for the customers."

"Do you know," said the old gentleman, "I wouldn't have believed it, even of the French."

One felt that moral condemnation had reached its ultimate. He examined the picture again for some time, then handed it back.

"I can't condone breaking regulations," he said, "but I must say that if I had to choose between breaking a regulation and leaving my dog with a man like that — well, I might do what you did. I'll recommend no further action. I wish you good luck and you can be sure your dog will be well looked after."

It was the Scot who showed me past the police, to the Automobile Association and freedom. The Automobile Association, in an undertone, wanted to know what had happened. The Scot told him:

"The gentleman made a false declaration to the customs and was caught in possession of contraband," he said. "He gets off under English law because he once knew a poodle that took to the drink. Good night."

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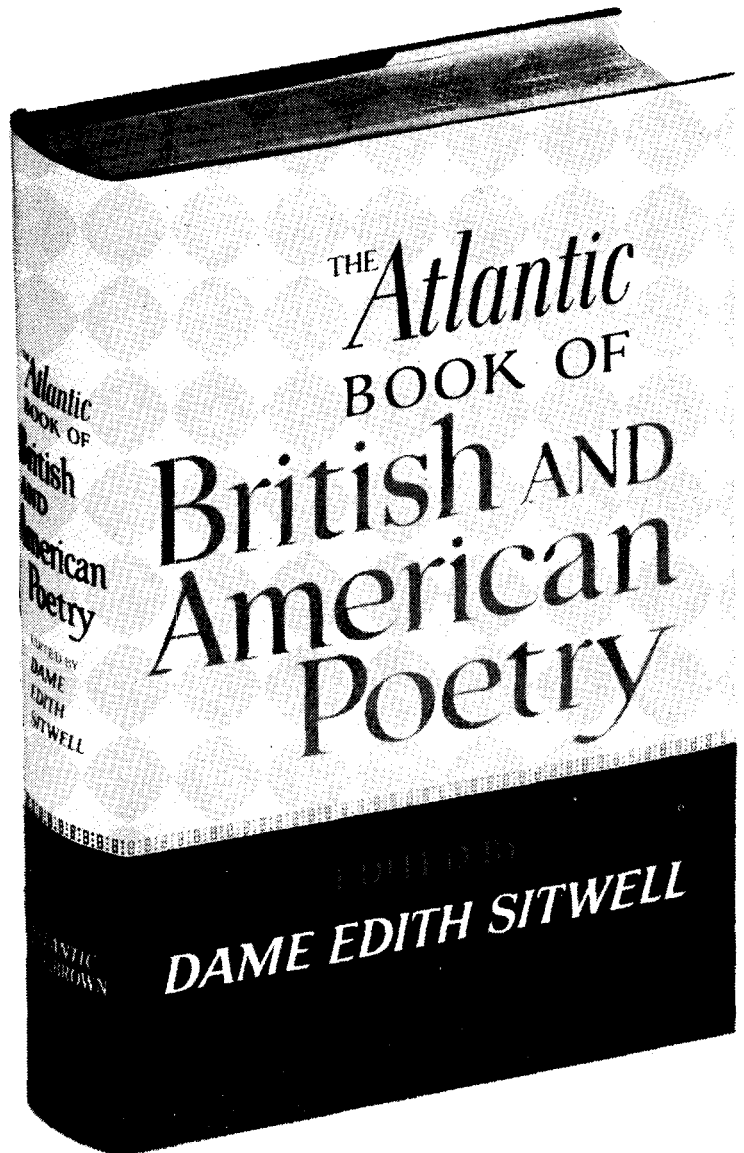
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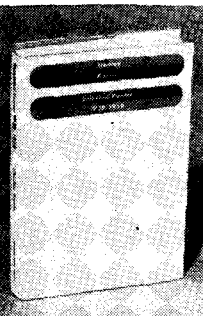
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BY ALFRED KAZIN

THE hero of John P. Marquand's new novel, *Women and Thomas Harrow*, is an American playwright and director of fifty-four who is unhappy with his third wife, unsure of his ability to turn out a new Broadway hit, and who lives in a fabulously costly old mansion in the small New England town where he grew up. He is charming and bright, a gentleman as well as a wit; he is as respectful of the traditions of the little old New England home town (once a famous seaport) as he is of the hard professionalism of the theater, and he would be as much at home in that town as he is in New York were it not for his uncomfortable sense of irony about his life, his mocking awareness of every situation as one which he might have written and directed himself.

It is the unforgotten bite of poverty and comparative social inferiority in his youth that helps to explain his sudden undoing. Ever since his unexpected first success in the 1920s with a sardonic play about a war hero's return, which enabled him to marry a local girl whose father was a failure, Tom Harrow's regular success in the theater has driven him to spread himself more and more recklessly. His first wife, Rhoda, who is obsessed with a desire for security, finally left him for real money when he was whooping it up in North Africa during the war; characteristically, he gave her an excessively generous settlement. His second wife, a hard, ambitious actress, still gets lavish alimony from him; his third, a duller woman than the first two, an unsuccessful actress who is getting stouter than she would like, feels imprisoned in the house which her husband keeps up only out of piety to the traditions that surrounded his youth. All these handsome gestures, these symbolic excesses and impreviences, led Tom to risk his investments with a costume musical comedy which failed. With his capital gone, his wife turns on him; his

first wife, who had discovered that life with big money can be dull, offers to return both his original settlement on her, and herself. In a fit of despair, Tom barely saves himself from going over a cliff in his big new car and realizes that from now on he must go it alone.

Summarizing the story makes Tom Harrow sound more of a money writer than he is. The point about him is not that he is venal, but that he is used to success; not corrupt, and the very opposite of cheap, he is a writer with a definite public who has always written with professional self-respect and skill. The trouble with him is not that he is a grasping *individual*, like the self-betraying hero who used to figure in American novels about the vanity of success, but, one of many Americans who have done their best and have enjoyed the profits, he has been betrayed by life itself — by the mediocrity of the society in which he lives. Thomas Harrow reminds us of many Americans today. He suffers not from a lack of honor — the old-fashioned explanation of misery in a highly competitive society — but from a lack of differentiation in both his character and the America he lives with. It is no longer a tragedy of character that such heroes act out, but a world depressed by its own lack of expectation. Tom Harrow has done his best, but the America in which he lives has become increasingly inflationary and socially pretentious, and the disappointment and disgust that sensitive Americans feel about our failure as a civilization trouble him.

Everything Thomas Harrow has to look at is either, like his beautiful old house, too distant from contemporary experience to be meaningful or, like the overlarge and overcolored automobile in which he finally tries to die, an example of the submissiveness and vulgarity that the "juke-box civilization" of mid-twentieth-century America

has come to. The house, built by local shipwrights, represents for Tom "a revolt and a craving for luxury which its builder had never known," while his present wife, Emily, is by his own admission perhaps not so shallow as she seems when she complains that he has absurdly sacrificed a comfortable bathroom to keep an old prayer closet. Tom Harrow has collected three-pronged forks, rattail spoons, pistol-handled knives, Crown Derby china, George the Second candlesticks, Chippendale tables, but recognizes that "he had in reality been travelling rapidly all his life over a shoddy road, decorated meretriciously . . . with plastic refreshment booths and over-night motels . . . places of temporary respite for temporary indulgence, but no more." When he walks down the main street of the dear old town and passes the church where he was first married, he reads that the next sermon topic is "How happy are you inside?"; and when he steps into the beautiful and simple church, the Reverend Ernest W. Godfrey greets Tom as a fellow professional, describes the church as a psychological filling station for troubled souls, and reveals that he's been in "this game long enough to know that every single one of us has his own problem and his own method of motivation as well as his particular means of adjustment, and his own particular subconscious mind."

THOMAS HARROW lives in the American world we all have to live in these days. When he reflects, in the dark night of his soul (the bank is calling in the stocks he put up as collateral), that "national life was approaching an average that expressed itself in gastronomical and in spiritual mediocrity, and he had always hated mediocrity. . . . They would all soon be engulfed in the wave of the commonplace," we agree that the essence of Tom Harrow's relation to women has been his concern with old-fashioned standards of aristocratic ease, gaiety, personal honor, which his wives have been too frightened or too hard to respect. These women symbolize the increasing spiritual imperfection, the anxious and external greediness, which to many observers has made the American woman seem unnatural. Tom Harrow, the parfit gentil knight, lavishes enormous marriage settlements on wives who have run off with millionaires and thinks wistfully of his old aunt Edith, who, like so many New England women of her generation, never married but "was able to understand nearly everything from the basis of almost no appreciable experience." Rhoda, his first wife, his true wife (in his old-fashioned way Tom Harrow reflects that no matter how many times you married, you truly married only once), was constantly worried

because change made her feel insecure. Rhoda used to say: "Do you have a feeling that everything is beginning to move so fast that we'll have to run to keep up with it? . . . I like things so I know where they'll be tomorrow."

But isn't this Tom Harrow's feeling as well? Rhoda's fear of change took the form of greed; Emily's, of dread that she would be left alone; Tom's takes the form of cultural piety to beautiful old houses in old seaports like Newburyport — where John P. Marquand and the heroes of so many of his novels grew up. The ruling and obsessive image in all of Marquand's novels is that of traveling the American road to the point of no return, to the hour when there is so little time. In this book the conception of life as loss has become the dramatic image of a successful and attractive American trying to kill himself in the chromium, long-finned, grotesquely colored car which incarnates all the showiness that he loathes. It is perhaps not the "shoddy" American road that troubles Tom Harrow so much as it is the mechanical defeat of life itself; it is not our great and confused America of the Eisenhower age, with its weapons that reach to the stars and its people — many of whom look as if all wisdom had been squeezed out of them by the strain of American life — that comes into play so much as it is the fact that people get old, and that when they get old enough, they die.

What bothers John P. Marquand, as it bothers Thomas Harrow, is the suspicion that as people get older in America, they do not get wiser; they just reminisce. No matter how much one may admire Marquand's social skill, his wit, his sense of tact, above all his cool honesty, one knows that a Marquand novel will sag into flashback as surely as a Shakespearean hero will spout blank verse. What is wrong with so much reminiscence — which in this case, despite all Marquand's charm and wit, makes a sad, soft, rather self-indulgent book out of *Women and Thomas Harrow* — is the fact that, among other faults, Marquand no longer bothers to find a very convincing or dramatically interesting frame for these flights into the past. The evening the Harrows are giving a dinner party, Tom tells Emily that they are busted; she denounces him; he gets thoroughly soaked on Martinis, champagne, brandy, Scotch; then, sitting up most of the night in an alcoholic haze of self-reference, he goes over the failure of his life. Technically, this makes a hole in the book only because there is so much formal separation between Tom Harrow in the present and the Tom Harrow he is remembering that we cannot believe very much in the strength of a character who is largely shown on the shady side of his life. The flashback is usually the structural center of a Marquand novel, but in previous books the past was shown as inac-

cessible — not, as it is symbolically in this book, unrelated. The symbol is that of the unconnection in Tom Harrow's own mind between past and present America; the American failure is always the inability to find the past or to learn from it: sure breeding ground for nostalgia.

The looseness with which the flashback is handled in *Women and Thomas Harrow* is significant. It is typical of all those novels in which Marquand presents too uncritically characters who represent his professional experience — the writer in *Wickford Point*, the play doctor in *So Little Time* — or the social exclusions of his intimate experience in Newburyport and at Harvard, as in *Point of No Return* and *Sincerely, Willis Wayde*. Marquand's best book is still *The Late George Apley*, for he functions superbly as a satirist of the genteel tradition. Every social novelist has an evident conception of himself in relation to his subject. Marquand's role is that of the background observer, the man from the public schools of Newburyport who is relatively the outsider, who can observe upper-crust Boston with a critical sharpness that at the same time reveals his sympathy for a class he was of but not in. What makes *The Late George Apley* so good is the fact that Marquand himself, setting the scenes and pulling the strings, is evident everywhere and visible nowhere; he knows where he stands and his control is perfect. Even in *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, one can see that apart from the jokes at the expense of the booster in the Harvard class of 1915, Marquand is no longer distant enough from Pulham to sustain the satire, for in age Pulham could be a son to Apley, and thus he is not only Marquand's contemporary and a man who has shared in the same historic experiences, but the symbol of a vanishing social order.

Marquand's dilemma, even in a relatively satiric and external book about an upper-class man like Pulham, is that he cherishes Pulham's gentlemanly values far too much for him to stay in the background as a satirist. Instead of feeling free to describe the values of Pulham with the old detachment, Marquand has gone through the same helplessness before the defeat of the past, before the gradual extinction of our old American world, which he once satirized in the helplessness of Apley. And the more he has been forced to write from a point of view too reminiscent of naked experience, the more Marquand has softened and saddened, to the point where all satiric edge eventually disappears from *Women and Thomas Harrow*. And we are made uncomfortably aware, in what are intended to be the dramatic crises of the book, that there is an excessively personal tone to Marquand's reflections on the hazards and self-deceptions of a writer who has relied too long on his own professional facility.

One of the recurrent themes in the book is the hero's inability to connect life and the theater in which he has worked so successfully. He not only sees every situation with a detachment that cuts him off from immediate human emotion, but when he goes to work in the old coach house he has converted into an office (he keeps the driveway heavily coated with gravel so that Emily in her high heels will not be able to walk down and disturb him), he cannot rid himself of the suspicion that his long habit of easy success has made him a mechanical contriver of situations and effects. Without in the least consciously sacrificing his integrity, he does feel that he has lost his freshness; and this complaint is likely to strike the reader as significant in view of the manifest lack of vital dramatic energy in Marquand's new novel, in which an increasing impatience and despair have gone hand in hand with the now ungovernable nostalgia.

I admire Marquand very much, for in a society like our own, which is always in danger of being overinterpreted, the social novelist, the novelist of manners — Marquand, Cozzens, O'Hara, and Edith Wharton and Ellen Glasgow before them — nails life down by writing about a particular social class from a definite point of view. America has been more of a society, even a class society, than the long tradition of solitude in our literature reveals to outsiders, and Marquand's kidding of the transcendentalist tradition in *Wickford Point* and his outburst against Melville, "the great god of literature in America," in this new book reflect the impatience of the practiced social observer with the theoreticians and visionaries who have always stood for American literature.

But the social novelist in America has his problem. He writes about a society which does not want to be a society, one in which individuals distrust the very idea of society, in which social distinctions are considered immoral or irrelevant, as they are by solitary voyagers, like Ishmael, to whom the world is a metaphysical problem. Since the social novelist, by the very nature and accessibility of his material, is likely to be prolific and fluent, he must not exploit the fluency of his manner to describe a purely personal crisis. We do not want a novel by Jane Austen to resemble *Wuthering Heights*, or John O'Hara to lose his temper when describing the country club set in *Appointment in Samarra*. We want to see the relationships of people who are divided by class; we want to see human beings rise above class but not be unconvincingly free of class. When George Apley has to give up his Irish girl, we are touched, for we recognize the human need to defy convention — and the durability of convention itself. But George Apley — 1866-1934 — still had conventions to

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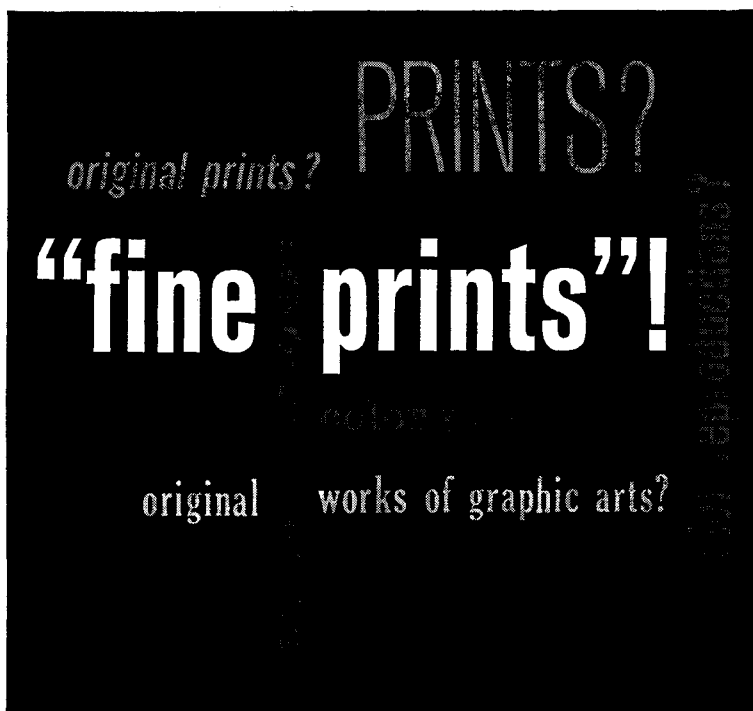
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submit to, and perhaps it is only a novelist of New England, born in 1892, who can still be so much aware of them. Only in New England or the South, in the day just before our day, were there conventions enough to produce social novels: novels whose essence is that society exists independently and exerts power over those who live in it.

What has happened to Marquand's novels is perhaps due to the fact that the local traditions which have always represented class in this country have increasingly disappeared under the pressures of a technological society. The novelist of manners, like Marquand (or Cozzens or O'Hara), who has always depended on a tradition stable enough to include the satirist himself, now finds himself angrily crying out against the absence of values themselves. Last year we saw just how angry James Gould Cozzens could get, in a novel whose essential tone is unlimited and profane bitterness at the degradation of the republic. And in *Women and Thomas Harrow* we can see just how melancholy and nerveless Marquand can get when he is concerned with the same problem of a middle-aged American, now of the old school, who recognizes that he is fighting not for freedom from convention, as George Apley did, but for conventions — standards of belief and behavior — that will allow him to function as a human being again in a world where beliefs are shared.

The basic human experience is our consciousness of mortality. Everyone dies, and sooner or later everyone's life takes shape from that limitation. That is why Proust named his great book a

quest of time gone; he recognized that only what is immaterial can remain: still in life, the human mind can transcend its imminent extinction to deliver us from time. Mortality is a theme that a sixty-five-year-old novelist is naturally concerned with, and the fifty-four-year-old hero of this book is immediately concerned with it. And how does Mr. Marquand handle this fundamental problem of our necessary deliverance from time? Tom Harrow does not believe in it; he does not believe in the imagination — which is all we have — because his very facility as a writer has made him suspect the imagination. "The late Dr. Albert Einstein, or others vaguely in the Einstein category, had advanced the theory that time, being immaterial, was indestructible — and perhaps it was. . . . Yet, granted that the past was indestructible, exactly where was it now? Was it in good order, in keeping with theories of relativity? He did not believe it was. The past in his experience was in a tangled mess like ticker tape." The intellectual poverty of this, I firmly believe, accounts for the description of the past in Mr. Marquand's flashbacks as a mess of ticker tape. There is only one place where the past ever makes sense — inside the creative human mind. To yield this to the American complaint that society has changed too much is to show up cruelly our lack of connection with ourselves. The social novelist in America pays for his lack of ideas when he is left without the social traditions on which he has depended so long for his sustenance as a man and his achievement as an artist.

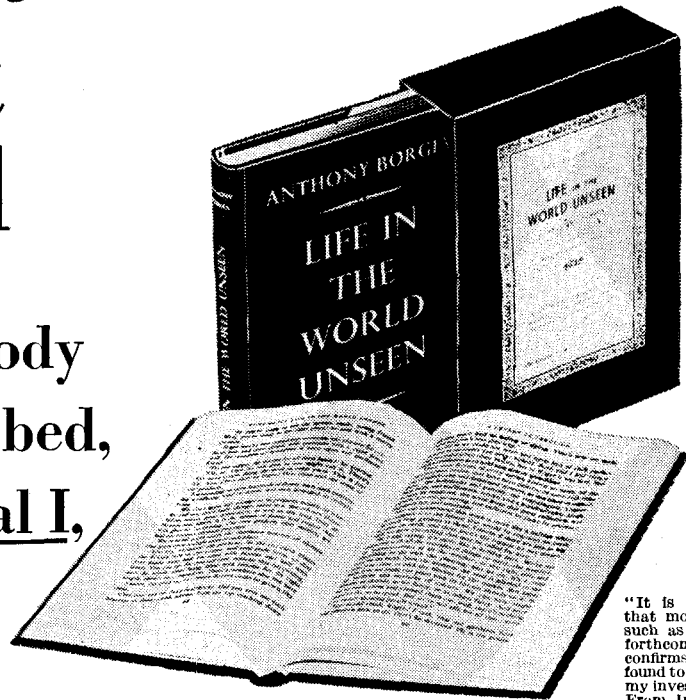
THE TIMID FUTURE

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

Wind in the eaves of the old house, wind over Russia
And the English coast, wind over the forelands
Of Europe, over the beaches of Long Island,
Autumnal wind, wailing the world sorrow,
With demon voices thronged, lewd voices
Crying out of the timid future,
Where now is paradise, the hope foresworn,
That could have been, had the heart stretched to hold it?
Where now lost Eden? Behind locked eyelids only
Glimmering a moment in the trance of love,
Recalled for a moment during the truce of music —
The hyssop sponge tendered in mercy
To the parched spirit, fretful in its torment —
Temporary assuagement. The tune Time plays
Grows harder to dance to now. Man's cleverness
Outwits itself; while round the watchful planet
The shark-nosed bombers wait to be unsheathed,
And terror needles the world heartbreak.

"I knew, at once, that I had died

I saw my physical body lying lifeless upon its bed, but here was I, the real I, alive and well."



"It is to be hoped that more literature, such as this, will be forthcoming. . . . It confirms what I have found to be true during my investigations." From Introd. by Sir John Anderson, Bart.

Several months ago, travelers from London brought news about a book *recently written* by a man long dead — the son of a former Archbishop of Canterbury. This two-volume work — so much discussed in London, Oxford, and Cambridge, and so important for our understanding of what tomorrow may hold for all of us, is called *LIFE IN THE WORLD UNSEEN*.

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Is the best of life waiting beyond death?

Here is testimony that the next world is not what we have been taught, but rather what we have instinctively hoped it might be. Anthony Borgia, who acted as Robert Hugh Benson's scribe, relates that the clergyman's great desire in communicating with him was "to correct the wrong impression that exists of the life to come, and to try to remove from people's minds the fear of

death" by recounting his detailed, first-hand description of the next world.

If you are one of those people who exercise the right to question what others blindly accept, if you believe that evidence from the world beyond should not be ignored until "science" is ready to explain it — if you like to make up your own mind about life and death — you will want to read *LIFE IN THE WORLD UNSEEN*.

A special limited edition — the very same unabridged set (without a word deleted) that caused so much excitement when published in London — is now available for the first time in America. Because it is imported from England, where printing costs are lower, we are able to make available this handsomely boxed two-volume set for only \$6.75.

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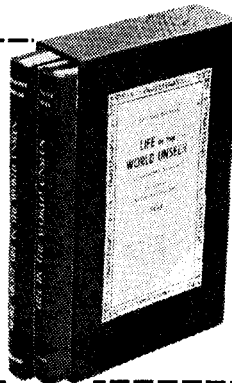
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From the Preface by Anthony Borgia

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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

WHEN I became the ninth editor of the *Atlantic* in June of 1938, a dinner was given in my honor. Present were a number of our distinguished New England contributors including Robert Frost, such dear rivals as Fred Allen of *Harper's*, and my two immediate predecessors, Bliss Perry and Ellery Sedgwick. I remember, as I entered the cocktail reception, hearing Bliss Perry remark: "Here comes the next victim," and I remember his saying to me during the dinner — he sat on my right — "There are really only two rules of editing I can give you. The first: pay your contributors on acceptance — the money will never look bigger. The second is more personal: remember how vulnerable we all are to fatigue and indigestion; when you feel bilious, try to postpone to the next day your troublesome decisions."

Early in my editorship I learned that editors work on a weekend-to-weekend basis. During the week they dictate letters; they talk on the telephone, and to those pregnant with manuscripts; and they attend what are called conferences — the surest device for killing time known to industry. I learned that an editor's work week really begins on Friday afternoon, when with his secretary's help he stuffs his brief case with all the things he ought to have attended to during the week. Beginning Friday night and continuing through Sunday he reads his prizes and makes his discoveries, blueprints the next issue and dreams up his big ideas for the future. No editor worth his salt can live without a minimum of contemplation and privacy.

By Monday morning he is at his peak: he has caught up with his reading; he feels confident of his decisions and eager to explore the new leads which came to him while he was not listening to the sermon Sunday morning. This will be one of those rare days when he has the world in his hand, when writers and agents say "yes" and when the telephone is like a voice from heaven. "Get me Senator X in Washington," he says by way of

greeting his secretary. Then he begins leafing through the morning mail.

The Quill Club of Terre Haute will appreciate it if he will serve as one of three judges of its annual short-story contest. The Harvard Dames would like him to speak on a literary subject any Thursday evening in November. That nice, if persistent, couple he met at Breadloaf have a daughter, fresh from Smith, who wants an editorial job. She has typing but has purposely not learned shorthand since it might tie her down. "Would you like to read my series on the Orient?" asks a handwritten card. "Seven articles averaging 9000 words. Will come in for an appointment."

My secretary has a way of saving the letters of abuse till the last. There is an anonymous post card reviling us for publishing a respectful article on Russian education. And what are these, these multigraphed letters on gray burlap paper, all identical? This is a Polish demonstration. "Dear Sir: I the undersigned wish to deny indignantly the unfair accusation in the September *Atlantic* that there is an organized Polish minority in the United States. . . ." One hundred and thirty-nine of them by actual count.

All this while of eager assimilation the phone has been ringing: a conference with the advertising department has been set for eleven; it is now ten thirty. Senator X in Washington has not returned my call. And how many pinpricks do you need to deflate a balloon?

I sometimes wonder why we do it, and of course the truth is we couldn't be paid to do anything else. Editing is in our blood, and all this attrition I have been talking about is simply the gristle in our meat. We edit because, God help us, we think it is important. If we were committed to Bedlam we would edit a handwritten sheet for our fellow inmates, and if Russia took over this country, we would edit underground. We think we were born to do this, and we believe that what we are doing is in the public good.

The Peripatetic Advertiser



Actors, as their biographers and their ghostwriters assure us, rebel against type-casting. Just as valiantly do writers resist the narrow category and bedevil their publishers by changing hats.

C. Northcote Parkinson, that latter-day Lewis Carroll, (cf. *Parkinson's Law*) puts on a sage's skull cap before writing **The Evolution of Political Thought** (\$5.00). On publication day *Orville Prescott* gave it the full treatment in the *New York Times*: "A challenging and intellectually exciting book. Coldly objective, without emotional commitment to any political creed or shibboleth, belligerently skeptical, Professor Parkinson has written a fascinating work which I believe is also an important study of 'political institutions and the ideas to which they give rise.'"

Stuart Cloete, a man of many hats (cf. *The African Giant*, *The Turning Wheels*) writes a dramatic-to-melo novel full of harsh action and mellow conversation — "**Gazella**" (\$3.50). *John Barkham* says: "... fascinating African hunting lore ... surprisingly sage dialogue ... Mr. Cloete has apparently been doing some deep thinking about the inroads civilization is making into the African wilds and regrets the passing of the old Africa he knew ... talks with refreshing sagacity and insight on a variety of unhackneyed subjects ..." and the *Boston Herald* drum beats even harder: "No man in the world knows the country better than this author and few can write about the people who live or visit there with greater conviction ... enough drama, suspense and sheer excitement to provide you with an excellent evening's reading."



Mary Mian moves from the French provinces (*My Country-in-Law*, *The Merry Miracle*) to a superficially quiet New England town in *Young Men See Visions* (\$3.50). *Dan Wickenden* in the *New York Herald Tribune* says: "A narrative that has begun quietly increases in dramatic and emotional force, and in depth of characterization, from one chapter to the next: the charm, the irony, the grace remain constant, but *Young Men See Visions* becomes, long before it is over, an unexpectedly strong and moving book ... Novels so accomplished and satisfying do not appear often."



Agnes Sligh Turnbull, whose eloquent and inspiring novels (*The Bishop's Mantle*, *The Gown of Glory*) of a familiar world, now writes more directly to her readers of the events in her own life that have been the fundamental experience from which she has written her novels. Her readers will see, beyond Mrs. Turnbull's words, the testament of a woman of pervasive charm,

ready to do valiant war against a numbing grief, in her new book **Out of My Heart** (\$3.00). *Virginia Kirkus* remarks: "... more than a spiritual autobiography ... Here is a self-help book on a high level of conception and realization."

Erwin D. Canham, editor, news commentator, turns biographer in **Commitment to Freedom** (\$4.85). *Roscoe Drummond* of the *New York Herald Tribune* says: "Erwin D. Canham, a newspaperman of the highest repute in the United States and abroad, has helped to commemorate the occasion (of the founding of *The Christian Science Monitor* fifty years ago in 1908) by writing a live and lively history of the paper ... It deals informatively and explicitly with a wide range of 'The Monitor's' 'trade secrets' ... I think that you will enjoy reading this inside-'The Monitor' account of a newspaper which to many, as Mr. Canham himself says, 'is a kind of daily astonishment.'"



And now the exceptions to prove the point, **Louis Auchincloss** writes a new novel of the literary territory that he has made his own—**Venus in Sparta** (\$3.50). *Arthur Mizener* of the *New York Times* states: "... obviously high time someone pointed out that he is one of our very best young novelists ... these people he represents with such complete and quiet understanding that it is easy to overlook their horror, and their ultimate pathos ... What moves Mr. Auchincloss is the miracle of the developed heart flourishing incongruously in the great world ... The ultimate reason for Mr. Auchincloss' brilliant image of the well-to-do world of Chelton School, New York, and Eastern Bay is that its standards are the most difficult to get free of ... *Venus in Sparta* has the most important subject Mr. Auchincloss has yet tackled and is a big step forward for a writer who commands his experience as very few of our younger writers can."



John Kenneth Galbraith, rebel critic of conventional wisdom, goes from strength to strength in a vigorous program for enlivening — to a point of sharpest controversy — the "dismal science" of economics — "American Capitalism," "The Great Crash," and now **The Affluent Society** (\$5.00). "In his stimulating, violently paradoxical way Galbraith gives the reader plenty on which to chew" — *John Chamberlain*, *The Wall Street Journal*. "Rare talent for the unfettered view ... it ranks as a work which, whether Utopian or not, ought to contribute in the long run to the reshaping of some of our most basic social ideas." — *David M. Potter*, *The Saturday Review*.



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At rare intervals we are confirmed in this belief. There are turning points in the career of every magazine, and those editors who made the turn will never forget it. Sometimes you see the high point a long way ahead, just as we did in Boston when for eighteen months we built up the big blue issue which signalized our Centennial last November. Here was our dream book; it sold out on the Eastern seaboard in thirty-six hours, and for the only time in our history we went back on press. More often the turning point takes the editor, as it does the reader, by surprise. In the spring of 1927 my predecessor, Ellery Sedgwick, heard a New York lawyer saying publicly that Al Smith, the Democratic candidate, could not be both a good Catholic and a good President. When Mr. Sedgwick, with the help of Father Duffy and Judge Proskauer, persuaded Al Smith to answer those charges, as he did in the article, "Catholic and Patriot," we were reassured about an issue which is very alive in our thinking.

Such editing supercharges a magazine; it gives the sheet a new meaning for a generation of readers. In 1934 DeWitt Wallace had a fateful conversation with a garageman in Armonk Village, New York. The mechanic asked him if he had any idea of the murder that was being committed on our highways every day. Wallace went home and brooded, then got in touch with J. C. Furnas, who was told to spare no detail in arousing Americans to the horror of wild driving. I don't know how many times the article was rewritten; I do know that "And Sudden Death" permanently changed the character of the *Reader's Digest* and that four million reprints were requested in three months after publication.

Think of the audacity of Harold Ross in sending John Hersey to Hiroshima and then devoting an entire issue of the *New Yorker* to his findings. McCarthy was at the height of his intimidation when Max Ascoli had the courage to attack the China lobby in two resounding articles in the *Reporter*. Think of the urgency of Norman Cousins in flying over to Lambaréné to persuade Albert Schweitzer to speak out against the depravity of nuclear warfare. Think of the foresight of the editors of *Look*, particularly Dan Mitch, when two years ago, in 1956, they correctly forecast the Southern resistance and went out to meet it in their lead article, "The South Versus the Supreme Court." My dear friend Fred Allen of *Harper's* twice led the whole field with his infuriating exposure of corruption in labor relations: first in 1948 in the blazing article, "The Blast in Centralia, No. 5," and four years later with Mary Heaton Vorse's unsparing account of the longshoremen and how those pirates hold up the Port of New York. This is the courage, this is the vigilance

which the country expects of magazine editors.

Last summer I wrote to thank the management of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for their loyalty in advertising in the *Atlantic* uninterruptedly for fifty years. In his reply, Vice President Sanford B. Cousins said: "The *Atlantic* was one of the 52 magazines to carry our national advertising when it first appeared in 1908. Of them only 8 have survived the ravages of whatever diseases magazines suffer." Eight survivors out of fifty-two. The old *Life* must have been one of the casualties, and the reason why the new *Life* is such a powerhouse is the decision, the turning point its editors took some years back when they determined that pictures simply were not enough; they had to have prose too. Significant that they made their pitch in history, the history of art, of culture, a retelling with pictures of the outline of history, which appealed as nothing else could have done so surely to the American zeal for self-improvement. There is a clearly discernible trend here. The success of *American Heritage* is in direct response to the rising interest in history which has swept through the nation since the war. Now that we have become a world power, people want to catch up with the past; what can we learn from studying our earlier crises? So too in science. The transformation of *Scientific American* under the lead of Gerard Piel from a journal of technology to a magazine with a broad approach to physics, biology, and scientific research paid off long before Sputnik. And when those two bellwethers, the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Ladies' Home Journal*, discard fiction as their cover appeal and instead play up biography and adventures of the mind, you may be sure that a major change in American tastes has occurred.

The eager interest in the thoughtful, the scientific, the how-to-do-it material is traceable to what the census calls "professional and technical workers." In number they have been rapidly increasing; so has their purchasing power, and so have their children in college. In the census age group of "65 and over" only 3.5 per cent have a college degree, whereas in the age group ready for college today, white and colored, 17 per cent, or five times as many, are taking degrees. In the next decade that number will increase astronomically. Here is the coming and dominant readership.

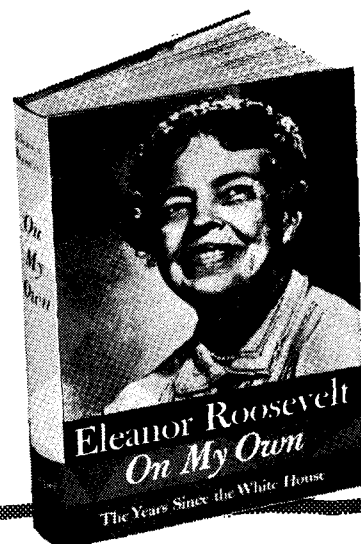
BEAUTY AND THE CRITIC

LADY DIANA COOPER, youngest daughter of the eighth Duke of Rutland, was turning people's heads by the time she was fourteen. She was an exceptional beauty in a society famous for its looks; she was high-spirited and witty; she had entree; she loved to defy conventions and to attract atten-

Eleanor Roosevelt

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A great woman shares her experiences, public and private, during the thirteen years since the death of F. D. R. "With Mrs. Roosevelt old age has indeed proved to be a 'Golden Age' . . . Her zest for life crackles from every page, and she shares her joy in living with the reader."
—MARGARET L. COIT, N. Y. *Times Book Review*. Illustrated. \$4.00



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Raymond B. Fosdick

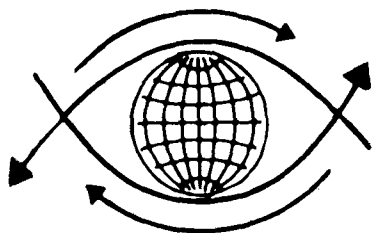
CHRONICLE OF A GENERATION

Interweaving history and autobiography, a great public servant recalls his career with Lillian Wald in the Henry Street Settlement, his years as president of the Rockefeller Foundation — and the notable personalities and issues of the century. "An absorbing account of a life that has been well and happily spent."—*Saturday Review*. \$4.50

Edward Streeter

MR. ROBBINS RIDES AGAIN

Mr. Horace Robbins, suburban New Yorker, is Mr. Streeter's latest windmill joust. Like his predecessors in *Father of the Bride* and *Merry Christmas, Mr. Baxter*, Mr. Robbins, a grandfather bravely confronting the perils of life on a dude ranch, instantly wins our affections. Illustrated by Marc Simont. \$3.00



Joyce Cary

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tion; and wherever she went the spotlight sought her out. Her life, like that of her contemporaries, broke sharply into two parts: the first, the golden years prior to 1914; and the second, the retrieving and adjustment that followed after. Her book, *THE RAINBOW COMES AND GOES* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00), bears the unmistakable impress of her personality; to it she has committed herself with candor, with great affection for those she loved, and with a minimum of self-pity for her generation, which suffered more grievous loss than any other in English history.

Lady Diana has a lively memory, and as is true of most memoirs, those episodes at the greatest distance shine most brightly. Her days with her grandfather, the old duke, in his huge, turreted castle, Belvoir, is an enchanting visit to the nineteenth century, with the army of servants, the Sunday inspection of the chapel, kennels, and stable, and the watchman beneath her window murmuring, "Past twelve o'clock. All's well." In London she was spoiled by her mother, intoxicated with the pleasure of growing up, flattered by the admiration of artists like Chaliapin. It was here that she had her forebodings that such happiness could not last, and it was here that her friendships with the Beerbohm Tree family, the Asquiths, Maurice Baring, and with Duff Cooper, who was to be her husband, were the governing force in her life. She was already a legend before Max Reinhardt brought her to America to act in *The Miracle*. She writes not as a stylist, but as a woman whose courage, whose love, and whose grief find a natural outlet in words.

No critic these past fifty years has had such an exquisite command of English as VIRGINIA WOOLF. We thought we had had the last of her graceful and penetrating essays, but in *GRANITE AND RAINBOW* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75) we have a surprise collection of papers partly on the art of fiction, partly on biography, which have been exhumed from the *Times Literary Supplement* and various American reviews. For sheer dexterity I commend her early appraisal of Hemingway and her consummate summing up of Katherine Mansfield. But it is in the field of biography that I think her facility as a critic finds its happiest expression, and here her papers on Sterne and Eliza, De Quincey, Horace Walpole, Poe's Helen, Walt Whitman, and, best of all, her poignant, devastating essay, "Money and Love," an examination of *The Life of Thomas Coutts, Banker*, are enticements worth rereading. She interpolates these lives in her own light with a play of feeling and an irony and a "flood and foam of language" which come to a head in the final and compelling paragraph. You put down her book wishing there were a critic today who could write half so well.

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

WOMEN AND ARTISTS

The Naked Face of Genius

BY AGATHA FASSETT

Mrs. Fassett, an infinitely tolerant friend of Béla Bartók and his wife, brings to life in this memoir the composer's brilliance and his extraordinary capacity for making a nuisance of himself. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN, \$5.00.

And the Bridge Is Love

BY ALMA MAHLER WERFEL

Married in turn to Gustav Mahler, Walter Gropius, and Franz Werfel, the author tells a great deal about the artistic history of Central Europe between 1900 and World War II, viewing it all as a Wagnerian backdrop for her romantic temperament. HARDCOURT, BRACE, \$5.95.

And Did He Stop and Speak to You?

BY G. B. STERN

Miss Stern, an unrepentant hero-worshiper, describes her meetings with various distinguished people, mostly literary, and proves that all of them were delightful. The book is peppered with asides and excursions as rewarding as the main points. REGNERY, \$3.75.

FICTION

Gate to the Sea BY BRYHER

Set in the fourth century B.C., this taut, compact novel combines a story full of action and suspense with a subtle examination of the ethics of loyalty. PANTHEON, \$2.75.

Warlock BY OAKLEY HALL

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September Roses BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

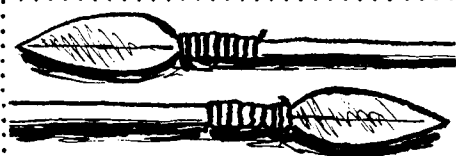
A French literary lion, elderly but unsubdued, goes purring after a young beauty, to the annoyance of his wife and the amusement of the reader. HARPER, \$3.00.

Esmond in India BY R. PRAWER JHABVALA

Almost plotless, this social comedy rambles through the activities of two families drifting in the backwash of emancipation as if it were the morning after a party, dissecting Indian society with dry wit and exploring Indian character with mischievous irony. NORTON, \$3.95.

The Once and Future King BY T. H. WHITE

Mr. White has reworked his Arthurian novels into one huge panorama of a fanciful, idealized England that is past and future, heroic and absurd, and altogether wonderful. Merlin alone is worth a dozen lesser books, and he is only one picket in the fence. PUTNAM'S, \$4.95.



EARTHSHAKER

By Robert W. Krepps

This rousing novel of high adventure in South Africa tells of a desperate search for a huge cache of diamonds in a country torn by a war between the Matabele and the English in 1893. A fitting successor to Robert Krepps' popular *Tell It on the Drums*. \$3.95



CITY OF SPADES

By Colin MacInnes

A timely novel about a new and vital world—London's mushrooming population of West Indian and African Negroes.

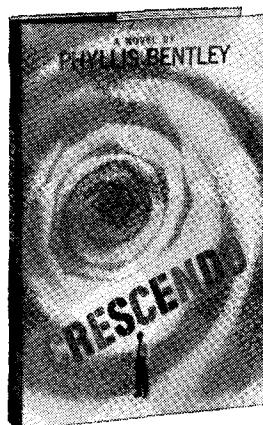
"... sparkling seriocomic novel... MacInnes's entertainment is not all froth, and when he applies his wit to such matters as British hypocrisy about race prejudice... it has a sharp cutting edge."—*Newsweek* \$3.75

BRIDE OF KING SOLOMON

By Florence McGehee

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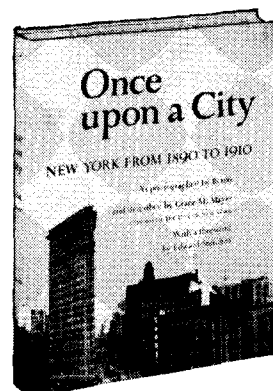
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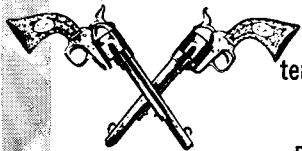
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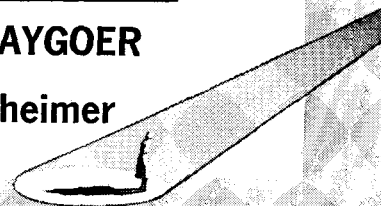
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Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

A couple of sentences at the beginning of **ALDOUS HUXLEY'S BRAVE NEW WORLD REVISITED** (Harper, \$3.00) tidily sum up its thesis: "The Prophecies made in 1931 (in *Brave New World*) are coming true much sooner than I thought they would. . . . The nightmare of total organization, which I had situated in the seventh century after Ford, [is] just around the corner."

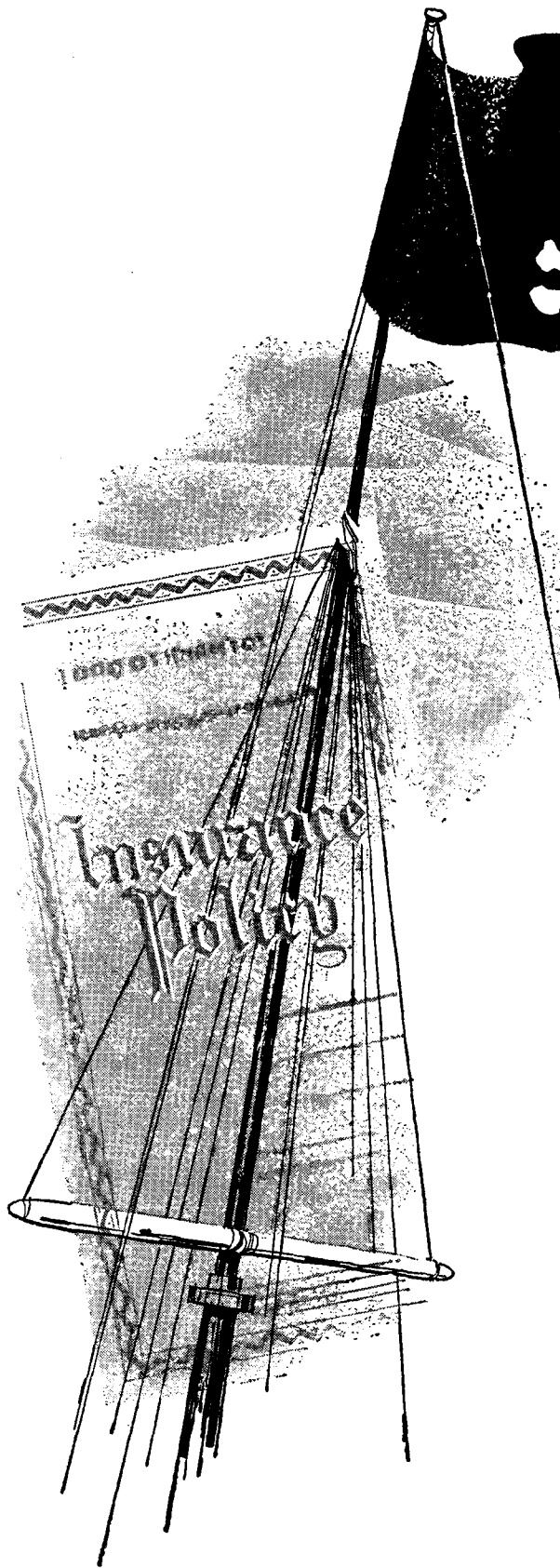
Mr. Huxley's book, a collection of essays written for a Long Island newspaper, displays little if any of his customary stylistic luster, and it makes a somewhat tame postscript to its memorable predecessor. Huxley argues that two great impersonal forces inhospitable to individual freedom — overpopulation and over-organization — are propelling mankind toward totalitarianism. Personal forces are accelerating this trend; for democracy can only be made to work if rationality is encouraged, and politicians, producers of goods, and propagandists are systematically appealing to ignorance and irrationality. The totalitarian society of the future, Huxley believes, will resemble that of *Brave New World* rather than that of *Orwell's 1984*, because nowadays men can be made to love orthodoxy more effectively by persuasion and material rewards than by terrorism. (Huxley bypasses the question of what another major economic depression might do to the shape of things to come.)

Astonishing advances have been made, since 1931, in the domain of the techniques used in the *Brave New World* to achieve universal orthodoxy and contentment. In this connection Huxley discusses the immense power of mass communications, lately reinforced by the sinister

potentialities of subliminal suggestion; the successful use of sleep-teaching in a California penal camp; the new pills — tranquilizers, stimulants, and vision producers — which perform some of the functions of the *Brave New World's* happiness-drug, soma; and the extent to which television and other mindless distractions are serving as "the opium of the people."

Huxley finds that the Controllers of his *Brave New World* already have their counterparts in what C. Wright Mills has called "the power élite"; that their propaganda experts are paralleled by the "hidden persuaders," who manipulate men's minds through research into their fears and fantasies; and that the conformity of the *Brave New World* is reflected in the ethos of the over-adjusted Organization Man. What is worse, a recent poll of American teen-agers showed that these voters of tomorrow "have no faith in democratic institutions, see no objection to censorship of unpopular ideas . . . and would be perfectly content . . . to be ruled by an oligarchy of experts." A "what can be done" chapter, which also cites reasons why it *won't* be done, concludes Huxley's discouraging prognosis.

A good deal of what Huxley says is now the common coin of social critics. The Victorian dogma that science and technology would assuredly make the future rosier than the present gave place, some time back, to the nagging belief that science and technology, besides threatening us with extinction, are causing life to become regimented and dehumanized. In this context, Huxley's thesis by and large appears eminently plausible. But history has shown that the human desire for freedom is a singularly fierce and durable passion. And is it not significant and reassuring that the trend charted by Huxley is being vigorously criticized and resisted by a sizable and highly articulate minority, which has succeeded in making "conformity" so bad a word that even the apostles of conformity don't dare to use it? Is it not conceivable that the present pessimism about the human cost of scientific progress is no more reliable a perspective from which to assess the future than was the robust optimism of the Victorians? Mr. Huxley has confined himself to marshaling the evidence that supports his thesis. His book

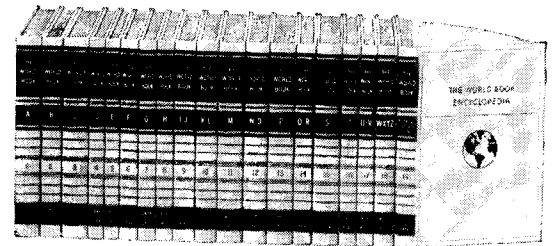


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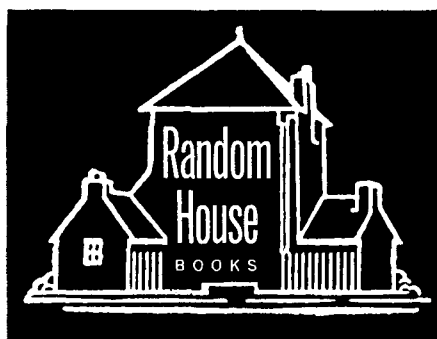
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would be a lot more interesting if he had also reached out for and examined some of the indications that we may, just possibly, *not* succumb to creeping totalitarianism.

MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN

THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY (World, \$6.00) brings us the portrait and the credo of a type which, according to David Riesman, is vanishing from our society: the "inner-directed" man. Indeed, the theme of Montgomery's autobiography is: "Throughout my life . . . my criterion has been . . . my inward convictions. . . . I have never been afraid to say what I believed to be right and to stand firm in that belief. This has often got me into trouble."

It is plain that Montgomery must have been a difficult, often an exasperating, man to work with if one did not share his views. It is equally clear from his memoir that he is a man of great humanity, whose profound concern for his troops shaped his doctrine of leadership. There is a personal warmth in him, too, which one might not suspect from the publicity given to his austerity and rigid self-discipline. He speaks with unembarrassed emotion about the "great happiness [of] my ten short years of married life" and of his despair when his wife died, and one gathers that he has lavished on his only son the love of a doting father.

Montgomery has written "every word" of his memoirs himself; and his prose style, though lucid, is awkward and repetitious—it has a schoolboyish ring. This is a pity, because in certain respects his autobiography deserves to become one of the classics of military experience. The mismanagement and waste of life which he witnessed in World War I convinced Montgomery that generalship should be a life study and that it called for brain power of a high order—"absolute mental fitness." All of the great captains of our time have turned in their stories, and I cannot think of any which contains so systematic and so incandescent a philosophy of training and command as that which Montgomery, having brilliantly proved its worth in battle, now sets forth in his memoirs.

Montgomery's discussion of the controversies in which he has been

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involved is outspoken but devoid of rancor or harsh words, which is remarkable considering how roughly he has been handled by critics with an ax to grind and professors of war like Ernest Hemingway. One of the major charges against him has been that, in the operations around Caen, his leadership of the British troops was too "defensive." Montgomery argues that Eisenhower and his colleagues at SHAEF failed to grasp his basic strategy, which was to get the enemy to deploy his main strength on the British front, *to keep wearing him down there*, and to launch the breakout on the American flank. His plan, he asserts, cast the British in an unglamorous role, but one that made a crucial contribution to what eventually proved a great military achievement.

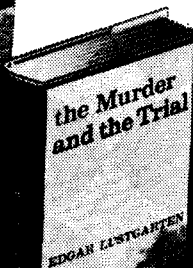
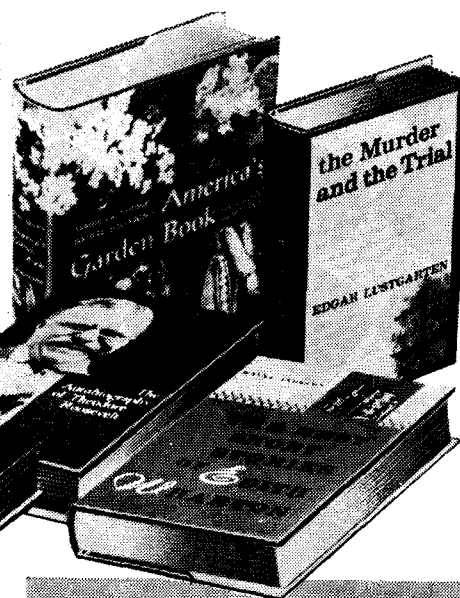
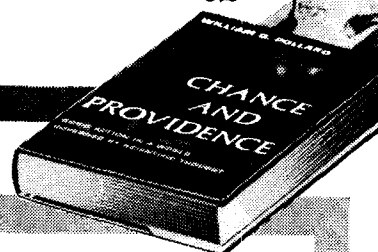
Of his differences with Eisenhower — "that great and good man, who is now one of my closest friends" — Montgomery writes: "Ike and I were poles apart when it came to the conduct of war. My military doctrine was based on unbalancing the enemy [making him commit his reserves on a wide front], while keeping balanced myself. . . . Eisenhower's creed [which Bedell Smith compared to that of a football coach] appeared to be that . . . everybody must attack all the time." Thus whereas Eisenhower was for driving toward Germany on several fronts, Montgomery wished to channel the maximum strength available into a single, powerful punch at Belgium and the Rhine. He claims that if the Normandy break-through had been followed by a concentrated blow of this kind — mistakenly referred to, he says, by Eisenhower as a "pencil-like thrust" — enemy resistance would have collapsed, and the Allies would have been in Berlin well ahead of the Russians and with far less loss of life than the strategy adopted cost them. This issue will be debated for a long time to come, but the military records of the Germans have tended to support Montgomery's thesis; and we certainly know how right he was in opposing the naïve dogma that concern about the Russians must not be allowed to influence Allied plans for winning the war.

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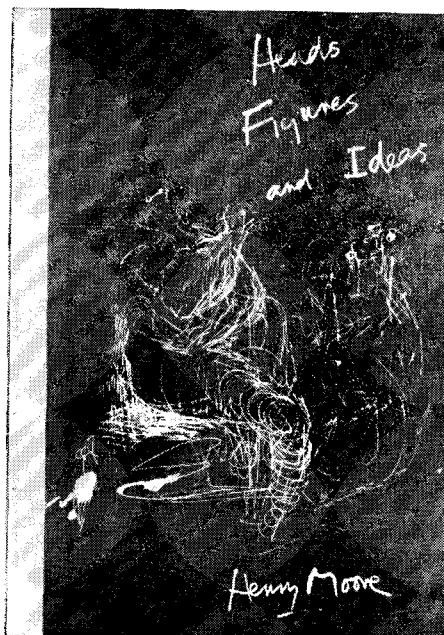
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find most attractive. Mr. Kronenberger abhors pedantry as much as he does popularization; and he works on the civilized principle that the challenge to a biographer lies in being discerningly selective rather than relentlessly encyclopedic. In this case, the challenge is a formidable one, since the life of Sarah Churchill, first Duchess of Marlborough (1660-1744), spans six reigns, and that of her husband, one of the greatest soldiers in English history, has filled four spacious volumes by his descendant, Sir Winston Churchill. While Sarah is his primary subject, Mr. Kronenberger has achieved an arresting dual portrait of the duchess and her duke. He has firmly outlined the intricate politics and the wars of the period; has brought to life the moral climate of a brilliant, disputatious age (the age of Swift, Defoe, Pope, Newton, and Wren); and has sketched in telling strokes the leading protagonists in the great world through which the Marlboroughs moved. All this in 300 pages, written with grace and spirit and packed with lapidary anecdote.

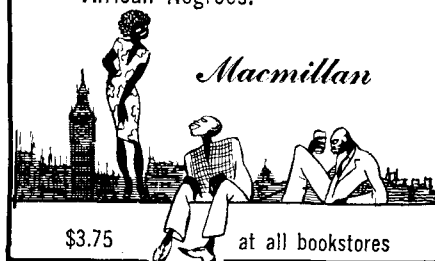
Mr. Kronenberger suggests that the unity of his narrative, subtitled "A Study in Worldliness," rests in "the worldly nature of everything that attracted and affected the Marlboroughs." Ironically, the beautiful Sarah Jennings and the dashing John Churchill, though both had their sights set on money and power, married for the unworldliest of reasons — love — and remained forever after passionately devoted to each other. What is so astonishing about their lifelong love story is that, while they shared the same vaulting ambition (and the same indecent stinginess), they stood at opposite poles in their manners and their methods. John Churchill's manners were irresistible; he was the suavest of diplomats and politically something of a trimmer. Though a staunch Protestant, he owed his early rise to a Catholic patron who in due course became James II. He deserted James in the revolution that brought William of Orange to the throne, but later kept up a questionable if not treasonable correspondence with the exiled King. It was an age of two-faced allegiance, of hedging one's bets, and John Churchill was everywhere considered "the courtliest man of the age." His wife, though she had the arrogance and authority of a *grande dame*, had the temper and

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manners of a barbarian. Compulsively quarrelsome, she was, in the jargon of psychiatry, a raging "injustice collector." In the pithier idiom of her day, she was once described as that "B. [for bloody] B.B.B. old B."

As the favorite of that dull, dowdy dumpling, Princess Anne, Sarah wielded immense power when her mistress became Queen. At the same time her husband's lustrous victories in the war against France brought him a dukedom, properties, and a large income. But Sarah's bullying partisanship (for the Whigs), her vituperative nagging, and her displays of bored disdain turned the Queen's adoration into deepening hostility. And Sarah's eventual downfall at court swept Marlborough into limbo under the advent of George I.

From middle age on, Sarah's life was an orgy of warfare: she railed against the Tories, the Whig Prime Minister Walpole, the architect who was building Blenheim castle, George I, George II and his Queen, and her own children. She made and kept, however, the friendship of some of the leading spirits of her time — Lord Chesterfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Alexander Pope — who relished her quick mind, her intemperate courage, and her brio. So capably did she manage her business affairs that she became "possibly the richest woman alive in any country." The historian C. V. Wedgwood has aptly summed her up as "impossible but also incomparable." She made an imprint on English history just by being inextinguishably herself.

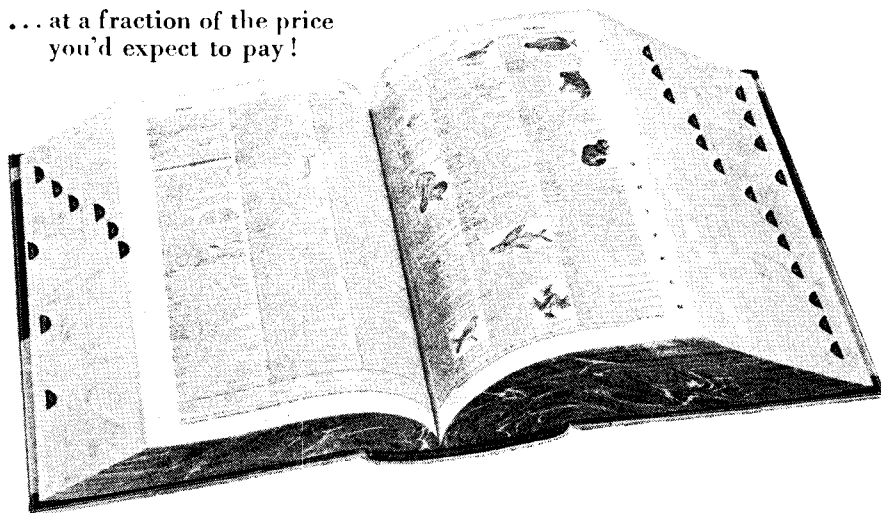
FICTION CHRONICLE

The novella which gives its title to TRUMAN CAPOTE's new book, *BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S* (Random House, \$3.75) — three short stories are also included — is the portrait of a Manhattan playgirl; and off-hand I can't recall one so freshly conceived and so artfully executed. Mr. Capote has unerringly fastened upon the sugar and spice and things-not-so-nice which the playgirl type is made of, and he has created out of them a unique and startling specimen of the species: Holly Golightly.

Capote's narrator is a young, unpublished writer who is living in an apartment in a Manhattan brownstone. There he meets a new tenant,

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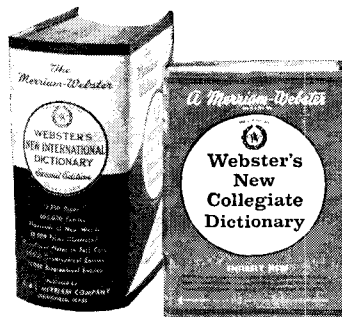
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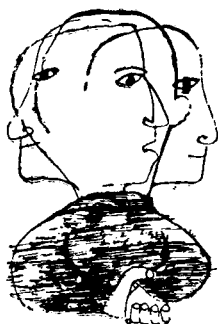
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a girl of nineteen who has just arrived in New York and has landed on her feet in the gossip columns. Fascinated by her chaotic *modus vivendi* and her nonchalant confessions, he is gradually drawn, as a platonic friend, into her crazy mixed-up existence, and here are some of the things he discovers: she is conscientiously mercenary ("I simply trained myself to like older men"; "Any man with the slightest *chic* will give you fifty . . . for a taxi"), is brazen in her sex talk but has an unto-thyself-be-true kind of honesty. Her staple reading, other than the tabloids, is astrological charts. On Thursdays, for a "honorarium" of a hundred dollars, she visits a racketeer in Sing Sing, apparently just to cheer him up; she sometimes cries in her sleep and sometimes says her prayers and is devoted to cats; when she gets an attack of *Angst*, which she calls "the mean reds," her remedy is to take a walk around Tiffany's; she was the child bride of a Texan horse doctor, whom she has not bothered to divorce, and now she plans to marry a Brazilian diplomat. Insofar as plotting is concerned, Capote has a trick up his sleeve, and it produces a surprising climax.

The looks, clothes, and habits that Capote has given Holly conjure up a precise image, and he has equipped her with an idiom of her own which, in its often gamy way, is extremely amusing. The character he has created is *outré*, funny, touching — and real.

THE CAUTIOUS HEART (Reynal, \$3.50) by **WILLIAM SANSOM** is a trim novel pinpointed on a harassed love affair. The narrator, a pianist in a night club, and a girl called Mary O'Hara fall in love. But there is a sore in their relationship: Mary's devotion to an old friend, Colin, a good-for-nothing who is a kleptomaniac and a drunk. Handsome, charming, imperturbable, Colin sponges off his girl friend, Eileen, cadges handouts, and counts on Mary to keep rescuing him from trouble. Mary's inordinate concern for this wastrel infuriates and torments the narrator. But for her sake he joins in helping Colin (who persists in going from bad to worse), and he finally comes to the realization that not Mary but he has been at fault — he has been lacking in charity.

It might be said of this book, as of Sansom's *A Bed of Roses*, that it is a good novel which ends by registering

a bad point, or at least a dubious one. At the climax of *A Bed of Roses*, a young woman abandons an admirable fiancé to return to a lover who is a sadistic cad and has made her life hell; and Sansom presents this not as a wretched surrender to masochism but as the triumph of true love. The moral of *The Cautious Heart* is that real charity consists not in trying to help a person to put things right but in accepting his failings as "incurable" and lightening his distress: "what is, is." By this token, the charitable thing is not to encourage an alcoholic to join AA but to see that he is not distressed by lack of booze. In any event, Colin, as portrayed by Sansom, is the subtlest form of tyrant, the one whose power derives from moral blackmail ("You *can't* let me down"). And it seems to me that when the narrator (who is going to marry Mary) accepts the idea of being saddled with Colin's troubles for life, Sansom is again misrepresenting a surrender to masochism as a victory of the heart.

Except for this questionable ending, the novel is a most accomplished piece of work. Colin is a marvelous characterization of the jaunty sponger, and Eileen—the tough, slightly zany cutie who is his "regular"—is a delightfully humorous figure. Sansom's handling of the love affair is sensitive and intimate. And the writing and storytelling are deft and ingratiating.

THE BELL (Viking, \$4.50) by **IRIS MURDOCH**, perhaps the most original of the English writers who have made a reputation in the nineteen fifties, is much longer and more complex than her three earlier books, and I might as well start off by confessing I found it a rather puzzling affair. The setting is an Anglican lay community attached to an abbey on one of the great estates of England. It was founded a year before the story opens with the idea of creating a haven for those "unhappy souls whose desire for God makes them unsatisfactory citizens of an ordinary world, but whose strength or temperament fails them to surrender the world completely." The members of this community and its temporary residents are on the whole an odd, and certainly an oddly assorted, bunch. And their high-minded leader is a homosexual who was once involved in a scandal that ended his plans for entering the church.

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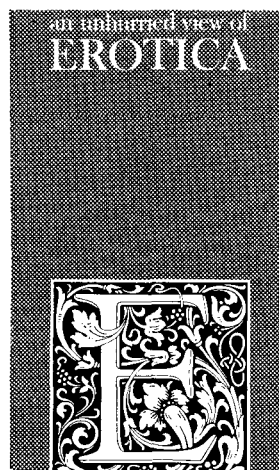
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The story concerns itself with the relationships between various members of this hothouse world, with the arrival of a new bell for the abbey and the simultaneous discovery in the lake of the lost fourteenth-century bell about which there is a sinister legend. The climax is an eruption of scandal and disaster with resonant overtones of the grotesque, and a broad vein of satire runs through the book. But if Miss Murdoch is out to satirize the whole idea of "halfway" communities like Imber Court — if she is trying to say that for the most part they attract neurotics and queers — then why does she write perfectly seriously about the community's aspirations, religious practices, and a good many other matters? There is certainly no halfway house in satire, and part of the time Miss Murdoch appears to be playing it straight. But in spite of a certain bewilderment, I found the peculiar atmosphere and goings on in this book fairly entertaining. Miss Murdoch's characterizations are highly individual, and her writing is always witty and assured.

ROGER VAILLAND's novel, **THE LAW** (Knopf, \$3.95), won the Priz Goncourt in its native France, was a Book Society choice in England, and is now a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. This triple endorsement led me to hope for larger qualities than I was able to detect. The operative word for M. Vailland's novel is "expert," not distinguished.

The setting is a small coastal town in the southwest of Italy, and the title and theme are derived from a sadistic game played throughout the region. When cards or dice have determined who is to be "chief," the winner proceeds, with the support of an appointed deputy, to "dictate the law" to the other players: he is free to question, praise, blame, insult, slander — there is no limit to the verbal outrage in which he may indulge — and the losers must submit to everything without a sound. M. Vailland's chronicle of Porto Manacore is animated by the notion that life is just like the game: the naturally dominant people dictate the law to their inferiors. This is simply the nineteenth-century doctrine that Adolf Hitler found so titillating, and M. Vailland, too, seems to be entranced by it.

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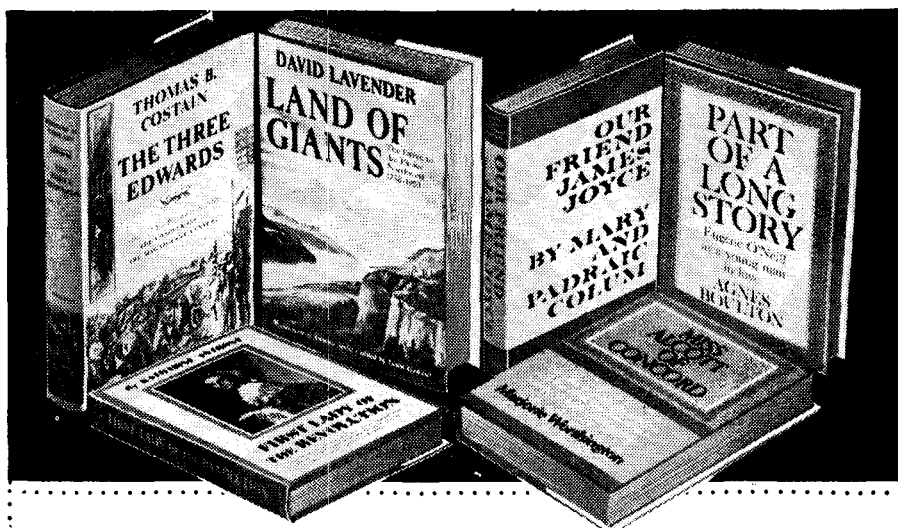
of the time it is not — his book is highly entertaining. The story carries us through a vivid world of intrigue, amorous and otherwise, and peoples it with a fine array of figures: Brigante, the racketeer who controls everything, including cuckoldry; old Don Cesare, the lord of the area and the historian of its antiquity, once an insatiable seducer of virgins and still a man of fearsome spirit; Marietta, a beautiful young serving girl, as shrewd and tough as Brigante himself; and a dozen others. The whole performance has power, a high charge of irony, and a strong feel of place — of a harsh, primitive land, still on the outskirts of the modern world.

THRILLERS

GRAHAM GREENE's most recent book, *OUR MAN IN HAVANA* (Viking, \$3.50), is another of those superior thrillers of his, which are among the best reading matter on the middle ground between escapist entertainment and the serious novel. In this instance, the plot is startling for a thriller in that it hinges on a situation which Evelyn Waugh might have devised for a burlesque of the cloak-and-dagger business; and it is one from which Greene extracts wry comedy that is often very funny.

The novel's hero, Wormold, is an English salesman of vacuum cleaners in Havana — one of those dim, emotionally scarred men ("he believed in nothing") whom Greene draws so well. Though his wife has deserted him, he has kept his promise to her that their daughter Milly would be brought up as a Catholic; and now this pious and lovely girl of seventeen is the only thing he cares about. To earn some extra money for her future, he lets himself be shanghaied into the British Secret Service by a somewhat preposterous compatriot. He has no intention of engaging in espionage, and when London calls for action, he embarks on an elaborate game of make-believe: he names real people whom he has recruited as subagents; he cooks up intelligence reports; he makes sketches of the parts of his "Atomic Pile" vacuum cleaner and sends them in as drawings of the mysterious new military installations in a remote forest.

At this point, readers who expect the spying in a thriller to be the genuine article may feel, as I did, that they are being annoyingly swin-



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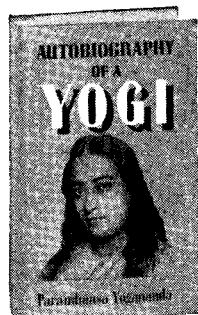
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dled. But Wormold's play-acting, which has so impressed his superiors that they reinforce him with a secretary and a radio operator, has impressed the opposition no less; and he and his unwitting subagents become the targets of a murderous man hunt. From here on Greene delivers suspense, romance (with the secretary), and a satisfying and delightfully ironic climax.

It has been said of Graham Greene that he reduces theology to melodrama and raises melodrama to theology. Wormold's lack of compunction about swindling the Secret Service — his derisive conviction that its activities are "unreal" — reflects Greene's doctrine that human goals are irremediably sordid and pointless; that man is saved by grace alone. Milly is a symbol of grace, and Wormold, for all his "invincible ignorance" of God, is touched by it. He is spared from what, in terms of Greene's Jansenist theology, is the criminal innocence of "the quiet American," which consisted in not comprehending that those who work hardest at serving strictly human ideals are likely to do the greatest amount of evil. Greene's contemptuous satire of the British Secret Service should make it clear that he is not anti-American in the customary political sense: he is opposed to the humanist belief, which happens to loom large in the American credo, that man can help himself through his own efforts.

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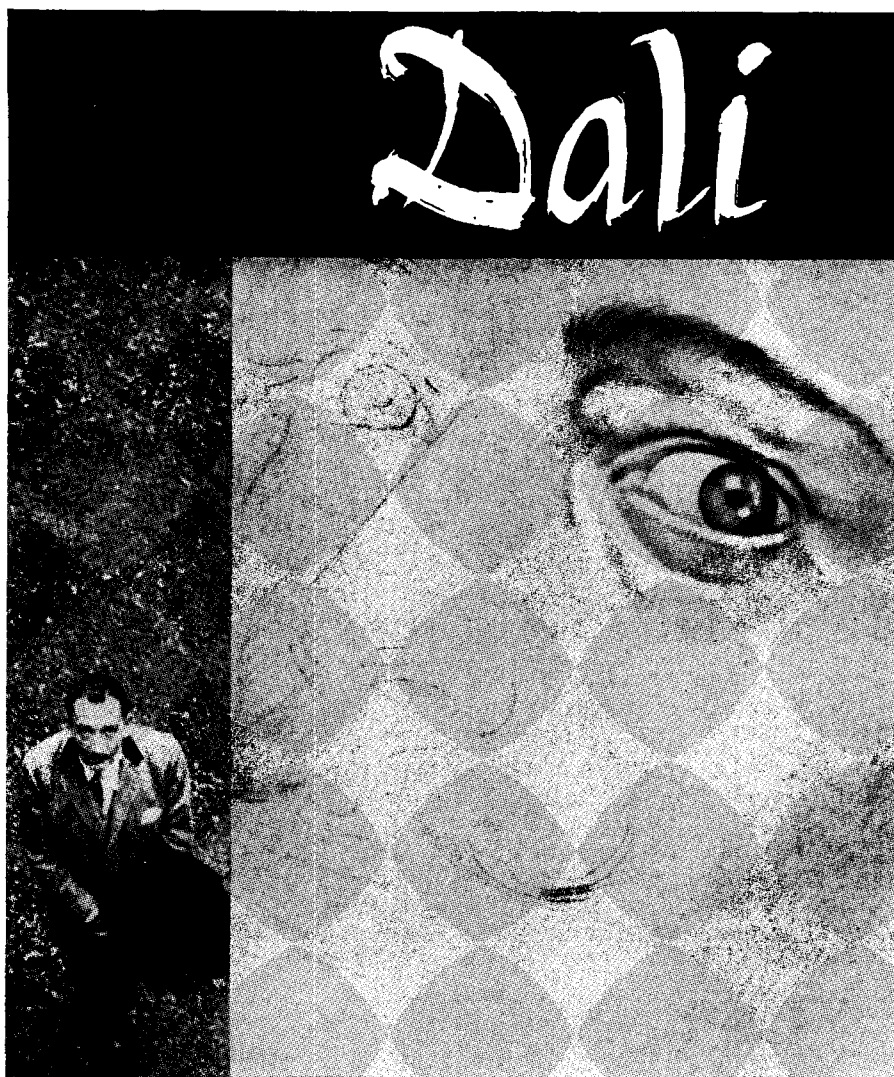
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hem that made Chandler's earlier books masterpieces of that kind. And the language — though it occasionally runs to a sentence like: "I've got friends who could cut you down so small you'd need a stepladder to put your shoes on" — isn't as electrifying as it used to be. But even though Chandler is nowhere near the top of his form, *Playback* is certainly several cuts above the run-of-the-mill thriller.

BRIEFLY NOTED

MORE IN SORROW (Holt, \$4.00) by the late **WOLCOTT GIBBS** is a collection of what he considered the best of his large output for the *New Yorker*. It contains brilliant parodies (of Huxley, Hemingway, Pegler, Sinclair Lewis, Saroyan, and, most memorable of all, Luce); profiles (of Woolcott, Benchley, Thomas Dewey — the latter a hatchet job which spares nothing but Dewey's mustache, "a dream . . . an italicized swearword in a dull sentence"); reportorial pieces, one of which — an account of a visit to Lucius Beebe in his fairy-tale-like railway coach — surely belongs among the masterpieces of humorous journalism; short stories; theater reviews; and a couple of book reviews which are awesome examples of Gibbs's powers of elegant annihilation. His talent was a highly limited one in the sense that there was only a single key in which he was fully at home — the key of cool derision. But within it he was a virtuoso.

I'm sure it is safe to say that **ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE** is the first man to have traveled around the world carrying the world's history in his head. The result of his leisurely journey is a collection of seventy-three essays, **EAST TO WEST** (Oxford University Press, \$4.50), which demonstrate how much the mind can broaden travel by adding side trips into the past. Professor Toynbee has omitted from his book most of the heavily touristed areas and has given prominence to the remote, strange places which he made a special point of getting to ("I have ridden up one of Iran's hidden valleys on a donkey-back; I have threaded my way through the Syk at Petra on foot"). Toynbee is a graceful writer when he is not enmeshed in the categories of his historical system, and here, happily, he is in his most informal mood.



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Accent on

IT WAS a great pleasure to receive for these pages recently a little piece from René MacColl. The piece is quite out of season, having to do with Wimbledon tennis and British television, but we propose to publish it next month, mainly because we like the piece but partly because MacColl is surely one of our most singular contributors, and knowing him has been a sort of bonus amid the other satisfactions of editorial work. I find trouble in getting him on paper, a fast-traveling news reporter for the London *Daily Express*, whose copy may come one week from Azerbaidzhan, from Caracas the next, and from a Los Angeles courtroom a few days later. One evening in New York I overheard an old China hand, who was obviously preening himself on a recent trip, ask MacColl if he had been in Red China. MacColl reflected briefly. "Yes," he said, "but only three times."

"But I mean since the war," said the old China hand.

"Oh," said MacColl apologetically, "so do I."

Between his global swings MacColl lives in a Sussex village and writes a semiweekly column for the *Express*. He has spent about half the past twenty years in the United States, and this has given his view of both countries a certain jovial detachment that makes him extraordinarily good company for an Amer-

ican traveling in England. His schedule is necessarily rather flexible. I had just set out with him on one occasion on what was to be a sampling of British country inns. We had fared grandly at Windsor and at The Bear in Woodstock, and we were having a lighthearted lunch at Sevenoaks, when MacColl reminded himself to make his daily call to his paper. He came back to the table with a long face: leave immediately for London and take a plane that afternoon for Buenos Aires. It was hard on our tour of the inns, but it sounded as if a big story were at hand. Perón, so the *Express* had learned from its own phenomenally alert intelligence connections, was in for a rough time. MacColl left without finishing his lunch, and I went back to London later on the train.

MacColl's first story from Buenos Aires a few days later seemed to me ample justification for his assignment: an eyewitness account of the sacking and burning of the Jockey Club by a mob. What gave it a rather special quality was MacColl's seeming familiarity with the art treasures for which the club was celebrated, and one looked in vain in the competing papers for his easy references to Velasquez, Goya, and other Spanish masters whose great works came tumbling, one after another, from the tall windows only to be ripped and shredded by the citizenry. I asked him about it when I

next saw him some months later in Washington, and it transpired that he had merely had the prudence, before sitting in on the riot, to provide himself with a guidebook which described, in colorful detail, the Jockey Club's principal rooms and their contents.

The paths of MacColl and the *Atlantic Monthly* first crossed early in World War II, when he was putting up a characteristically energetic job for the British Information Services in New York, in charge of its press and radio efforts. One way to carry on such work is to play it all very carefully and achieve little beyond keeping out of trouble, but MacColl's was a far livelier program. Some of his insouciant correspondence, on H. M.'s government letterheads, would have caused a Washington civil servant to blench and tremble. "I can't get you General Blank," he once wrote us, in our joint pursuit of an article, "but London wistfully suggests that General X might do. He happened to be my C.O. in France, and I can assure you that he is a harmless old chap who might serve very well." Coming from MacColl this was high praise, and the article proved very successful indeed. His description of another office episode was equally in character. "I noticed this man turning up every day in the office," he said, "and I learned that he had really quite a distinguished career. It

seemed to me that here was a potentially valuable bit of Crown property going to waste, so I decided to make a military expert out of him. He's been getting on beautifully. Last night I had him on the *March of Time*."

The velocity of service provided by MacColl's office on all sorts of queries and requests from editors still seems to me unique in government establishments. It was no infrequent thing to receive by mid-afternoon a London response to a query of that morning, and MacColl quickly became famous among the working press for the stream of British war heroes, statesmen, celebrities, and eccentrics which he kept ceaselessly on tap for interviews.

MacColl's entry into journalism began when he went to work, fresh from Oxford, as secretary to a rich American publisher with a fondness for special trains, engraved menus at all meals in his London house, leasing whole wings of sizable hotels for out-of-town parties, and chartering planes for flights to distant places. A year or more before Lindbergh's Atlantic crossing, MacColl accompanied his employer on a flight from England to Java, a trip enlivened by the publisher's habit of shedding \$20 bills on the natives wherever the plane happened to put down. At one point, while the Dutch pilot was banking above Victoria Falls to afford his passengers a proper view, MacColl was ill-advised enough to try to rouse the publisher, who was sound asleep in his chair. Shaking him gently by the shoulder, MacColl gestured to the window. "The falls," he said. "Victoria Falls."

The publisher opened one eye and grunted. "Tell 'em," he said, "tell 'em I won't give 'em a goddam cent," and went back to sleep. The publisher eventually gave MacColl a job in this country as a police reporter at \$35 a week. "I could not help noticing," says MacColl, "that with almost each mile on our way to the United States he became more and more parsimonious."

We have published over the years a dozen or more light pieces by MacColl on odd subjects. They still seem to me very funny as I reread them. A first — and thus far last — novel of his was something else again. Its title was *Assignment Stuffed Shirt*, and its sales in the United States were a cut below negligible. My own diagnosis of its main fault was that its

various characters, oddballs all, unbelievable people whom MacColl collects as another man might go after Wedgwood or antique rugs, would overtax the credulity of even the most eager reader. "I can't help

it," was MacColl's reaction. "The trouble is that it's all true." And I am sure it was. In any case, I hope you will enjoy his "Tennis on TV" piece next month.

CHARLES W. MORTON

Research Project

BY JOHN GOULD

A down-East editor widely known for the pungency of the columns he wrote for the Lisbon Falls ENTERPRISE, JOHN GOULD is also the author of many books and articles about life in Maine.

Being an old down-East beachcomber from 'way back, I'm astounded to learn that the American Philosophic Society has been publishing reports from college professors who have recorded the "folklore" of the old coots in the State of Maine. I've been reading what one of the professors has just brought out as his findings.

One of the worst things you can do is wave a professor in front of a down-Easter. It makes the professor giddy, and is a bad thing. Particularly in the summertime. Anyway, this professor got a grant and a tape recorder, and he went to Jonesport for three weeks in the wonderful month of July — when Jonesport is abloom on every hand, and the ferocious lobster sings in the pot, and the sea and sky are a symphony of unbridled beauty, and anybody can have a good time whether he is a professor or not. If it ever befalls me to have a grant from the American Philosophic Society, I hope it comes at a time when Jonesport is having July, and I am free to participate for three lovely weeks. This professor refers to his three weeks in Jonesport as a "field trip," and I am willing to do that, too.

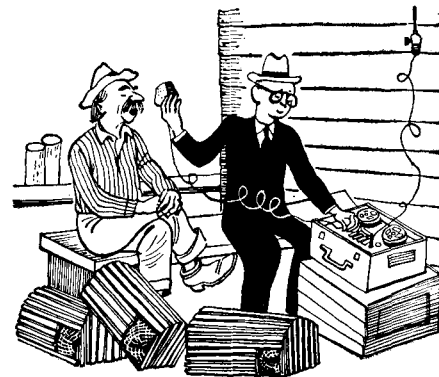
But this business of making academic grist from the down-East give-and-take bothers me. For some little time I've been fraternizing with these same good people who are now in the clinical amphitheater of the folklore set. And the one thing I have learned, if I may be permitted a flourish or two with the demonstrator's scalpel, is that you have to belong before you can play. Any

situation which insinuates a non-member into the line-up creates an automatic artificiality. A professor with a tape recorder is not likely to bring away the real thing — however good his catch appears to his patrons.

This professor reports that he heard of "a humorist with considerable local reputation," which is a tip-off. He then cultivated this humorist and got him to yarn off a slew of well-worn stories, after which he set up his sound equipment and had the humorist repeat everything for scientific analysis. You can tell, because the professor introduces each specimen with a query like this:

"What was the time you won a horse on a raffle?"

The story about winning a horse on a raffle is standard with these humorists with considerable local reputations, and any legitimate State-o'-Mainer instantly knows what's coming. The professor is now filling his tape with a doozie most of us



have been trying to suppress. The gist is that a man with a dead horse sold raffle tickets on him, and the winner discovered the defunct state of his prize only when he came around with a halter to lead it home.

One of the saddest things in my life has been the number of times I've set up a conversational opportunity which I hoped would prove productive of another chapter in a down-East book, and had some humorist with a considerable local reputation waste it by the recitation of the dead-

horse raffle. Only by the exercise of great generalship have I been able to save such situations. From Kittery to Fort Kent, from Passamaquoddy to the Magalloway, this story of the dead horse has been a plague to all Maine authors since earliest times. Sometimes it is a pig, or a cow. But mostly it is a horse. One of the first things to know, around these parts, is never, never, never to ask, "What was the time you won a horse on a raffle?"

The raffle of the dead horse has now been published, however, and the surging-forward motion of American scholarship has been given new momentum. The only thing we can do is study the version recorded and published, and I am disappointed. There is only one damn in it, and nothing else to give it thorough down-East authenticity.

All Maine writers have lamented consistently that so much of what is said up and down the coast runs to unprintables. Our hardest job is to take some simple, expressive, even poetic effusion by one of our better folklorists and rephrase it so an untutored editor in a distant city will print it. This professor has come up with a simon-pure version of the dead horse which none of us veterans has ever heard before. This is a fraud on the American Philosophic Society, in a way, and a deceit on the listening public. If I were to submit the horse raffle the way I've always heard it, it would run more like this:

Professor: What was the time you won a horse on a raffle?

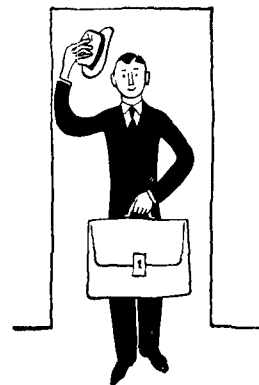
Humorist: Well, you see, this, he sure me good and proper. Sunday, 'twas, and a if he didn't. This sells me a ticket horse, and they and and I won. I took a halter and horse was dead.

Perhaps the American Philosophic Society would like to make me a small grant, enough for three weeks in Jonesport in July, so I might compile a complete list of down-East folklore words to be inserted, with directions for inserting, in the published results of other folklore scholars. Although the same list could easily be done in two weeks at Cutler or Columbia Falls. Either way suits me.

LIFE AT A PREMIUM

BY C. S. JENNISON

*My nerves are a fright,
And I toss at night,
And nothing I know can cure me,
So long as the Boys
With the Pens and Poise
Bring policies to insure me.*



Collision or Damage or Falling Planes,
Explosion or Fire or Riot,
Protection from Water or Whooping Cranes:
Whatever they sell, I buy it.
And, after they've given their pens a pause
On auto and hearth and Bendix,
They tell me the Rupturing Plumbing clause
Won't cover a bad appendix.

*And later I toss,
Since my new Blue Cross
Will bleed me beyond endurance;
And I'll wreck my health
Collecting the wealth
To pay for my Health Insurance.*



While noting the adage that Life is cheap
Is nothing but so much jargon,
The moment my premiums get so steep,
That dying would be a bargain . . .
Some Natty Annuity Boy comes by
All suave in his sales ability
And tells me — unless I'm lucky and die —
I'll starve when I reach senility.

*Though others count sheep
Till they fall asleep
(A practice that has its small points),
At night in my bed,
I notice, instead,
I'm counting the Boys with Ballpoints.*



I guess, with the papers I've signed and seen,
I ought to be proud as a duchess
To think that In Age I can live serene
On twenty a week and crutches . . .
Or else, like the elderly Mothers and Dads,
Embark upon late adventures
And beam at the world from insurance ads
Through gleaming, delighted dentures.

*O the stream of pay
Flowing in each day
The Brief-case Boys have a sieve on,
And — maiden and wife —
They've insured my life
Till I've nothing at all to live on.*



Greensleeves Forever

BY EMILY S. JONES

EMILY S. JONES is administrative director of the Educational Film Library Association in New York, a small-boat sailor, and a recorder player in her spare time.

One of the many trials which a recorder enthusiast must bear is that most acquaintances, on learning his hobby, assume that he is talking about a record player and confuse him with a hi-fi fan. Recorder players may own record players, but their interest is in trebles and descants, not in tweeters and woofers. English-speaking recorder players think with envy of their colleagues in Germany, France, and Italy, where the instrument is known respectively as a *Blöckflöte*, *flûte douce*, or *flauto dolce*. It must be nice to be called a sweet flutist. Why the vertical or English flute is known as a recorder seems to be lost in the mists of Middle English, but it has something to do with a word meaning "to warble." Presumably this is because the recorder can produce bird-like trills, but it can also do a good many other things, some of them delightful and others (particularly on high notes) appalling.

While do-it-yourself woodworkers, ceramists, painters, and cement layers are analyzed, encouraged, exploited, and ridiculed, do-it-yourself tootlers are left alone. The only periodical which takes an interest is the informal, offset-printed newsletter of the American Recorder Society, and since it is read only by recorder players, it cannot be regarded as having much publicity value. The indifference of the great commercial world is due largely to the fact that recorder players, whatever their incomes, are a poor market. The tootler buys one recorder and is set for years. Since soprano recorders can be had for five dollars up, and it is hard to spend more than fifty dollars for the best recorder, the initial outlay is small. There are no additional gadgets to lure the player or provide easy selection of Christmas gifts. The very ambitious can acquire more recorders — a whole consort, in fact, of soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, but most players find it sufficiently absorbing to try to

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By TAMAS SZABO

¹ Baltimore Sun ² N. Y. Herald Tribune
³ New York Times

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. \$3.75

LITTLE, BROWN

master one instrument without struggling with two or three different ones. The only thing which lures the recorder player is music, and he soon starts to build a library. This is his chief extravagance, and he spends time and money poring over the sheets and books available at the local music store. The result of an hour's search may be two selections which he thinks (overhopefully) that he will be able to play, and the total cost comes to about two fifty.

There have been signs recently of a break in the iron curtain of commercial indifference to recorder players. Several ads have used recorders as props. One in the New York *Times Magazine* showed a whole family supposedly playing the different sizes: father on the bass, mother on the tenor, brother on the alto, and sister on the soprano. It would have been an encouraging sight except that they were all holding the instruments wrong — the left hand where the right should have been and vice versa. Anyway, it showed the right spirit.

Nobody knows just how many recorder players there are, but there are plenty, and more join the ranks every day in spite of the lack of promotion and the often outspoken opposition of their nearest and dearest.

The Sunday tootler learns to put up with lack of appreciation and to ignore people in the next apartment who bang on the wall. He knows that he has a right to pursue happiness in his own way. He also has a secret weapon: the knowledge that recorder playing is as contagious as Asian flu. A much-tried neighbor may drop in to pass a few tactful remarks about why does he play that thing. The tootler seizes the opportunity to show the neighbor how easy it is to play — "Why, you could play a tune yourself; here, let me show you." The neighbor, who

flunked out of piano lessons at the age of ten, protests he isn't musical, but makes a try at *Yankee Doodle*. Sure enough, he can play a tune. The tootler, who hates to have anybody else handle his recorder, remembers that it is all in a good cause, and lures him on to *Old Folks at Home*. He also offers to loan him a do-it-yourself instruction book. Before long, the neighbor has bought himself a recorder and is working hard on *Greensleeves*. If he masters that, he is lost.

Greensleeves occupies a peculiar position in the recorder player's repertoire. It is, to begin with, an easily recognized tune — more complicated than *Yankee Doodle*, and therefore more interesting. It is also terribly Elizabethan. Any amateur producer of Shakespeare who wants to get a nice authentic effect simply stations a recorder player behind the scenes to let loose with *Greensleeves* at more or less appropriate moments. But to the recorder player himself it represents a challenge. The melody, when properly played, sounds particularly well on the recorder, but it is not as easy as it looks. By the time the player is satisfied with his rendition of it, he has achieved a certain proficiency and has discovered that there are even more interesting versions of *Greensleeves*, involving two or three recorders or a full consort. This necessitates rounding up a group of players to take a whack at it. If the group survives *Greensleeves*, it starts turning the pages and finding other group arrangements of more or less familiar tunes, and pretty soon it is deep in the intricacies of Salinger's Round or *Lillibullero*. From there it is only a step to Bach chorals, Purcell arias, and Mozart minuets. The tootler is on the way to becoming a chamber music performer.

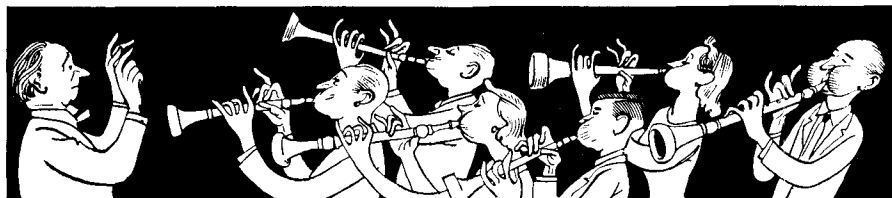
But before the would-be consort player can plunge into *Sheep May*

GARGOYLES

by R. P. LISTER

The sins of man, transmuted into spouts,
Lean, frozen captives, from the Gothic roof.
Lust leers, harsh Anger utters silent shouts,
Avarice gloats, Pride smirks and looks aloof,
Greed grasps and glares and grins, weak Envy pouts,
And yawning Sloth conceals his cloven hoof.
Missing from here are all the host of Doubts;
The builders neither had, nor needed, proof.

Safely Graze, he must corral the other players. That, of course, was why he was so patient with the uneducated neighbor who didn't appreciate his playing. Now that the neigh-



bor is struggling through the early stages of *Greensleeves*, the player can look around for the other necessary members of his consort. The problem is not to find or create other players; the difficulty is to get the right ones. Probably he plays the alto himself, and has started the neighbor on the soprano. He can find plenty of other altos and sopranos — what he needs are tenors and basses. It promises to be a long and fruitless search, unless he resorts to luring players away from already existing groups. A good bass player could probably play every evening in the week and get free dinners thrown in. Apparently nobody wants to play the bass. Anyone who has tried it will know why.

Recorders are divided into two groups: the C instruments and the F instruments. Soprano, tenor, and a legendary monster called a great bass are C instruments; alto, bass, and the high-pitched little sopranino are F instruments. The fingering is different for the two groups, so that a soprano player with long enough fingers can switch easily to the tenor, while an alto player in theory can play the bass. Alto players are numerous, because the alto is the pleasantest to play as a solo instrument, but few of them want to take up the bass. An alto is about the size of a flute; the bass looks (and weighs) like a bassoon. The player has a cord around his neck hooked to the instrument to take some of the weight off his hands. A mouthpiece like the bassoon's is inserted near the top of the long wooden tube. The finger holes are far enough apart to make rapid movement difficult, and if they aren't all covered exactly correctly, no noise comes out at all. This is disconcerting for the puffing player. The lowest note on the bass is the F below middle C, but for some mysterious reason the music is written an octave lower, so the player has to read the confusing bass clef where all

the notes are on the wrong lines. In addition to these technical problems, the bass parts are almost invariably uninteresting. The alto player, used to the responsiveness of his own in-

strument, finds playing the bass rather like plodding through mud. However, if the group has three sopranos, five altos, one tenor, and no bass, it is obvious that somebody has to be sacrificed.

Once the group is assembled and somebody has been cajoled or browbeaten into playing the bass, on condition that he can play the alto some of the time, the next problem is to select a leader. It is quite likely that the person who assembled the consort is the obvious leader. If a selection must be made, however, it is better to choose the best musician rather than the most proficient player. By and large, Sunday tootlers are not musicians. Although strongly in favor of music, particularly that made by themselves, they know next to nothing about it. Many of them never learned to read notes until they took up the recorder. They take a distinctly pragmatic approach to all musical theory and notation; talk of major and minor keys, dominant and subdominant chords, harmony and dissonance, all goes right over their heads. Their free-wheeling approach appalls most musicians, who seem to feel that players should know the name of the key in which their music is written. The nonmusicians think that if you know which notes to sharp or flat, that is all that is necessary. It is desirable, however, to have someone around who can hear four parts being played simultaneously, if not together, and tell which one forgot the repeat at the end of the eighth measure. Therefore recorder groups usually include one long-suffering, sweet-tempered (otherwise he would have resigned long since) person with a good ear and some musical training. His job is to get everybody started at the same moment, beat time with his foot while playing his own instrument, and explain any mysterious notations in the score. He also has to know when to ignore minor errors

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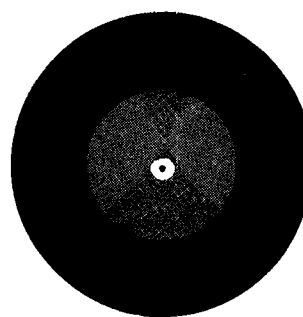


DEPT. CD 539 W. 25TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

and when to cry out in agony at major ones. It is a very responsible position, requiring the tact of a diplomat combined with the forceful personality of a football coach.

Now that the group is organized, it faces the problem of finding some place to play. Since modern houses and apartments are singularly unsoundproofed, it becomes necessary to find either a sympathetic (or deaf) family or an empty house. Recorders, even a lot of them playing at once, do not produce a great deal of volume, but nonplayers seem to find the noise intolerably penetrating. One solution is to pick a suitable house from those owned by members of the group and then subsidize a trip to the movies for the nonplaying members of the family. In the long run, it may be cheaper to buy them all recorders and incorporate them into the group.

Regardless of lack of sympathy, recorder players tootle away together and separately. Having mastered the Elizabethan airs and dances, they move into the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. From having been musical ignoramuses, they practically reach quiz-show levels in discussing the stage music of Purcell or the original scoring of the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto. For the first time, they find it easy to get one up on their hi-fi friends by tossing off casual references to Monteverdi, Chédeville, Loeillet, and Telemann. Since the hi-fi fanatics have abandoned Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms and are combing the pages of Schwann's catalogue for more esoteric names, the effect, properly handled, can be considerable, particularly since the recorder player knows the composer's dates (printed on the music) and can recognize the themes (he's been practicing that slow movement for a month). He can talk like a musician, even if his friends refuse to admit he plays like one.



Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

The following records have been reviewed as monophonic (standard) or stereophonic according to which versions were sent the reviewer. Most of the monophonics will be available later in stereo, and most of the stereos already have been issued as monophonics and can be bought in either form.

Monophonic

Anderson, Leroy: Selections, Vol. II

Frederick Fennell conducting Eastman-Rochester Pops Orchestra; Mercury MG-50043: 12"

Included here are *The Typewriter*, *The Waltzing Cat*, and *Blue Tango*, along with nine other Anderson favorites played with perceptive wit and recorded in crisp, sweet sound. A delightful present to yourself or anyone else.

Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique

Sir Thomas Beecham conducting National French Radio Orchestra; EMI-Capitol G-7102: 12"

Hardly anyone conducts the *Fantastique* badly, but hardly anyone conducts it as well as Sir Thomas. Monteux did, but his record is old and sonically thin. The Columbia Ormandy still sounds good, but not this good. Beecham's is the version to own.

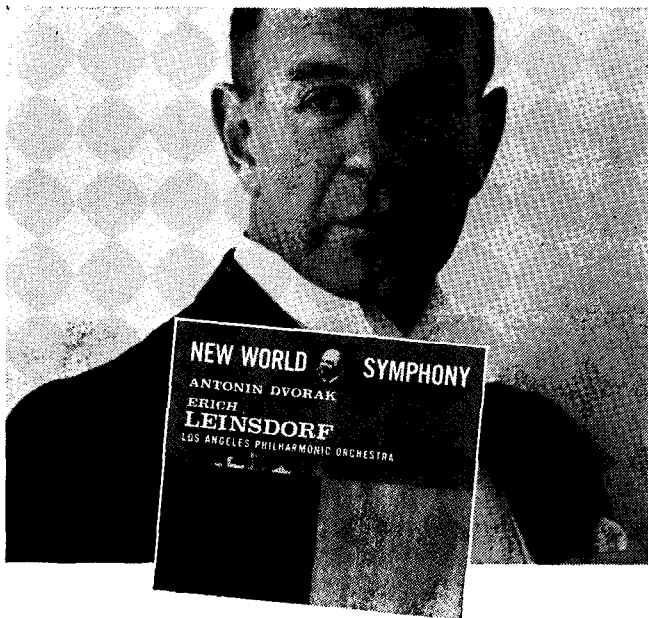
Brahms: Magelone Songs

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Jörg Demus, piano; Decca DL-9401: 12"

Why this solitary song cycle of Brahms is not often performed I do not know. It is written to poems of Ludwig Tieck, which were in turn based on the Provençal folk tales of the beautiful Princess Magelone and her wandering knight, Peter of the Silver Keys. The text will put you in mind of Peer Gynt and of the

CAPITOL RECORDINGS—

new and newsworthy



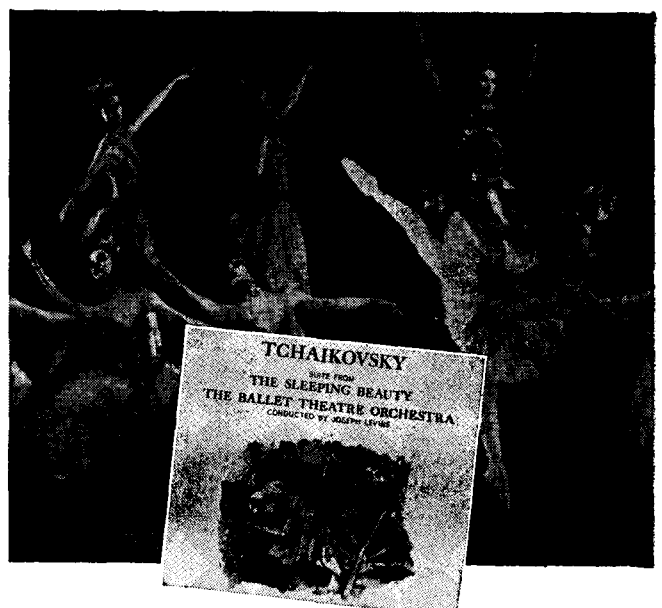
IN THE SPLENDOR of Full Dimensional Sound, a gifted conductor brings to light *all* of Dvorák's Bohemian spirit (for the theme is "a European visitor's impressions of the New World"—not mere imitation of American music). A fitting follow-up to Leinsdorf's other best-sellers for Capitol. P8454



THESE THREE DIALOGUES for violin and piano (K.296, 301, 304) range in mood from melancholy to witty, from gentle to high-spirited. But always, Nathan Milstein understands. Here, as in concert triumphs around the world, Milstein's technique and musicianship are incomparable. P8452



RUDOLF FIRKUSNY "has always had the technical tools...he has now developed impressive freedom and freshness of insight" (*New York Times*). Those qualities illuminate his rendition of short, poetic works by Debussy, the master impressionist. "Engulfed Cathedral," "Reverie" and 9 others. P8451



THIS MOST CELEBRATED orchestra devotes its full repertoire—and its abundant talent—entirely to ballet music. *Sleeping Beauty* has been called a turning-point in ballet history. You would expect that combination to produce a delightful performance. Here, it *exceeds* expectations. P8449

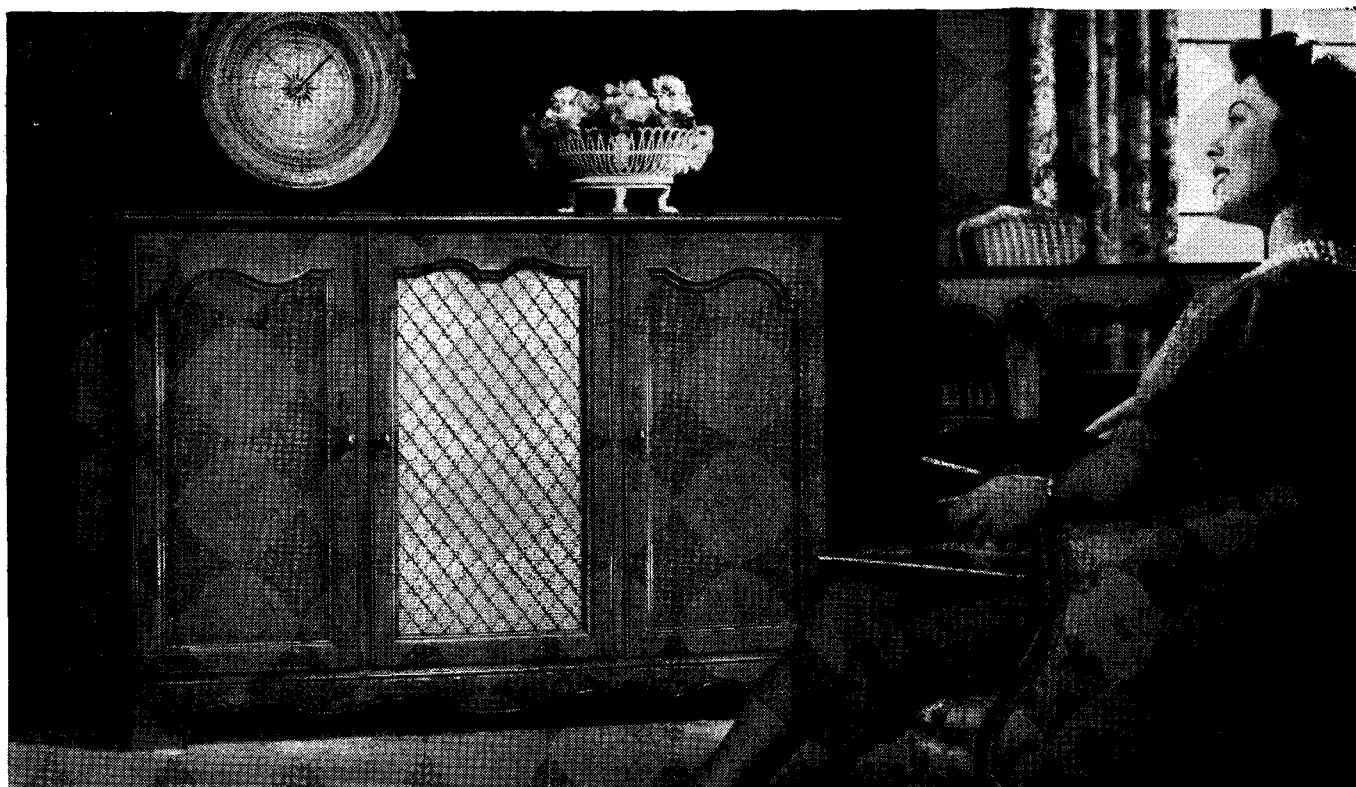
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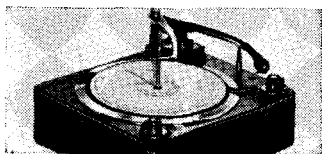
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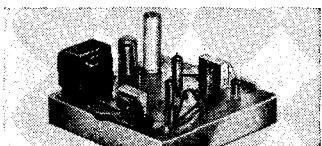
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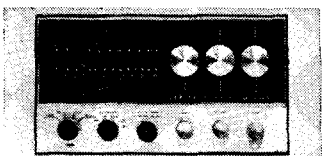
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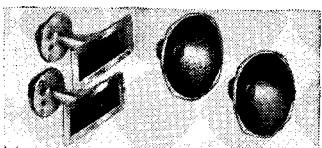
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Brahms: Quintets No. 1 and No. 2

Budapest String Quartet; Walter Trampler, second violist; Columbia ML-5281: 12"

Critics commonly describe these two works as sunny, which I do not think they are. Certainly they have vigor and are not mournful, but both are thoughtful, especially No. 2. So are the Budapests and Mr. Trampler playing them. Not easy listening, but rewarding. Turn the treble down.

Mozart: Quintets in G Minor, K. 516, and C Minor, K. 406

Griller String Quartet; William Primrose, second violist; Vanguard VRS-1029: 12"

Mozart felt diffident about writing string quartets (the most practical form of chamber music) because it put him into competition with his dearest friend, Josef Haydn. Hence we got from him a small treasury of variants on that form, including these two viola quintets. Both exhibit Mozart's matchless touch of bittersweet; he was expressing himself, not writing for sale. The performance is very restrained, but I find this no fault in these works. The sound is gentle but good.

Purcell: The Fairy Queen

Anthony Lewis conducting Peter Pears, Jennifer Vyvyan, other singers; Saint Anthony Chorus; Boyd Neel Orchestra; Oiseau-Lyre/London OL-50139-41: three 12"

If I had to choose a favorite recording from the vintage of 1958, I am pretty sure this would be it. There is such a fantastic largess here of song and dance, and splendid tunes for trumpets, drums, and fiddles, that you simply will not believe it until you hear it. Not even Handel or Gluck could write theater music quite like this, and no one else, even the great madrigalists, ever set English to music so well as Purcell (this comment may stir argument, but I will point out that Mr. John Dryden is on my side). There are more than fifty musical numbers on the six record sides. They were composed for a revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in 1692. No one seems to know who wrote the lyrics. They are indifferent poetry, if they are poetry

at all, but they fit Purcell's intent perfectly; indeed, this is almost a separate opera imposed on Shakespeare's play, and the talents are not disparate. Almost everything about Purcell is mystery (it is not even certain when he was born), but one of the greatest mysteries is why we do not hear more of his music. Conductor, soloists (who include two counter tenors), and other performers leave little to be wished for in this endeavor; so do the engineers. From time to time you will catch your breath.

Smetana: Má Vlast

Dvořák: Slavonic Rhapsodies, Op. 45, No. 1 and No. 2

Antal Dorati conducting Concertgebouw Orchestra; Epic SC-6026: two 12"

Bohemia is the most tragic country — except perhaps for Poland — in the whole story Europe bequeaths us. Here is a musical view of it, sweeping and melodic, touched with honest heroics and true love, relayed by its two greatest composers. The big picture is by Smetana. It incorporates two landscapes with which almost everyone is familiar, *The Moldau* and *Bohemia's Forests and Meadows*. Dorati and the responsive Concertgebouw bring them into clear, live focus. There are four other tonal sketches, just as vivid with history and Czechish flavor. The Dvořák rhapsodies serve as a sort of *envoi*. Altogether engrossing.

Robeson: Songs

Paul Robeson, baritone; Harriet Wingreen, piano; chorus and orchestra; Vanguard VRS-9037: 12"

One need not approve of Mr. Robeson's politics to approve of his *John Brown's Body* or his *Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho*. He forces you to appreciate him, by dint of a power and clarity as forceful at sixty as when he began to sing. You know there is a lot of man on the other side of the microphone, and plenty of voice, too.

Stereophonic

Bach at Zwolle

E. Power Biggs, organ; Columbia KS-6005

Probably more by design than chance, Columbia made its initial bid for the affections of the stereophonophile with a disc of E. Power Biggs playing Bach on a historic Arp Schnitger organ. The record is a honey. The Dutch engineers did a



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 BARTOK Violin Concerto. Yehudi Menuhin, violin.
 Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. SR90003
 RAVEL *Boléro*; *Ma Mère l'Oye*; CHABRIER *Bourrée Fantasque*.
 Detroit Symphony, Paray. SR90005
 PROKOFIEV *Love for Three Oranges Suite*; *Scythian Suite*.
 London Symphony, Dorati. SR90006
 BIZET *Carmen Suite*; *L'Arlésienne Suites 1 & 2*. Detroit Symphony, Paray. SR90001
 STRAUSS *Voices of Spring*; *Vienna Bon-bons*; *Champagne Polka*; *Artist's Life*;
Roses from the South. Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. SR90008
 MUSIC OF LEROY ANDERSON Vol. 1. Sandpaper Ballet; Forgotten Dreams; Serenata;
 Trumpeter's Lullaby; Penny-Whistle Song; Sleigh Ride; Bugler's Holiday;
 Irish Suite. Eastman-Rochester "Pops" Orchestra. Fennell. SR90009
 SAINT-SAËNS Symphony No. 3 in C minor. Marcel Dupré, organ.
 Detroit Symphony, Paray. SR90012
 CHAUSSON Symphony in B flat. Detroit Symphony, Paray. SR90017
 ALBENIZ *Iberia*; FALLA *Interlude and Dance from "La Vida Breve"*.
 Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. SR90007
 DEBUSSY *La Mer*; *Iberia*. Detroit Symphony, Paray. SR90010
 BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 3 in E flat ("EROICA"). Minneapolis Symphony,
 Dorati. SR90011
 OFFENBACH *Gaîté Parisienne*; STRAUSS *Graduation Ball*.
 Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. SR90016
 CHADWICK Symphonic Sketches.
 Eastman-Rochester Orchestra, Hanson. SR90018
 RACHMANINOFF Symphony No. 2 in E minor.
 Detroit Symphony, Paray. SR90019



wonderful job. So did Biggs. So did Bach — whose offerings, incidentally, are the "Great" Prelude and Fugue in D and the "Arnstadt" and "St. Anne" Preludes and Fugues. A monophonic version is available also.

Beethoven: *Symphony No. 5*

Ernest Ansermet conducting Orchestra of the Suisse Romande; London CS-6037

One of the most wonderful things that could have happened to usher in the stereo era did. In all the ten years of LP, there never has been a really masterly recording of the world's best loved symphony. Now there is. Ansermet's is a personalized interpretation, lacking the metronomic exactitude that Toscanini applied to the Fifth, but the tempo changes are, to my mind, quite in keeping with Beethoven's intent. The string sound will be steely on some equipment. Again, no matter. The rightness of the dynamics is overpowering. The work imparts its own indomitable courage to the hearer; that is what counts.

Schubert: "Trout" Quintet

Rolf Rheinhardt, piano; Endres String Quartet; Vox ST-PL-10890

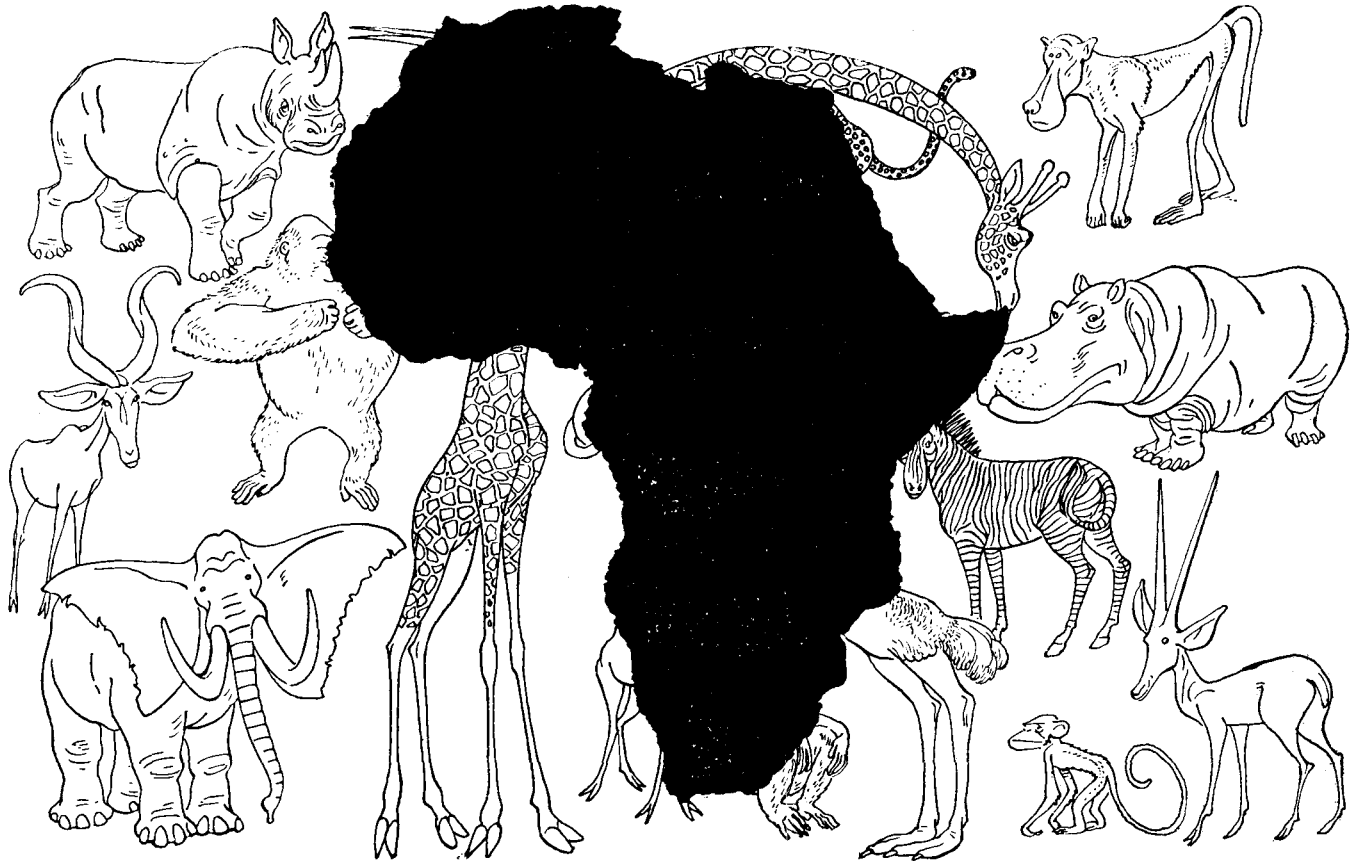
As a monophonic issue, this would not be preferable to its Vox predecessor, played by Friedrich Wührer and the Barchet Quartet. Its distinction as a stereo disc is very largely sonic. The record is obviously the result of an attempt to yield in the living room a replica of music that might very well be played in the living room, and it is reasonably successful. Credit must go to Vox engineer Rudolf Van Gelder and to the Fairchild Recording Equipment Corporation, who cut the grooves. Maybe the realism quelled the musicians. Their performance is a little mild.

German University Songs, Vol. II

Erich Kunz, baritone; Anton Paulik conducting Chorus and Orchestra of Vienna State Opera; Vanguard VSD-2009

The monophonic version already has been reviewed here, and very good it was. However, the stereo edition surpasses it so cogently that another notice is justified. Probably the record was made in Continental stereo style, with directional microphones placed close together but pointed apart. The result is a quite startling intimacy and clarity; in some ways this is the best stereo disc I have heard.

pleasures and places



AFRICA, ON A BRIEF HOLIDAY

BY MARGARET CARSON HUBBARD

The Africa of thirty years ago, when I lived under canvas and walked my twenty miles a day through the bush, is gone. But the change is to the traveler's advantage. Airlines crisscross the continent almost as thickly as the native footpaths which used to be the only trails away from the railroad lines. And if Central African Airlines, Hunting Clan, or Air Carriers do not schedule runs where one wants to go, it is not difficult to charter a plane nor very expensive for one- and two-hour flights. One can hop, skip, and jump around almost at whim and come down in once remote places, piloted by sporting young experts who handle their Beavers or Puss Moths like pets. So today one travels with speed and lives in comfort in modern hotels or well-run camps.

Probably that is why the accents of California, Illinois, New England, and the South are becoming familiar between the Cape and Nairobi. On a month's holiday one can photograph lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, and other game (or even shoot them) and still have spare days to let the feeling of "the blue" sink into one's bones.

Half in earnest, I always have suggested to African travelers that they take their ear muffs along. Most of southern and east Africa lies 3000 feet or more above sea level (Johannesburg is almost 6000 feet high), so when the sun goes down one needs a sweater and sleeps under a blanket or two. From October to April, summer clothes and a sweater or light coat will be adequate, but the rest of the year a topcoat and

spring-weight suit are indispensable. Even in Northern Rhodesia I have seen a skim of ice on shallow pools as the sun rises on a warm July day. Africa is alive with surprises and sharp contrasts.

People with seventeen days extra to spare go by ship to the Cape and let the African spell start working under Table Mountain. Less leisurely folk land in Johannesburg by air, a thirty-eight-hour flight from New York by Pan American (round-trip fare, \$1440). Each time I fly I think back to when I lived on a ship for a month to reach Cape Town.

To see the most in the shortest time, it pays to trust oneself to such old hands at arranging tours as Trans-African Safaris. Their most popular trip is that between Johannesburg and Durban, which telescopes much of Africa's delight into six days, making it a time bargain as well. Last winter I took the trip in a coach seating eight, which costs \$140 including all hotels, meals, and tips. By car with chauffeur the price is about \$179; less if the trip is shared.

Once beyond Johannesburg, Americans think of Iowa or Nebraska or other states that undulate beneath vast skies. Then Africa asserts herself. Ndebele villages lie in the grass, their mud houses decorated with bold and vivid designs, and Ndebele women scuttle like shy rabbits along the roadside. They wear massive



bead chokers, anklets to their knees, and bracelets to their elbows. The bolder of them squat by the road, ready to be photographed or to sell their beadwork, which makes attractive summer costume jewelry.

In a matter of hours one goes from industrial Johannesburg to Ndebele villages, then drops 3000 feet from the high to the low veld. This is country of red-hot poker and rocky *kopjes* where transport riders and prospectors contended with lions, elephants, and malaria in the ox-wagon days. By sundown one reaches Numbi Gate, the southern entrance to Kruger Park.

This is the famous 200-mile-long game sanctuary, where lions sometimes block traffic by sunning in the road. South Africans themselves come year after year to watch the animals. Almost every African species is here. Even in the rainy season, when the grass is long, we saw lions, giraffe, innumerable antelope, zebras, and hippopotamuses. We just missed elephants, but when man is caged in a car and the animals roam at will, game spotting is a matter of luck.

Most people sleep under a grass roof for the first time on this first night out of Johannesburg. The rondavel, a circular mud hut with a grass roof, is the African's contribution to architecture, and it has been adapted to the wayfarer with great taste. The Kruger Park rondavels are built of brick, and the floors are concrete, not mud. They are lighted

by electricity instead of by an open fire, and each hut has a bath and adequate, comfortable furnishings for two.

What is more, servants come at a call, the more cheerfully in return for a smile and a small tip. Service, in fact, is one of Africa's delights for Americans adjusted to the do-it-yourself way of life; it becomes easy to adopt the custom of the country and call "Boy!" The call even brings ice at the cocktail hour, when the hyenas start howling beyond the fence, but there is nothing synthetic about the setting. It is unspoiled African bush — ungroomed, unpruned, bathed in Africa's sun and the blue of her distances.

Swaziland, further on, is the Africans' Africa; administered by the Swazis and the British for the Swazis themselves, not for white settlers, it is a country of gorgeous views, where the road corkscrews up and down mountains and over a 6500-foot pass.

The Swazis, who stride along free as air between their villages, specialize in wondrous, photogenic hairdos, dyed red or white and topped with feather or quill. Their tiny huts on the mountain slopes look no more secure than birds' nests. But travelers find rooms with baths in the hotels of the two towns: pretty Mbabane, the capital, or Barberton, the commercial center.

For good measure, a day and two bracing nights are spent high up in the Hlululuwe Reserve, the home of the black rhino, the rare white rhino, and innumerable wart hogs, among other game. On a mountaintop are rondavels and simple living, and buffalo or rhinos can be seen on the sky line. Visitors may leave their cars and stalk up to the game with a guide, even to the great black hulks that look like boulders except for a great horn riding the boulder's nose and big ears wriggling to catch sounds. One steps quietly, not saying a word. Finally the guide hisses a warning; this is the spot to stop for a rhino picture.

To go from Hlululuwe to Durban is like going from the bush to Miami or Palm Beach. From the bare rolling hills and beehive huts of Zululand, the road threads through an ocean of sugar cane. A suburb or two suggests civilization, and soon towering hotels line the Marine Drive; to the left stretches one of the great beaches of the world, pounded by the Indian Ocean.

Durban is South Africa's favorite resort town and its second port, and the many hotels reflect concern for tourists. The Edward probably is the best known and most distinguished, although there are dozens which compete with it successfully, all modern and well furnished. The Marine is the oldest and most selective and is about as up-to-date as a tea cozy. But hotels in Durban are places to eat and sleep, for life is lived on the beach. Hungry for the sight and feel of the sea, people come from all over the high, dry African plateau, from the Congo and beyond, to dive in the surf, bask in the sun on the sand, and ride in rickshaws drawn by Zulus decked out in feathers, furs, and beads.

In no other big city does one see so many colorful non-Europeans, mostly Indians in saris and Zulus who specialize in fine beadwork. One may even buy a love letter to wear as a necklace. Curio shops pepper the city, but the best fun is to go to the native and Indian markets. They seethe with color, exuberant buyers and sellers, and crafts from many tribes.

Surf fishing — for sharks, if you wish — and horse racing also draw people to Durban, but do not try to be there for the July Handicap Week without a room booked a year in advance. This is South Africa's great social and sporting event, run for a purse of about \$15,000.

From Durban it is just a day's drive to the Royal National Park,



where snow lies on Mont-aux-Sources, over 10,000 feet above the sea, and the hotel even has a ballroom! Or one can wind through the Valley of a Thousand Hills, a Zulu reserve of breath-taking beauty.

This itinerary can be covered within ten days of arriving in Johan-

nesburg, where Americans invariably feel at home. The bustle is familiar, and so are the big new office buildings and the movie houses. On arrival or between trips into exotic parts it is an agreeable place to shop for curios, have a shampoo and wave, and enjoy the fleshpots.

Of hotels, the Carlton and the Langham are the best known, though I found the Waldorf less commercial, and its food ranks with that in good European hotels. Instead of Indians, as before World War II, most *maitres d'hôtel* and waiters are Italian; French menus are the rule rather than the exception. Of dishes peculiar to South Africa, the best known is delicious in spite of its unsavory name, monkey gland steak. It is a good tenderloin under a hot tomato sauce. By American standards and at the current rate of exchange, hotel prices are low. A single room with bath and breakfast costs about \$8.00 a day.

Johannesburg still is a mining town ringed with mountains of mine tailings, and it would be a mistake to miss a tour through one of the gold mines. It is no common experience to be swaddled in miner's gear, to step into an iron cage and then be dropped to between two and three thousand feet underground, where Africans drill the gold-bearing rock.

Tribal dances are another side to life in the mines. On Sundays, African mineworkers compete with one another in tribal teams. Dressed in feathers, furs, and vivid calicos, each team is bent on outdancing another to the rhythm of its own tom-toms, xylophones, rattles, and sticks beaten on sticks. Tom-toms and dancing are forbidden almost everywhere Europeans live, so this is perhaps the only spot, except Durban, where a visitor can see tribal dancing. Any hotel will arrange these excursions.

For carvings, skins, basketwork, and beadwork, the most reliable shops are Ivy's, the principal taxidermist; the Gainsborough Galleries; a new shop in Greaterman's basement (this one is not very well known); and Moritz Davis and Son, opposite the public library on President Street, where treasures may be found beneath the dust. Over the past few years, recordings of African music have been made which are well worth bringing home.

But cities are not for African addicts. For hunters whose dream it is to slide into bush shirt and shorts,



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and head into the blue on the heels of a tracker looking for elephant spoor, there has been fulfillment since the Northern Rhodesia government had a brain storm eight years ago.

The Luangwa Valley is one of the great game areas left in Africa. It always has been sparsely populated, which means the natives had not shot all the game before the government stepped in. The river never dries up, so animals concentrate along its banks during the dry hunting season, between July and mid-October. In this unique spot the government began organizing safaris from which hunters return in a short time with elephants, buffalo, lions, and other big game.

The Luangwa was formerly weeks from New York, but nowadays all one needs to do is fly to Fort Jameson via London or Johannesburg. From "Fort Jimmie" the government takes over, transports the hunter to a camp on the Luangwa, houses him in a rondavel, puts him in the hands of a professional hunter, assigns a tracker and skinner to him, and all but guarantees his trophies.

To ensure the best hunting, groups are limited to two hunters and two observers. The canny government discovered that wives often want to go along to hunt with a camera, protected by their own guides, and wives are classed as observers. Perhaps their presence keeps the standard of living at a high level, although the British have a genius for creating comfort in the bush. In any case, a trained chef sees to the roast duck, Maryland chicken, antelope steaks, and the rest of the menu, and beer comes cold from a refrigerator.

Americans have reserved most of the few safaris which are offered each year, with the Swiss running a close second. Not having hunted in the Luangwa, I can only quote what they say: "an unbelievable three weeks' safari," "an elephant after seven days," "the best hunting place in the world."

I cannot imagine going all the way to Africa without visiting Victoria Falls, only four hours' flight from Johannesburg. Men have been awed by their magnificence and power since prehistoric time, and Africans still toss offerings to Mosi oa Tunya, the Smoke that Thunders. Except for a few trails and rustic benches, the surroundings remain as Livingstone found them, not "improved"

by so much as a guard rail. So, do not go too near the edge or watch the swirling water too long. People have been overcome by vertigo and have disappeared, and since the challenge of light and spray and setting is unending, photographers are tempted to take hair-raising chances.

In its gentler dry-season mood of smooth water under a blue sky, the Zambezi turns residents and visitors alike into boatmen. They take to



canoes when the river is safe or go picnicking by launch to one of the palm-tufted islands to watch hippos blowing. But it takes a fisherman to appreciate the river.

Africans always have fished the Zambezi, of course, and now sportsmen are discovering it. From many points near the Victoria Falls Hotel big catches are taken of tilapia (bream), barbel, and tiger fish, which live up to their savage name. The excitement of fighting these big leaping fish in Barotseland is a memory that still thrills me. And it is only forty miles from the falls to the rocks and rapids of Katambora, where one may spend the night in a simple fishing camp. Tackle can be rented in Livingstone, so there is no need to bring it.

I went one morning on the dawn game flight in the de Havilland Rapide, which flies about one hundred miles upriver, over the great Barotse plains. The plane dipped over herds of elephants, giraffe, and ostriches; a buffalo having his morning wallow; sable and big antelope. Returning, we flew low enough to spot crocodiles on the river banks; then high again over the falls. This bird's-eye view is perhaps the grandest of all.

On any walk near the hotel one meets baboons and monkeys, untiring clowns who show off by climbing over parked cars and who carry on

their uninhibited family life as if no one were around. In July lucky travelers may see wild elephants crossing the river on their annual migration, and all year round a variety of game roams the thousand-acre Victoria Falls Game Park.

Only a day's drive to the south lies the great Wankie Game Reserve, where the bush rolls to Bechuanaland, inhabited by 3000 elephants living alongside Africa's other animals. The two camps (\$1.05 per night per person) are for rugged travelers who are content to cook their own meals, or have a servant do it, on an outdoor grill.

Not all pleasures at the falls demand a fund of energy. Across the road from the eastern cataract, Stone Age man has been reconstructed in the field museum on the very spot where he once lived, with the tools he used 400,000 years ago. Another exhibit shows how the falls were formed; how they began sixty miles below the present site and were seven miles downstream 10,000 years ago.

At the Rhodes-Livingstone Museum in nearby Livingstone, native and foreign visitors gather in the patio at eleven and three o'clock to hear and watch Africans play the same style of drums and xylophones as those on display. The audience is as interesting as the concert, and the music comes straight from the villages. The museum houses rare letters, diaries, and various tangible relics of the two men who began Rhodesia's modern history, as well as a wealth of other Africana. For future visitors there will be an African village, now being built, where they can watch skilled craftsmen making baskets and working in wood, skins, ivory, and iron. Their work will be on sale, too, after passing high museum standards; so one will find the best there.

Including three excellent meals, the prices at the sprawling, spacious Victoria Falls Hotel range from about \$6.00 a day to twice as much, depending on the room. Service is deft and constant. Tea and drinks are served on wide terraces facing the garden and the gorge. A swimming pool, tennis courts, and a bowling green are at the guests' disposal.

Only time, imagination, and exchequer limit what one may do in Africa, and there are trips off the tourist trail which can be fitted even into a tight schedule.



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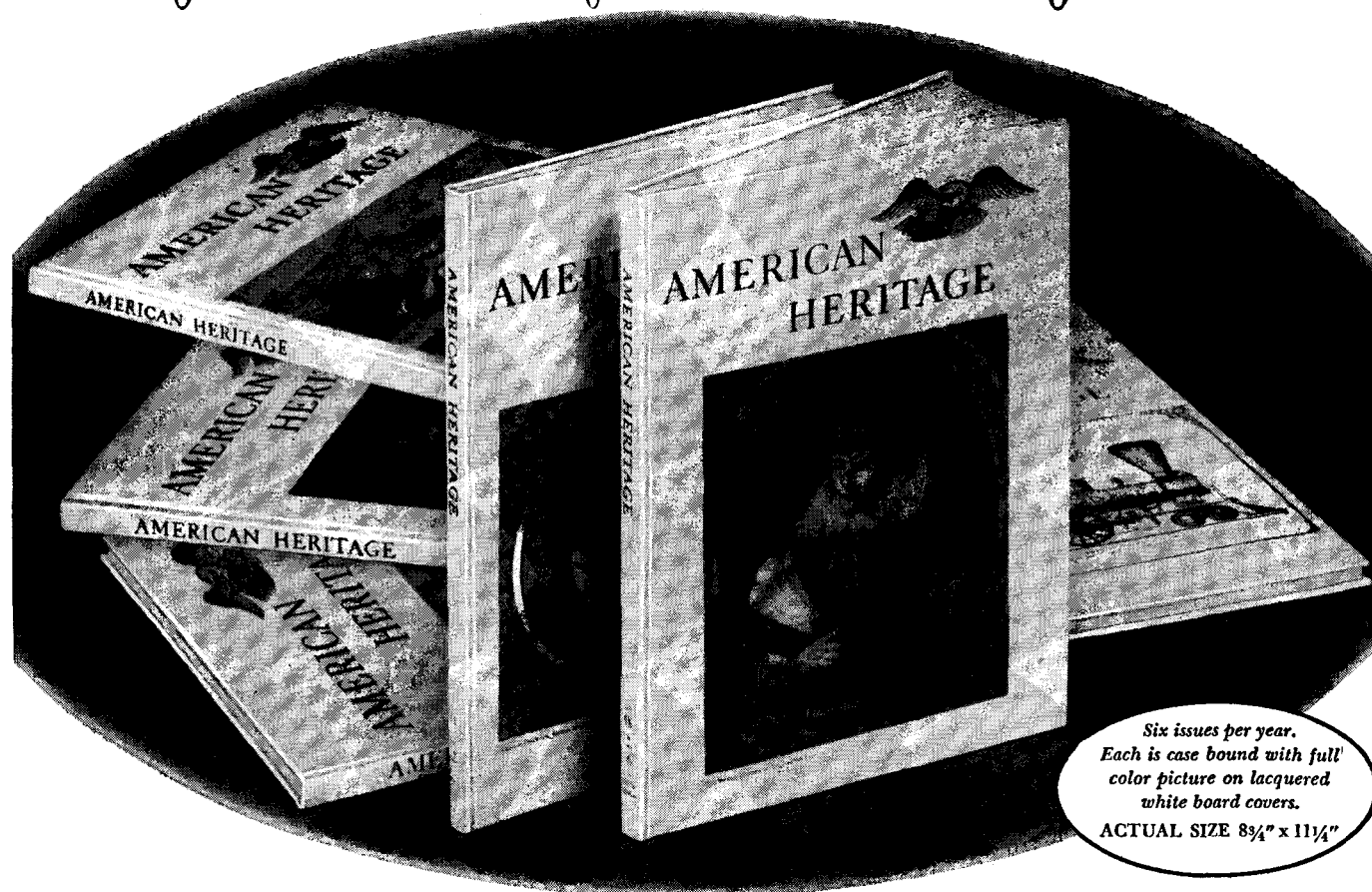
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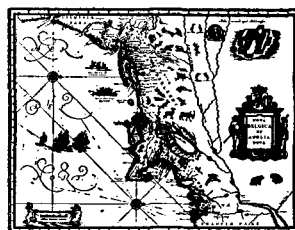
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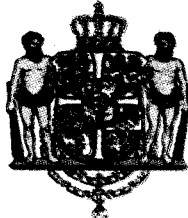
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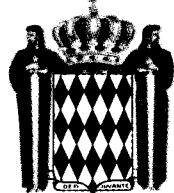


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